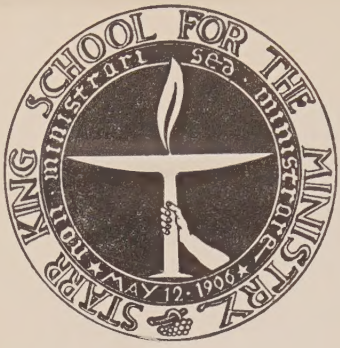

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CLARA BARTON
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CLARA BARTON

A CENTENARY TRIBUTE

TO

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMANITARIAN
FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY
AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN AMENDMENT TO THE INTERNATIONAL
RED CROSS CONVENTION OF GENEVA
FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL FIRST AID
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG, A.M. Ph.D.

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This book is respectfully dedicated to the Boys and Girls of the World; and to the Men and Women who are still Boys and Girls, in their love for humanity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author, in the preparation of his pen pictures, begs to acknowledge with sincere thanks the courtesies extended to him by Mr. Stephen E. Barton, the Executor of the Clara Barton Estate; by Doctor J. B. Hubbell, for many years the manager for Clara Barton; by the Oxford (Mass.) Memorial Day Committee of 1917; by the Twenty-First Massachusetts Regiment G. A. R.; by many of the Army Nurses of the Civil War; also for material assistance in data by the American National Red Cross; by Mrs. J. Sewall Reed, Acting-President, National First Aid Association of America; by Honorable Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress; by General W. H. Sears for the use of his data in his book of 177 pages, prepared for and used in the defense of Clara Barton before the Library Committee of Congress, and his generous contribution of incidents in the life of his personal friend; by Honorable Francis Atwater for data in "The Story of My Childhood," by Clara Barton; by the Macmillan Co., Publishers of the Life of Clara Barton by Percy H. Epler, the book of the best data on her life now before the American people; by the National First Aid Association of America and likewise to many other associations, personal friends and admirers of America's most remarkable woman.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.

LAMARTINE.

Honor women! they entwine and weave heavenly roses in our earthly life. SCHILLER.

"The fairest chaplet Victory wears
is that which mercy weaves."

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

. . . . . .

For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.

THE FOREWORD

The author undertakes to produce a few pen pictures of a personal friend—humanity's friend. They are pictures of sentiment, pictures of reality—pictures of humanity.

Although precluded the use of data left by Clara Barton for her biography the author, nevertheless, is conforming to the sentiment of her oft expressed wish that he write the story of her life. Recognizing the

wish to be a sacredly imposed trust, for the past six years he has gleaned what he could for his sketches from public documents, from her personal friends in California, New England, New York, Washington and elsewhere, as well as from his memory of facts developing through the years he enjoyed her confidence and received from her highest inspirations.

The author assumes not a rôle literary—has herein no aspirations, literary. His impulse to write is not fame; it is sentiment, a love-sentiment for a woman whom all the world loves and whose "life gives expression to the sympathy and tenderness of all the hearts of all the women of the world." His motive in writing is to point a moral in "a passion for service"; to limn scenes, vivid, along "paths of charity over roadways of ashes"; to depict for the lesson it teaches a career, a career the memory of which must remain a rich heritage to the American people.

In life's drama, wherein Clara Barton played the leading rôle, there appear faces to inspire, faces to instruct, but also the faces of intrigue. In the closing incidents of a life-heroic time's detectives disclose the plotters, and the motive in their plot to destroy—

> Like a led victim to my death I'll go,
> And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

Except now and then in dim outline, the faces of intrigue in the *tragic* scene do not appear. These faces are un-American—inhuman—and would mar humanity's picture.

The Divine Humanitarian forgave His enemies, but the picture of the crucified on the cross ever suggests the Pontius Pilate and the executioners. Clara Barton

also forgave her enemies, and yet some day a literary artist may portray the Judasette Iscariot, or possibly the plotting Antony and Cleopatra, to make a Clara Barton picture historically and tragically complete.

In biography is the world's history. If, in human logic, the silencing of truth in biography be an imperative virtue, then literature should be relegated to the ash-heap of forgotten lore. As "in a valley centuries ago grew a fern leaf green and slender," leaving its impress on what have become the rocks of the centuries, so truth leaves its impress imperishable on what become the tablets of history. Truth crushed to earth again and again will appear; and, when Clara Barton's Gethsemane appears with all its delineations in a picture complete, there will be none so poor to do reverence to Clara Barton's character assassins, nor to the Clara Barton ghouls who desecrate her tomb and use the United States mails to traduce the dead.

Sentiment is the soul of action. The highest tribute to mortal is the angel-sentiment—the tribute to self-sacrificing woman that blazes her "path where highways never ran."

> Ever the blind world
> Knows not its angels of deliverance
> Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven,

and yet more powerful than armies is the soul-sentiment that protects fame,—the fame of the Florence Nightingales, the Clara Bartons and the Edith Cavells.

Her "friends" say time will vindicate Clara Barton. The more such "friends" the more's the pity. It's not time, it's truth, that vindicates. "Procrastination is the thief of time." The thief of time must not be permitted to steal from the present, even under pledge to disgorge

in the future. The present is ours to possess, ours to enjoy. It's not that the millions can do something for Clara Barton; instead, the Clara Barton spirit can do something for the millions. The plotter may revile the Red Cross Mother; the Red Cross Artist may picture the cross of red on the breast of a fictitious "Greatest Mother in the World;" the self-constituted autocrat in Red Cross literature may suppress, and belie, truth; but the spirit of Clara Barton is the Mother-Spirit still, the real spirit of the American Red Cross, the Red Cross spirit in all Christendom. The fighting sons of America on the "Western Front" may not have read of Clara Barton in recent Red Cross literature but, trooping under the Red Cross peace-banner that Clara Barton brought here from Europe, were more millions of her followers in America than in the world war there were soldiers marshalled under the military banners in all the armies in Europe.

Grant was "Grant the Great" at Appomattox; Lincoln was more than "six feet four" when in the home of Confederate General Pickett he stooped down to kiss the brow of "Baby George" Pickett; Stephen A. Douglass was more than "the little giant" when at the inauguration on the east steps of the capitol he held the hat of Abraham Lincoln; Clara Barton was more divine than human when, with love for her enemies, in her last world prayer she gave expression to the forgiving sentiment of the Divine Humanitarian.

Clara Barton said that the bravest act of her life was crossing the pontoon bridge under fire at Fredericksburg. The historian will say that the bravest act of her life was snatching her Red Cross child from the social — political — fat - salaried - swiveled - chair clique at

Washington, and handing over her best beloved unharmed to the country for which in the smoke of battle and terrors of disaster she had many times risked her life. The historian will further say that in refusing to accept a pension of $2500 for life and Honorary Presidency of the Red Cross from that "clique" as the price of her child, and suffering persecution for life as the penalty, there was shown the true mother spirit that must commend her for all time to those who respect the spirit of self-sacrificing Motherhood.

President Warren G. Harding, the president also of the Red Cross, "entertains the highest sentiment regarding the splendid service of Miss Barton." Ex-President Woodrow Wilson—also ex-president of the Red Cross—has voiced the sentiment of the American people in no uncertain sound as has a second Clara Barton,—the soldier-angel Margaret Wilson. General John J. Pershing has not been silent in his admiration of the great woman, nor have the hundreds of thousands of American boys on the "Western Front" been unmindful in gratitude to the Founder of the American Red Cross; and, if signs fail not, from the American Congress there will come to America's greatest humanitarian a testimonial—accompanied by an acclaim that will be heard around the world.

On a certain state occasion the statement was made that there is less to censure, and more to commend, in the public life of Clara Barton for the twenty-three years she was President of the Red Cross than in the public life of any one of the twenty-eight Presidents from George Washington to Woodrow Wilson. There commenting on the statement, America's beloved Mrs.

General George E. Pickett significantly said: "Yes, that's true, but Clara Barton was a woman." But woman is coming into her own, and Clara Barton said, "My own shall come to me." Never was prophecy more certain of fulfillment. With hundreds of thousands of Americans receiving the benefits of "First Aid"; with more than thirty thousand brave American nurses, ten thousand of these following the illustrious example of Clara Barton by going to the battlefield; with more than thirty millions of Americans serving the Red Cross in time of war; with more than a billion of human beings making use of the Red Cross American Amendment in times of peace and war, Clara Barton already has come into her own.

The American nation will come into its own, as did respectively two great nations of Europe, when she wipes out from the scroll of history its foulest blot,—by giving national recognition to a national heroine; the American Red Cross will come into its own when it shall repossess the name Clara Barton; the American people will come into their own when they patriotically recognize, and sacredly cherish, that immortal Mother-Spirit which, after a half century of heroic sacrifices in the war of human woes, passed triumphant through the archway 'twixt earth and heaven.

If these pen pictures give to the boys and girls of America inspiration to loftier patriotism and higher ideals in achievement; if truth in the biography give renewed impulse to American Red Cross philanthropy; if through this volume immortal deeds, and a name unsullied, be treasured for world-humanity then Clara Barton's dying message to the author shall not have been in vain.

CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG

The only picture of myself that I have cared anything about at all is the one taken at the time of the Civil War (1865), in which I am represented in the uniform of a nurse. If my friends had let me have my way, I would never have had another picture taken. *(Frontispiece)*

CLARA BARTON.

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I want the last picture of the friends I love to show them in their strength, and at their best, not after time and age shall have robbed them of all *characteristic* features which represented them in actual life.—Clara Barton, from her diary of December 13, 1910.

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CLARA BARTON

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold.

I

I take my pencil (at 86 years of age) to describe the first moment of my life that I remember. CLARA BARTON—In *The Story of My Childhood.*

Do not sin against the child. GENESIS.

The fir trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

HOOD—*I remember, I remember.*

The rude wooden cradle in which Clara Barton was rocked is now one of the very interesting curios in possession of the Worcester (Mass.) Historical Society. THE AUTHOR.

The child's grief throbs against the round of its little heart as heavily as the man's sorrow. CHAPIN.

Baby lips will laugh me down. TENNYSON.

A child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath.

E. B. BROWNING.

Dispel not the happy delusions of children. GOETHE.

Happy child! The cradle is to thee a vast space.

SCHILLER.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This destiny of the gods was born.

ANDREW MARVEL.

BABYHOOD IMPRESSIONS

Babyhood repeats itself. Babyhood is practically the same yesterday, today and forever. And yet who does not try to recall first impressions and first experiences? Clara Barton says her first baby experience that she recalls was when she was two and one half years of age. She thus describes it:—

"Baby los' 'im—pitty bird—baby los' 'im—baby mos' caught 'im.

"At length they succeeded in inducing me to listen to a question, 'But where did it go, Baby?'

"Among my heart-breaking sobs I pointed to a small round hole under the doorstep. The terrified scream of my mother remained in my memory forevermore. Her baby had 'mos' caught' a snake."

Her second experience that she recalls was when four years old, at a funeral of a beloved friend of the family. She previously had been terrified by a large old ram on the farm. On this occasion she was left in care of a guardian, in a sitting room. The four windows were open. Suddenly there came up a thunder storm. Sharp flashes of lightning darted through the rising, rolling clouds. She thought the whole heavens were full of angry rams and they were coming down upon her. Her screams alarmed, and her brother rushed into the room only to find her on the floor in hysterics.

Sorrows put permanent wrinkles on the face, in maturity; on the mind, in childhood. Only strangeness may produce fear in babyhood but, with a baby, strangeness is everywhere. Darkness and strange noises frighten. Forms of phantasy float on the imagination;

when gradually, it's comedy; when suddenly, it's tragedy.

These tragic moments left their impressions on Clara Barton's plastic mind. Such impressions ever must remain. Miss Barton said she remembered nothing but fear in her earlier years; and terror-stricken she remained to the end, except when she could serve someone in distress, or rescue someone from danger of death. An English philosopher says: "the least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and are of long duration." The greatest minds of earth, in all ages, have tried to recall baby experiences, and have wondered what they had to do with success or failure.

II

At three years Clara Barton was taken a mile and one-half to school on the shoulders of her brother Stephen; at eleven years she ceased growing, then but five feet three inches. THE AUTHOR.

When I found myself on a strange horse, in a trooper's saddle, flying for life or liberty in front of pursuit, I blessed the baby lessons of the wild gallops among the beautiful colts.

CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton—The memories of her childhood belong to our little town, and are our most precious heritage.

MRS. ALLEN L. JOSLYN, Oxford, Mass.

Remember that you were once a child, full of childish thoughts and actions. CLARA BARTON.

Sweetly wild
Were the scenes that charmed me when a child.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The sports of children satisfy the child. GOLDSMITH.

Children's plays are not sports, and should be regarded as their most serious actions. MONTAGUE.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child. I CORINTHIANS.

A sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature. C. LAMB.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

S. WORDSWORTH.

The scenes of childhood are memories of future years.

J. O. CHOULES.

I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them.

ELIHU BURRITT.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollections present them to view.

S. Wordsworth.

Deep meaning often lies in childish plays. Schiller.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night.

Elizabeth A. Allen.

Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!

E. A. Allen.

The Baker homestead (Bow, N. H.)—Around the memory thereof cluster the golden days of my childhood.

Mary Baker Eddy.

A long way seems the dear old New England home—its sheltering groves and quiet hills; amid the clustering memories my tears are falling thick and silently like the autumn leaves in forest dells.

Clara Barton.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Joseph Joubert.

Children think not of what is past nor of what is to come but enjoy the present time, which few of us do. La Bruyere.

Women are only children of a larger growth.

Chesterfield—*Letter to his son.*

The only fun is to do things. Clara Barton.

I pledged myself to strive only for the courage of the right and for the blessedness of true womanhood. Clara Barton.

SCHOOL—CHILDISH MEMORIES—MILITARY

What woman has not said "I remember when I was a girl . . ." Clara Barton at eighty-six years said, in

the story of her childhood, I remember. . . , I remember riding wild colts when I was five years of age. I remember how frightened I was, but acquired assurance when my brother used to tell me to "cling fast to the mane." To this day (at eighty-six years of age) my seat in the saddle, or on the bare back of a horse, is as secure and tireless as in a rocking chair. I remember I thought the President might be as large as the meeting house and the Vice President perhaps the size of the school house. I remember telling my teacher that I did not spell such little words as "cat" and "dog," but I spell in artichoke, artichoke being the first word in the column of three syllables.

I remember writing verses, many of which for years were preserved—some of these verses by others recited to amuse people—some verses to tease me. I remember, in school, making a mistake in pronouncing 'Ptolmy,' when the children laughed at me, and I burst out crying and left the room.

I remember that my father taught me politics; and that, as an old soldier,* he amused the other children and myself by giving us practical lessons in military life. We used improvised material, such as children are accustomed to use in "playing soldier,"—paper caps, plumes, banners, kettle for the kettle drum, tin swords, sticks for guns and bayonets—all of which were perfectly satisfactory to us.

> Our muskets were of cedar wood
> With ramrods bright and new;

* A Clara Barton paternal ancestor immigrated to America from Lancashire, England, about twelve years after the landing of *The Mayflower*. Since that date a direct descendant of his has participated in every war, by this country.

With bayonets forever set,
  And painted barrels, too.

We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
  We charged the bayonet;
And woe unto the mullen stalk
  That in our course we met!

The armies played havoc with each other, had fearful encounters and, what seemed to our young minds then, suffered disastrous results. Camps, regiments, brigades, military terms, she said, thus became familiar to her as the most ordinary matters of home.

Is it warm in that green valley,
  Vale of childhood, where you dwell?
Is it calm in that green valley,
  Round whose bowers such great hills swell?
Are there giants in the valley—
  Giants leaving footprints yet?
Are there angels in the valley?
  Tell me—I forget.

III

In my home here at Oxford, we would listen with intense interest to the story of her early years, to childhood and girlhood, and to scenes and events in her old home on the hillside. Clara Barton, by her shining example to our children and our children's children, has left a rare legacy to the town of her birth.

Mrs. A. L. Joslyn—In *Clara Barton In Memoriam.*

Bucephalus was calmed, and subdued, by the presence of Alexander and became his favorite war-horse. Abbott.

My arms, my arms. My horse; come quick, my horse——.

Joan of Arc.

My brother David was the "Buffalo Bill" of all that surrounding country. Clara Barton.

My father was a lover of horses, one of the first in the vicinity to introduce blooded stock. Clara Barton.

The first horses imported into the United States were brought to New England in 1629. Surviving the ocean voyage were one horse and seven mares. Oxen being used for all farm work, horses did not come into general use until one hundred years afterwards.

The Author.

Joan of Arc, Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale was each an expert horsewoman and each made use of her skill in horsemanship, in war. The Author.

ON HER FAVORITE BLACK HORSE

Like many other country girls, Clara Barton was fond of horseback riding. When twelve years of age,

on one occasion, she ran away from home to go for a ride. She came down stairs quietly and slipped out for a ride on her favorite black horse.

> What a wild triumph, that this "girlish hand"
> Such a steed in the might of his strength may command!

Falling from the horse, she injured her knee. Determined to keep the injury a secret she joined her brothers in the field as though nothing had happened. But she limped, and her brothers noticed it. She merely told her brothers she had injured her knee, but would say no more. They sent for a doctor. By plying many questions as to how it happened, the doctor drew from her a confession. In later life—in the Civil War, in the Franco-Prussian War, in the Spanish American War, her skill as a horseback rider was of great service to her. On several occasions she had to "ride for her life." In speaking of this accomplishment, she used to say "When I was a little girl I could ride like a Mexican."

IV

Clara Barton—the pitying sweetness which fills her eyes and the sympathetic lines which have been drawn about her mouth bear witness to a long intimacy with suffering and death.

Central (Mo.) *Christian Advocate.* (1912)

Physiognomy is the language of the face. JEREMY COLLIER.

Physiognomy is reading the handwriting of nature upon the human countenance. CHATFIELD.

Palmistry is a science as old as the history of the human race. The mind deceives; the hand tells the truth; the thumb in particular, the tell-tale of character.

DOLORES CORTEZ, *Queen of the Spanish Gypsies.*

Show me an outspread hand and I'll show you whether or not its master is honest, is kind, is affectionate.

ARTHUR DELROY, *Author.*

Human nature, as unfolded by phrenology, is being universally accepted by all classes of people. CRANIUM.

Phrenology can be used in every phase of life. C. S. HARDISON.

Phrenology is very fruitful in its capacity to paint mental images.

MISS JESSIE ALLEN FOWLER.

Phrenology,—a science that has been of great help to us in the progress of life. DOCTOR CHARLES H. SHEPARD.

The shape of the brain may generally be ascertained by the form of the skull. O. S. AND L. N. FOWLER.

Phrenology professes to point out a connection between certain *manifestations of the mental* and peculiar *conditions and developments of the brain.* O. S. AND L. N. FOWLER.

Of all the people in England, I was most glad to meet Doctor L. N. Fowler, the same gentle, kind man he used to be so many years ago, and who has done so much for the middle classes of England, giving them helpful advice they could not get from other sources. CLARA BARTON.

Remembering that fully one-fifth of my life (1856) has been passed as a teacher in schools, it is not strange that I should feel some interest in the cause of education. CLARA BARTON.

'Tis education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. ALEXANDER POPE.

PHRENOLOGY—READ HER CHARACTERISTICS—BASIS OF FRIENDSHIP

The physiognomist reads character in the face; the palmist in the hand; the phrenologist in the skull. Physiognomy since the origin of man has been nature's open book. The science of palmistry is at least five thousand years old; but the science of phrenology is of comparatively recent origin. When Clara Barton was a little girl phrenology received its really first great impulse in this country, through the lectures and writings of the Doctors Fowler of England. In England, as in this country, phrenology was then the subject of much ridicule. Of this strange science Thomas Hood sarcastically writes:

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man, with his bumps upon his sconce,
Had lived so long; and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combining he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills
The faculties threw up like mole hills.

Little Clara was bashful, afraid of strangers, too timid to sit at the family table when guests were present; would not so much as tell her name when asked to do so. When spoken to by a stranger she would burst out crying—sometimes leaving the room. Now and then she would go hungry rather than ask a favor even of a member of the family. Doctor L. N. Fowler visited Oxford. While there he was a guest at the Barton home.

Doctor, what shall we do with this girl, asked the mother; she annoys us almost to death. We can hardly speak to her without her crying, from fear. The doctor examined her head. He replied, she is timid, that's all. The "bump" of fear is over-developed. Nothing will change a child's innate fear; that is a characteristic of her nature. She may outgrow it to some extent but her sensitive nature will remain as long as she lives. The doctor advised the parents to give her something to do; to keep her at work, and thus to let her forget herself. Don't scold her; encourage her. When she does anything well, give her full credit—compliment her. Throw responsibility on her; when she is old enough give her a school to teach.

To be understood is the basis of friendship. The Doctor understood Clara; little Clara understood the Doctor. They became friends. That friendship lasted through life. Many years after the Doctor visited Oxford Clara Barton visited the Doctor, in London. They spent evenings together. The Doctor renewed his interest in the people of those early days in New England. He especially recalled the characteristics of Miss Barton's father;—they became mutually reminiscent of the days of her childhood. The Doctor

had then become old and decrepit but was still giving lectures on phrenology. The happiest hours Clara Barton spent in England were in the home of the Fowlers; with the Doctor, his charming wife and three beautiful daughters.

V

The earth can never have enough women like Clara Barton.
Detroit (Mich.) *Free Press.*

Clara Barton belonged not only to the United States but to the entire civilized world. Boston (Mass.) *Globe.*

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. PROVERBS.
Laugh and the world laughs with you. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
SHAKESPEARE.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men. ANONYMOUS.

The next best thing to a very good joke is a very bad one.
J. C. HARE.

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he. GOLDSMITH.

If ever there were lost, or omitted, a well-turned joke or a bit of humor by the various members of the Barton family it was clearly an accident. CLARA BARTON.

Joking decides great things stronger and better of't than earnest can. MILTON-HORACE.

"SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION" LAID TO CLARA BARTON

A timid child is invariably the butt of jokes. Clara Barton, in her youth, was not an exception. As a little girl she had learned to weave, working in a North Oxford satinet mill. She had not been at work there very long when the mill took fire and burned down.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, MAIN STREET, OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Where Clara Barton attended church. Oldest Universalist Church in the world, built 1792. Society second oldest. Organized April 27, 1785. Denomination organized here, September 14, 1785.

SUMMER HOME OF CLARA BARTON, OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Arrow points towards the window of the room where Clara Barton was bed-ridden for several months, through her last fatal illness, in the latter part of 1911.

Then, as no satisfactory explanation of the cause could be given by the members of the Barton family, the fire was attributed to spontaneous combustion, brought on because Clara had worked so fast as to set the mill on fire. Clara Barton did not object to, but rather enjoyed, a joke on herself. She used to tell her friends of this joke and said that in her own town and among her playmates that joke was "told on me for many years."

VI

Forget not Christmas. HENRY *IV.* of England.

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small. TUSSER.

Those who at Christmas do repine,
And would fain hence despatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphry dine,
Or else may 'Squire Ketch catch him.'
POOR ROBIN'S ALMANAC, 1684.

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.
WITHER'S JUVENILIA.

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together.
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather. OLD SONG.

A Christmas baby! Now, isn't that the best kind of a Christmas gift for us all? FATHER STEPHEN BARTON (1821).

Clara Barton was a Christmas present, given to the world.
Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* (—In 1912).

The sweet love-planted Christmas tree. WILL CARLETON.

A good conscience is a continual Christmas.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
SHAKESPEARE.

I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. CHARLES DICKENS.

On Christmas Day we will shut out from our fireside nothing.
CHARLES DICKENS.

'Tis the season for kindling the fire of hospitality in the hall, the genial fire of charity in the heart. WASHINGTON IRVING.

I was born on one bright Christmas day, and I am told that there was a great family jubilation upon the occasion. CLARA BARTON.

For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays. JOHN MILTON.

The winds ever chant on the bright Christmas morn,
The sweetest of carols for "Two" that were born.
E. MAY GLENN TOON.

CHRISTMAS
A CHRISTMAS CAROL
(1894)

For my 30,000 Sea Island Friends
A Loving Greeting and Merry Christmas. CLARA BARTON.

Lo! The Christmas morn is breaking,
Bring the angels bright array,
For the Christian world is waking,
And the Lord is born to-day.
Shout then, brothers; shout and pray,
For the blessed Lord is born to-day.

No more tears and pain and sorrow,
Hark! I hear the angels say
Blessed be the bright to-morrow,
For the Lord is born to-day.
Shout then, sisters; shout and pray,
For the blessed Lord is born to-day.

Forget your night of sad disaster,
Cast your burdens all away,
Wait the coming of the Master,

For the Lord is born to-day.
Shout then, children; shout and pray,
For the blessed Lord is born to-day.

In the sunlight, soft and golden,
Round the babe the angels play;
List, their notes so grand and olden,
Lo! The Lord is born to-day.
Shout, all people; shout and pray,
For the blessed Lord is born to-day.

VII

The life of Clara Barton should be familiarized to every child.
Woonsocket (R. I.) *Call.*

Learning to ride, Clara, is just learning a horse.
Brother David ("Buffalo Bill") in 1826.

How can I learn a horse, David? Sister Clara.

Catch hold of his mane, baby, and just feel the horse a part of yourself—the big half of the task being.
Brother David. *Heroines of Service.*

Love me, love my dog. Heyward's Proverbs.

The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, and the one that never proves ungrateful, or traitorous, is his dog. Senator Vest.

We are two travellers, Roger and I—Roger's my dog—so fond, so unselfish, so forgiving. John Townsend Trowbridge.

I have seen many friends in my travels,
Some friends whom the world would call game,
But the friendship of my old dog Roger
Would put all the others to shame.
WILLIAM DEVERE.

I would rather be a dog and bay at the moon
Than such a Roman. JULIUS CAESAR.
Every dog has his day, why not I?
Dogs are very much like people—
I am Preacher Smith's dog, whose dog are you?
ABBIE N. SMITH, *"Bobtail Dixie."*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! SHAKESPEARE.
O for a horse with wings. CYMBELINE.
Champing his foam, and bounding o'er the plain,
Arch his high neck and graceful spread his mane.
SIR R. BLACKMORE.

A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him. LORD HERBERT.

I die,—but first have possessed
And come what may, I *have been blessed.* BYRON.

Aspiration sees only one side of every question; possession, many.
LOWELL.

How senseless is the love of wealth and treasure. GUARINI.

Remember not one penny can we take with us into the unknown land. SENECA.

"BUTTON"—"BILLY"—
CLARA BARTON OWNERSHIP

A dog is a real philanthropist, his whole existence is living for others. The best "war-scout" known is the Red Cross dog, wearing the insignia. In a dog Miss Barton found a congenial spirit. Her first ownership was a dog, and known by the name of "Button."

He was medium-sized, very white, with silky ears, sparkling black eyes, and a very short tail. "Button" was Clara Barton's guardian in the cradle, her playmate in childhood.

Some little dogs are very good,
And very useful too:—

"Button" would try to pick her up when she fell down, sympathize with her in her troubles,—ever unselfish, helpful, loyal.

Clara Barton's second individual ownership was "Billy." "Billy" was a horse. She said he was high stepping; in color, brown; of Morgan ancestry, with glossy coat, slim legs, pointed ears, long black mane and tail, and weighing nearly nine hundred pounds.

Ownership endowed "Billy" with wonderful characteristics. He could trot, rack, pace, single-foot,—a Bucephalus worthy of world fame. "Like beads upon a rosary" she would could and recount the joys of memory, memory of her saddle horse, and she on his back, riding like mad, at ten years of age. He had many characteristics, doubtless, that she didn't recount. As a horse is known to be "a vain thing for safety" "Billy" could probably run away, get frightened at a shadow, senselessly "kick up" and "smash-up," as do other horses. But fun is in the danger; the greater the danger to life and limb the greater the fun. "Billy" would not stand over her to guard her, nor help her up when she fell down, but was useful and gave her pleasure. "The true, living love is love of soul for soul," hence mankind loves, in return for love, only what gives love; but mankind also pretends to love

what it can force to serve man's purpose. The dog spirit and the horse spirit satisfy the longings of human nature—all the world loves a dog and assumes to love a horse.

In hearing of the cannon's roar one afternoon, an officer galloped up asking, "Miss Barton, can you ride?" "Yes sir." "But you have no saddle—could you ride mine?" "Yes sir, or without it, if you have blanket and surcingle." "Then you can risk an hour." An hour later the officer returned at breakneck speed—and leaping from his horse said: "Now is your time, Miss Barton; the enemy is already breaking over the hills."

> Oh! not all the pleasures that poets may praise,—
> Not the wildering waltz in the ballrooms blaze,
> Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,
> Nor the swift regatta, nor the merry chase,
> Nor the sail heaving waters o'er,
> Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,—
> Can the wild and fearless joy exceed
> Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

Romance enters into ownership of pet animals. Probably "Button" was *just* a dog and "Billy" *only* a horse. But one has said that the right of ownership is the cornerstone of civilization. Ownership of what is worthy of love at least enriches character—contributes to the happiness of human existence. If the Father of his Country was right, that the object of all government is the happiness of the people, then the love of animals serves a very high purpose.

With the first "gold dust" suddenly acquired, an illiterate Western miner built on the desert a stone mansion. He ornamented it with gold door knobs,

door hinges of silver—the doors opening but to golden keys.

> Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
> To lay their just hands on that golden key,
> That opes the palace to eternity,—
> To such my errand is:—

Where human beings throng, and men and women suffer, Clara Barton built a structure and ornamented it with a RED CROSS on a white ground—the emblem of service to the suffering. With unusual earning capacity for seventy-five years, and at all times practicing greatest economy, Clara Barton's ownership at her passing was but $21,000. The Glen Echo Red Cross home that had been used, free of cost to the RED CROSS, was valued at $5,000. While the owner lived she continued to keep it as a charity center—a home for the homeless and indigent—ex-soldiers, civilians, children.

In her closing years she had, therefore, for her own personal and exclusive use in money and realty, not to exceed $21,000. This was nine thousand dollars less than the value of her property when she first became interested in Red Cross work. "Mere money," she said, "never separates me from my friends. I don't care for money; I wish only not to become an object of charity, and to be a burden to my friends when I am unable to work for others."

BIRTHPLACE OF CLARA BARTON, NEAR OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

On March 14, 1921, the title to the Barton Homestead was transferred by Carl O. Carlson to The Woman's National Missionary Society of the Universalist Church. It is now known as The Clara Barton Memorial Home. Mementoes, Red Cross literature and all else possible to obtain that appertain to Clara Barton's life work will be assembled here and become a part of the Memorial. The homestead consists of the house where Clara Barton was born, and eighty-five acres of land. It was dedicated as a shrine for the public, October 12, 1921.

Arrow points to the room where Clara Barton was born. Size of the room 8 x 10 feet. Ceiling 8 feet high. Clothes closet 5 feet 2 inches x 2 feet 5 inches. Two windows each 4 feet 5 inches high x 2 feet 3 inches wide. Two sashes in each window; six panes of glass in each sash.

OFFICERS OF THE W. N. M. A. PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CLARA BARTON MEMORIAL ON OCTOBER 12, 1921.

Left to right: Mrs. Bertram O. Blaisdell, Trustee; Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, Rec. Sec'y (now President); Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, President; Mrs. Fred A. Moore, Literature Secretary; Miss Susan M. Andrew, Trustee (Chairman Clara Barton Guild).

VIII

Every child in the country has known of Clara Barton.

Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune.*

Pestalozzi was the Father of the Public School; Washington the Father of his Country; Lincoln, the Father of a Race; Clara Barton, the Mother of the Red Cross. THE AUTHOR.

The building which housed Clara Barton in her efforts for popular education is still standing along with other historic landmarks.

Bordentown (N. J.) *Register.*

If you will let me try, I will teach the children free for six months. CLARA BARTON.

I thank God that we have no free schools—in the colony—and I hope we shall not have these hundred years.

GOVERNOR BERKELEY of Virginia in 1670.

The first incorporation to provide free schools, under the provisions of the State, was passed in New York in 1805.

THE MODERN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The basis of free government is in education; in a republic the hope of the millions is the free public school.

THE TWO REPUBLICS.

The hope of all modern civilization is the public free school.

ANCIENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

I taught in an uninclosed shed at North Oxford, there being no house for that purpose. CLARA BARTON.

The first meetings for the establishment of a kindergarten system at Washington was held at the Clara Barton home, in Washington;

among others present Phoebe Hearst and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the President, the chairman. THE AUTHOR.

Let us live in our children. FREDERICK FROEBEL.

PAUPER SCHOOLS; FROM SIX TO SIX HUNDRED

New Jersey had no public schools. The people said they were not paupers and would not have their children taught at public expense—would not send them to "pauper schools." In New Jersey Clara Barton opened, for the first time, what was called a "free school for paupers." Since those puritan days, what a change in public sentiment! Then it was "Pauper school" education; now

Free education is the poor man's marble staircase that leads upward, and into, the palaces of wealth, health and happiness.

Clara Barton was told that a public school was impossible; every time it had been tried, it had failed. At Bordentown she found herself with six bright boys, and the public school * commenced. At the end of twelve months her six pupils had grown to six hundred pupils—among whom no corporal punishment had been administered.

"Pauper schools" became thence in fact the free public school; now the free public school is the one institution from whose flagstaff freedom's flag is never hauled down.

* The School Building, erected in 1837. School taught by Clara Barton, in 1853. Building and site the property of New Jersey, purchased through contributions by teachers and pupils. Building dedicated June 11, 1921, and now known as The Clara Barton Memorial School but used as a Clara Barton Museum.

IX

Clara Barton taught the rich to be unselfish and the strong to be gentle. CHARLES E. TOWNSEND, U. S. Senate.

Her voice was soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.
SHAKESPEARE.

Miss Barton was a soft-voiced, retiring little woman, yet she had a way of approaching her work in a most telling manner.
Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express.*

Miss Barton followed her own light with steadfast steps.
Springfield (Mass.) *Republican.*

Clara Barton—a model of the beautiful simplicity of a life given to others. Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard.*

The severest test of discipline is its absence. CLARA BARTON.

Social, friendly and human, Clara Barton joined with the children in the playgrounds;—instead of being locked out as the previous teachers had been she "locked" herself "in" the hearts of every boy and girl. *The Life of Clara Barton*, by Epler.

Show me a child well disciplined, perfectly governed at home, and I will show you a child that never breaks a rule at school.
CLARA BARTON.

Whenever corporal punishment is inflicted on a pupil it is a sign of negligence and indolence on the part of the teacher, says Seneca.
ANCIENT SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

In refinement of taste and beauty of action, or purity of thought and delicacy of expression, nature's own best teacher is woman.
THE MODERN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

CHILD LOVE—JOE AND CHARLIE—APPRECIATION

To the child nothing is small; nor does the child forget. Whatever kindness comes to the child is stored in one of the cells of the brain for future years. As an heirloom, the longer it is possessed the more it is cherished.

Referring to her teacher of long ago, Dr. Eleanor Burnside recently related this incident in her school life: "I recall when a little girl in her school Clara Barton's friendly interest in the progress of her pupils; unvarying patience, no matter what the circumstances might be. I do not think she knew how to scold, nor were scoldings and other manifestations of ill temper necessary. Her quiet, firm word, pleasantly expressed, seemed sufficient always."

> Speak gently; it is better far
> To rule by love than fear—
> . . . . . .
> Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
> Dropped in the heart's deep well;
> The good, the joy, which it may bring,
> Eternity shall tell.

Not easily disturbed, Miss Barton did not notice little misdemeanors by the children at all. She seemed not to observe one day when some fun was started by a boy sitting back of Joe Davis. The mischievous boy was putting his finger in Joe's red hair and pretending his finger was burnt. Of course it amused the children, but only for a moment. To govern too much is worse than to govern too little. This was an incident merely of a child's humor, requiring no reprimand. "But no

matter what happened, Clara Barton did not scold. Her pupils loved her and that made what she did, and what she said too, right."

The old desk used by Clara Barton recently has been found in possession of one of the old families at Bordentown, New Jersey. By tracing back the ownership it has been proved conclusively to be the original desk used by Miss Barton. The desk refuted the libel that she was a disciplinarian, and not a humanitarian. The libel referred to was that she had a particularly unruly boy; that she seized him by the nape of the neck, lifted the lid of the desk and dropped him inside. Now that the desk has been discovered, her admirers point to the interesting fact that it doesn't have a top lid; it has a small drawer.

Childhood is ever of the living present. Up the stream of time the eye keeps fixed on memory's treasures of youth. In one of the battles of the Civil War, Clara Barton stooped down to place the empty sleeve, then useless to the bullet-shattered right arm, over the shoulder of a soldier boy. Recognizing the face of his former teacher the fair-haired lad dropped his face into the folds of her dress, then threw his left arm around her neck, in deepest grief, crying: "Why, Miss Barton, don't you know me? I am Charlie Hamilton who used to carry your satchel to school."

X

Like a patriotic soldier Clara Barton responded in the youth of her womanhood to the call of service to others.

York (Pa.) *Gazette.*

Clara Barton is one of the greatest heroic figures of her time.

Buffalo Press.

Clara Barton—our greatest national heroine. *Literary Digest.*

We reckon heroism today, not so much on account of the thing done as the motive behind the act. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Yes, it is over. The calls are answered, the marches have ended, the nation saved. CLARA BARTON.

The best blood of America has flowed like water.

CLARA BARTON.

The soldier is lost in the citizen. CLARA BARTON.

The proudest of America's sons have struggled for the honors of a soldier's name. CLARA BARTON.

Their glory, bright as it shone in war, is outlustered by the nobleness of their lives in peace. CLARA BARTON.

I shall never take to myself more honesty of purpose, faithfulness of zeal, nor patriotism, than I award to another. CLARA BARTON.

What can be added to the glory of a nation whose citizens are its soldiers? Whose warriors, armed and mighty,—spring from its bosom in the hour of need, and peacefully retire when the need is over. CLARA BARTON.

I have taught myself to look upon the government as the band which the people bind around a bundle of sticks to hold it firm, where every patriot must grapple the knot tighter.

CLARA BARTON.

If our government be too weak to act vigorously and energetically, strengthen it till it can act; then comes the peace we all wait for, as kings and prophets waited—and without which like them we seek and never find. CLARA BARTON.

Henry Wilson worked on a farm at six dollars per month. Then he tied up his scanty wardrobe in a pocket handkerchief, and walked to Natick, Massachusetts, more than one hundred miles, to become a cobbler. The trip cost him but $1.88.

HENRY MAKEPEACE THAYER.

I am the son of a hireling manual laborer who, with the frosts of seventy winters on his head, lives by daily labor. I too lived by daily labor. HENRY WILSON.

Henry Wilson, born in New Hampshire, February 16, 1812; elected to U. S. Senate, 1855; elected Vice-President, 1872; died November 22, 1875. THE AUTHOR.

We should yield nothing to our principles of right.

HENRY WILSON.

The sorrows of drunkenness glare on us from the cradle to the grave. HENRY WILSON.

I would not have upon my soul the consciousness that I had by precept or example lured any young man to drunkenness for all the honors of the universe. HENRY WILSON.

Clara Barton's never-failing friend, Senator Henry Wilson.

PERCY H. EPLER.

TEMPERANCE—CLARA BARTON AND THE HIRED MAN—STRANGER THAN FICTION

Way back in 1857 in Worcester, Massachusetts, Clara Barton showed her humanitarian spirit and organization ability. Under the Reverend Horace James, she assisted in the organization of the Band of Hope,* a society originating in Scotland whose object was: "To Promote the Cause of Temperance and Good Morals of the Children and Youth."

On the breaking out of the Civil War, the Reverend James became Chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, and two of the boys that Clara Barton induced to join the society became officers of the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment. One was Colonel J. Brainard Hall and the other Captain George E. Barton. At the Battle of the Wilderness the Colonel Hall referred to was seriously, then thought to be fatally, wounded. Clara Barton was the first at his side to nurse, and to care for, him. As soon as he was able to be moved, she sent him to Washington to be cared for there by one whom she told him was her very dear friend. Stranger than fiction, on reaching Washington, Colonel Hall discovered this friend to be the "Hired Man," previous to 1839, who worked in his grandmother's shoe-shop,—the late Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States.

* First Temperance Society organized in America, in 1789; First National Temperance Convention, in 1833; a "temperance revolution" urged, in 1842, by Abraham Lincoln; Women's Christian Temperance Union organized in 1874; National Prohibition went into effect January 16, 1920.

XI

Every woman who loves her country and who realizes what true patriotism means will always revere the name of Clara Barton, and connect it with the highest ideal of service to one's country. Dr. Anna H. Shaw, *President American Woman Suffrage Association.*

Clara Barton has won the hearts of the women of the world. Carrie Chapman Catt, *President American Woman Suffrage Association.*

John Marshall, for thirty-five years Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, held the female sex the equals of men.

Justice Joseph Story.

I had not learned to equip myself—for I was no Pallas ready armed but grew into my work by hard thinking and sad experience.

Clara Barton.

I am a woman and know what barriers oppose all womanly efforts. Harriet G. Hosmer.

Clara Barton is the best clerk, either man or woman, I ever had in my office. Mr. Mason, *Commissioner of Patents.*

It is less difficult for a woman to obtain celebrity by her genius than to be forgiven for it. Brissot.

Only the machinery and plans of Heaven move unerringly and we short-sighted mortals are, half our time, fain to complain of these. Clara Barton.

It is possible for the wisest even to build better than he knows.

Clara Barton.

Who furnished the Armies; who but the Mothers? Who reared the sons and taught them that liberty and their country was worth their blood? Who gave them up and wept their fall, nursed them in their suffering and mourned them, *dead?* CLARA BARTON.

There is none to give woman the right to govern herself, as men govern themselves by self-made and self-approved laws of the land.
CLARA BARTON.

Only the Great Jehovah can crown and anoint man for his work, and he reaches out and takes the crown and places it upon his head with his own hand. CLARA BARTON.

Whenever I have been urged as a petitioner to ask equal suffrage for women a kind of dazed, bewildered feeling comes over me.
CLARA BARTON.

In making an appeal to her soldiers for "votes for women" Clara Barton said: "When you were weak and I was strong, I toiled for you; now you are strong, and I am weak. Because of my work for you, I ask your aid; I ask the ballot for myself and my sex. As I stood by you, I pray you stand by me and mine." THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton advocated "Votes for Women" on the platform of the First National Suffrage Convention in this country.
Buffalo (New York) *Courier.*

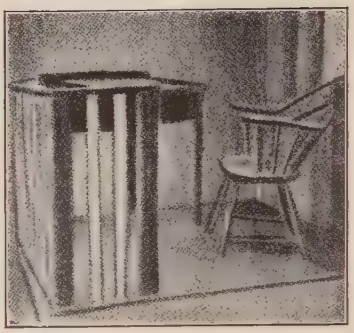
LOOKING FOR A JOB—EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Among the ancients, controlling the certain affairs worthy of man, were many goddesses; of these, Venus, Ceres, Juno, Diana, Pomona, Minerva. Such man's inherent respect for femininity that feminine names in classic days were given to temples of worship; to the continents, Europe, Asia, Africa, and later to America.* Feminine names with few exceptions, also, have been given to all countries,—"she" and not "he," likewise the word used to identify great things mechanical and useful. Long and hard has been the contest for

* In 1507, by Martin Waldseemuller, the name of America was given to the then newly discovered continent.

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

Built of brick, in 1839, where Clara Barton taught school in 1853. See page 47.



THE DESK USED BY CLARA BARTON

See page 47.

HISTORIC IN EDUCATION

Bordentown, N. J.

THE CLARA BARTON MUSEUM

The old school house reconstructed. See page 47.

woman to achieve in fact what in spirit seemingly comports with womanhood. In this contest through the last half of the nineteenth, and the first half of the twentieth, century Clara Barton was conspicuous.

Alone in the world, dependent upon her own efforts for a living and looking for a "job," the following is what in letters Miss Barton says of herself in 1854 and 1860 respectively:

In a letter to her friend Miss Lydia F. Haskell, Washington, D. C., January 20, 1854, Clara Barton said:

"Well, I am a clerk in the United States Patent Office, writing my fingers stiff every day of my life. . . . The truth is, I have written nights until one or two o'clock for the last two weeks. I shall not be so very busy long. I am just now fitting the mechanical report for the press; that off my hands and I shall be quite at ease, I suppose."

In a letter to Frank Clinton, Bordentown, New Jersey, dated January 2, 1860, Clara Barton said:

"I can teach English, French, drawing and painting. . . . I am a rapid writer or copyist, and have the reputation of being a very good accountant . . . and if, in your travels through the South, you see an opening for me, tell me."

As the pioneer woman in Government service Clara Barton was the object of commiseration. And only because she was a woman, she suffered through jeers and hoots and cat-calls, and tobacco smoke in her face, and slanderous whisperings in the hallways and boisterous talks about "crinoline"—all sorts of offensiveness, on the part of Government employees. Clara Barton in the public school, in the patent office, in the Civil War, in the Franco-Prussian War, in the Cuban War, in national disasters, in the presidency of the Red

Cross, now filled by the President of the United States, is a series of object lessons of the greatest significance in the progress of womankind in the public service. Clara Barton the *intruder* among men in the patent office in 1855, and Jeannette Rankin, the *honorable* among men in Congress in 1918, are the exponents respectively of two conditions of American sentiment as to the public function of women in the United States.

Possibly because of her sad experience as a woman in the public service, she became one of those who, with Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and other suffragettes, blazed the way to equal rights for women—equal rights now approved by the President, the United States Congress and the American people. At a meeting of the American Suffrage Association held in Washington, D. C., in language most caustic and argumentative, in part in a public address Clara Barton said:

A woman shan't say there shall be no war—and she shan't take any part in it when there is one; and because she doesn't take part in the war, she must not vote; and because she can't vote she has no voice in her Government. And because she has no voice in her Government she is not a citizen; and because she isn't a citizen she has no rights, and because she has no rights she must submit to wrong; and because she submits to wrong she isn't anybody. Becoming optimistic, she said, the number of thoughtful and right minded men who will approve equal suffrage are much smaller than we think and, when equal suffrage * is an accomplished fact, all will wonder as I have done, what the objection ever was.

* The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution proclaimed August 26, 1920.

XII

Clara Barton's simple life was long, and so full of stirring incidents that all the books will not record the whole of it.

Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram.*

Be not like dumb-driven cattle.

LONGFELLOW—*The Psalm of Life.*

The Ox has therefore stretched his yoke in vain.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest.

THOMPSON—*The Seasons.*

A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.

BRILLAT SAVARIN.

The sign of true, not casual, progress, . . . is the progress of vegetarianism . . . more and more people have given up animal food. TOLSTOI.

I had not then learned the mystery of nerves. CLARA BARTON.

CREDULOUS OX—INNOCENT CHILD—CLARA BARTON, A VEGETARIAN

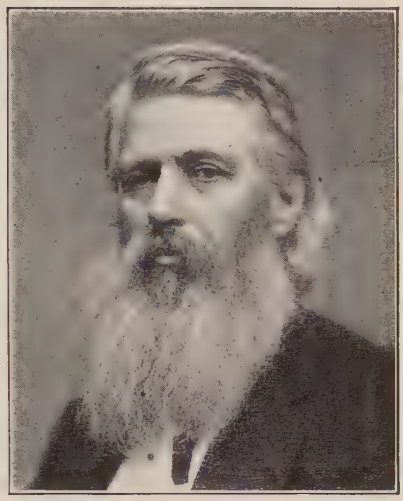
Among the Puritans the horse was a luxury; the beast of burden was the ox. In the first half of the nineteenth century the ox made possible in Massachusetts even the existence of man. In the snows of

winter, at seed time and at harvest, the toiling ox was loyal—faithful to the best interests of the family. The ox himself was unsuspecting, and untutored in the art of deceiving others. He couldn't think his kindly attentive Master, Man, unappreciative, disloyal—wholly obsessed with greed. He didn't know that money was above life,—he hadn't read war-history. He didn't know that through the love of money, by man, come life's woes. The ox knew only that *he* was the friend to man; and he thought man must be *his* friend. Poor credulous ox! And yet in the child the friendship of the ox is not misplaced. Innocent child! to man and beast Heaven's best gift, a loyal friend.

Captain Stephen Barton kept a dairy. When a small girl Clara used to drive the cows and oxen to, and from, the pasture. Clara also assisted morning and evening in milking the cows. One evening she observed three men, one holding in his hand an axe, driving a big, red, fat ox into the barn. She saw the man with the axe strike the ox in the head, then saw the ox drop to the floor. At the same moment she fell unconscious to the ground. She was carried to the house, placed on a bed, and a camphor bottle freely used. When she regained consciousness, in reply as to why she fell, she said: "Someone struck me." "Oh, no, no one struck you," they said. "Then what makes my head sore," she asked. At that time her desire for meat left her; and in later years she used to say, "all through life to the present, I have eaten meat only when I must for the sake of appearances. The bountiful ground always yields enough for all of my needs and wants."

ANNIE WITTENMEYER

Clara Barton is second to none of womankind.—Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, First President W. C. T. U.



JOHN B. GOUGH

Clara Barton's lecture—I never heard anything more thrilling in my life.—John B. Gough, America's Greatest Temperance Lecturer.

REPRESENTATIVE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES

MARY STEWART POWERS

Clara Barton was prominent among women as an advocate of the cause of temperance. Through her leadership in practical humanitarianism she endeared herself to the whole world. Her good name will live forever.—Mrs. Mary Stewart Powers, Public Lecturer and State Superintendent of Scientific Temperance of Ohio.

FRANCES WILLARD

President W. C. T. U.

In the name of your God and my God, ask your people and my people not to be discouraged in the good work (Red Cross) they have undertaken.—Clara Barton. From Armenia, in 1896, to Miss Willard.

See page 347.

XIII

The Mother, patriot though she were, uttered her sentiments through choking voice and tender trembling words, and the young man caring nothing, fearing nothing, rushed gallantly on to doom and to death. CLARA BARTON.

The soldier's fear is the fear of being thought to fear. BOVEE.

Self trust is the essence of heroism. EMERSON.

I have no fear of the battle field; I want to go to the suffering men. CLARA BARTON.

I was always afraid of everything except when someone was to be rescued from danger or pain. CLARA BARTON.

Like the true Anglo-Saxon, loyal and loving, tender and true, the Mother held back her tears with one hand while with the other she wrung her fond farewell and passed her son on to the State.

CLARA BARTON.

FELL DEAD ON THE GROUND BESIDE HER

The first time Clara Barton visited in New Haven, she wore a gray dress that had bullet holes in it—received in caring for the wounded at Fredericksburg. In describing the battle scene Clara Barton said: "Over into that City of Death; its roofs riddled by shells, its very Church a crowded hospital, every street a battle line, every hill a rampart, every rock a fortress, and every stone wall a blazing line of forts!"

At Fredericksburg
They rated blood as water,
And all the slope shone red,
Past Valor's call
By bristling wall;
Defeat linked arms with slaughter
Astride the blue-robed dead.

As Miss Barton was being assisted off the bridge by an officer, an exploding shell hissed between them, passing below their arms as they were upraised, carrying away both the skirts of his coat and her dress. A moment later, on his horse, the gallant officer was struck by a solid shot from the enemy; the horse bounded in the air and the officer fell to the ground dead, not thirty feet in the rear.

In her usual modest manner, in relating *war incidents,* she described the experience to a lady friend and said: "I never mended that dress. I wonder whether or not a soldier ever mends a bullet hole in his clothes."

XIV

Military glory—that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood, that serpent's eye that charms to destroy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The friends of humanity will deprecate war, whenever it may appear. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

There is no need of bloodshed and war. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Wars are largely the result of unbridled passions.

CLARA BARTON.

War is only splendid murder. JAMES THOMSON.

War is the mad game that the world so loves to play. SWIFT.

Every battleship is a menace to the peace of the world. With each new battleship every nation carries a chip on its shoulder.

CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross took its rise in, and derived its existence from, war. Without war it had no existence. CLARA BARTON.

Deplore it as we may, war is the *great act* of all history.

CLARA BARTON.

War has been the rule, if not largely the occupation, of the peoples of the earth from their earliest history. CLARA BARTON.

Scarcely a quarter of the earth is yet civilized, and that quarter not beyond the probabilities of war. CLARA BARTON.

General Sherman was right when, addressing an assemblage of cadets, he told them "war was hell!" Take it as you will, it is this;—whoever has looked active war full in the face has caught some glimpse of regions as infernal as he may ever fear to see.

CLARA BARTON.

Only time, prolonged effort, national economics, universal progress and the pressure of public opinion could ever hope to grapple with the existence of war, the monster evil of the ages.

CLARA BARTON.

I have studied the massing of forces and scanned from point to point the old battle-grounds of Marengo and Jena and Waterloo and the Magenta and Solferino and it has seemed to me that these armies had a fairer field and a better chance than ours, in the Civil War. CLARA BARTON.

War may be a *great harmonizer,* but it is not a *humanizer.*

CLARA BARTON.

That which is won by the sword must be held by the sword, whether it is worth the cost or not. CLARA BARTON.

If there be any power on earth which can right the wrongs for which a nation goes to war, I pray it may be made manifest.

CLARA BARTON.

If there be any good wars, I will attend them.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

That noble and numerous class of patriots who are brave with other men's lives and lavish of other men's money. GLADSTONE.

There never was a good war, nor a bad peace.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Don't talk about war; we have done with war. The Peace of the world is the question now. CLARA BARTON.

WICKEDNESS OF WAR—SETTLES NO DISPUTES

Clara Barton was a patriot, but "not a war woman." She had no sympathy with the religion such as was Odin's, of the ninth century, which religion assured for him who had killed in battle the greatest number the highest seat reserved in the Paradise of the Valhalla;

nor with the sentiment of the King of Denmark of that day, "What is more beautiful than to see the heroes pushing on through battle, though fainting with their wounds;" nor with the sentiment of that same king's boast, "War was my delight from my youth, and from my childhood I was pleased with a bloody spear."

> Princes were privileged to kill,
> The numbers sanctified the crime.

Wolves in "packs" seek prey; so do men—in sheep's clothing. Wolves truthful, in howls, send forth their propaganda—hunger; men untruthful, in words, send forth their propaganda—hate. If the "survival of the fittest" be nature's law only brutes conform to nature—by using no weapons. Men kill their own "kith and kin"; brutes combine to protect their own species. The more one sees of men on war's slaughter-fields killing their friends or strangers, for prospective profit, the more he must admire the ethics of the brute. In brute history there have been no wars. Facing human record, the record of 3,400 years, there have been 3,166 years of war, and only 234 years of peace; facing the picture of which history makes no mention and which in the wake of armies she had seen, Clara Barton says: "Faces bathed in tears and hands in blood, lees in the wind and dregs in the cup of military glory, war has cost a million times more than the world is worth, poured out the best blood and crushed the fairest forms the good God has ever created."

Through war and its consequences, one third of "civilized man" since the world began has come to an untimely end, by violence, as did Abel at the hands of Cain.

Earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.

"Mankind is the greatest mystery of all mysteries," says Clara Barton, and insists that she can never understand the history of human conduct in this world, and wonders whether or not she will in the next. In the light of war's history and, trying to solve the "mystery of all mysteries," she asks: "Heavenly Father! what is the matter with this beautiful earth that thou hast made? And what is man that thou art mindful of him?"

Further philosophizing on the "Wickedness of War," in a masterful public address, she says: "There is not a geographical boundary line on the face of the earth that was not put there by the sword, and is not practically held there by this same dread power. War actually settles no disputes, it brings no real peace; it but closes an open strife;—the peace is simply buried embers. The war side of the war could never have called me to the field—*through and through,* thought and act, body and soul, *I hate it.* We can only wait and trust for the day to come when the wickedness of war shall be a thing unknown in this beautiful world."

Again philosophizing she says: "As I reflect upon the mighty and endless changes which must grow out of war's issues, the subject rises up before me like some far-away mountain summit, towering peak upon peak, rock upon rock, that human foot has not trod and enveloped in a hazy mist the eye has never penetrated."

XV

In the same year, and about the same time in the year, that Clara Barton first started for the battlefield her warm personal friend, Julia Ward Howe, wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

THE AUTHOR.

You remember the time was Sunday, September 14th, 1862.

CLARA BARTON.

Society forbade women at the front. CLARA BARTON.

Tradition absolutely forbade a good woman to go unprotected among rough soldiers. CLARA BARTON.

And what does woman know about war, and because she doesn't know anything about it she mustn't say, or do, anything about it.

CLARA BARTON.

It has long been said, as to amount to an adage, that women don't know anything about war. I wish men didn't either. They have always known a great deal too much about it for the good of their kind. CLARA BARTON.

I struggled long and hard with my sense of propriety—with the appalling fact that "I was only a woman" whispering in one ear; and thundering in the other the groans of suffering men dying like dogs—unfed and unclothed, for the life of every institution which had protected and educated me. CLARA BARTON.

When war broke over us, with an empty treasury and its distressed Secretary, Salmon P. Chase, personally trying in New York to borrow money to pay our first seventy-five thousand soldiers, I offered to do the work of any two disloyal clerks whom the office would discharge and allow the double salary to fall back into the treasury. When no legal way could be found to have my salary revert to the national treasury, I resigned and went to the field.

CLARA BARTON.

I could not carry a musket nor lead the men to battle; I could only serve my country by caring for, comforting, and sustaining the soldiers. CLARA BARTON.

I broke the shackles and went to the field. CLARA BARTON.

Washington, D. C., June 20, 1864.

Dr. J. M. Barnes,
Acting Surgeon General, U. S. A.,

Sir: The undersigned, Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts, desire you to extend to Miss Clara Barton of Worcester, Massachusetts, every *facility* in your power to visit the army at any time or place that she may desire, for the purpose of administering to the comfort of our sick and wounded soldiers. Also that such supplies and assistants, as she may require, may be furnished with transportation.

We are, very respectfully,

H. L. DAWES,
ALEX. H. RICE,
D. W. GOOCH,
JOHN D. BALDWIN,
THOS. D. ELIOT,
GEO. S. BOUTWELL,
CHARLES SUMNER,
HENRY WILSON,
JNO. B. ALLEN,
OAKES AMES,
W. F. WASHBURNE.

HER WARDROBE IN A HANDKERCHIEF—THE BATTLE SCENE

On September 14, 1862, Clara Barton started from the City of Washington to the firing line, then at Harper's Ferry. She took with her no Saratoga, no grip, no "go-to-meeting clothes." The articles in her

wardrobe on that eventful trip will never be known but it is known to a "dead certainty" that whatever "worldly goods" she did take with her were all tied up in a pocket handkerchief.

Her only escort was a "mule skinner." He, wearing the blue, held the one *jerk line* to the team of six mules, animals known in the west as "Desert Canaries." The vehicle in which Clara Barton took that eventful ride was an army freight wagon covered with canvas, such wagon sometimes called the "prairie schooner." "In the Days of Old, the Days of Gold," as "Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way," the "prairie schooner" was almost the exclusive vehicle of conveyance over the deserts for freight and passengers. It was in the "prairie schooner" that the Mormons went to Utah in 1848, and the Argonauts to California, in "'49 and '50." It was from a "prairie schooner" that, rising from a sick bunk and looking out over that beautiful valley of Salt Lake, Brigham Young exclaimed: "This is the Place!"

After an eighty-mile ride bumping over stones and dykes and ditches, up and down the hills of Maryland, Clara Barton arrived at the battlefield. There, side by side, cold in death with upturned faces, were the brave boys of the Northern blue and the Southern gray. In closing a description of this battle scene Clara Barton says: "There in the darkness God's angel of Wrath and Death had swept and, foe facing foe, the souls of men went out. The giant rocks, hanging above our heads, seemed to frown upon the scene, and the sighing trees which hung lovingly upon their rugged edge dropped low and wept their pitying dews upon the livid brows and ghastly wounds beneath."

XVI

Clara Barton carried on her work in the face of the enemy, to the sound of a cannon, and close to the firing line.

Boston (Mass.) *Transcript.*

So long as the Republic lives the name of Clara Barton will be honored. *Roswell Record.*

Clara Barton—Glorious Daughter of the Republic!

The Buffalo News.

Clara Barton performed work for wounded soldiers often at the risk of her life. PHEBE A. HANAFORD, AUTHOR.

Clara Barton—right into the jaws of death she went, ministering to the wounded, soothing the dying.

CHAPLAIN COUDON (*of G. A. R.*)
National House of Representatives.

Follow the cannon. CLARA BARTON.

The soldier has been supposed to die painlessly, gloriously, with an immediate passport to realms of bliss eternal. CLARA BARTON.

The soldier who has fallen in battle "with his face to the foe" has been regarded as a subject of envy, rather than pity.

CLARA BARTON.

If wounded and surviving, the honor of a soldier's scars has been cheaply purchased, it has been supposed, though he strolled a limping beggar. CLARA BARTON.

Only a small portion of the thought of the generations of the past has been devoted to the subject of devising, or affording, any means of relief for the wretched condition resulting from the methods of national and international strife. CLARA BARTON.

The pitiable neglect of men in war appears to have constituted one of the large class of misfortunes for which no one is to blame, or even accountable, assuming that wars must be. CLARA BARTON.

Go card and spin,
And leave the business of war to men. DRYDEN.

I am a U. S. soldier and therefore not supposed, you know, to be susceptible to fear. CLARA BARTON.

THE BRAVERY OF WOMEN—CLARA BARTON'S BRAVEST ACT

When asked where occurred her bravest act, Clara Barton replied: "At Fredericksburg." She made headquarters at the Lacy House, just north of the Rappahannock River. While there, the surgeon in charge of the wounded on the south bank of the river sent a special messenger to Miss Barton to come across with her assistants and supplies at once. As a *soldier* and as an American patriot, she obeyed orders and followed the flag over the bridge and on to the battle field. In later years describing the women who went to the war Clara Barton sings:

The women who went to the field, you say,
The women who went to the field;—what did they go for—?
Did these women quail at the sight of a gun?
Will some soldier *tell* us of one he saw run?

In referring to the *incident,* in her experience at Fredericksburg, she said: "As I walked across this bridge with the marching troops, the bullets and shells were hissing and exploding in the river on either side of me, the long autumn march down the mountain passes—Falmouth and old Fredericksburg with its pontoon bridge,—sharp-shooters—deserted camps—its rocky brow of frowning forts—the one day bombard-

ment, and the charge!" There, unperturbed, among the men was Clara Barton, there in the broad glacis, the one vast Aceldama, where—

> In the lost battle,
> Borne down by the flying,
> Were mingled war's rattle
> With the groans of the dying.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

My dear Clara Barton, you have done some wonderful things in the world.—Susan B. Anthony, Pioneer Suffrage Leader.

Susan B. Anthony was the first woman to lay her hand beside mine in the promotion of the Red Cross Society.—Clara Barton.

REPRESENTATIVE SUFFRAGE LEADERS

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

One of the great women of the world. Broad of vision, exalted of soul and absolutely free from selfishness that binds, Miss Barton was a rare human being.—Carrie Chapman Catt, President National American Woman Suffrage Association, 1900-1904; 1913——;Ex-President International Woman Suffrage Alliance.

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DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW

Every woman who loves her country will revere the name of Clara Barton.—Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, President National American Woman Suffrage Association, 1904-Dec., 1915.

XVII

Clara Barton—soldiers of every battlefield since the Civil War have almost deified her. Mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the conflict have ever since held her name in the highest reverence.

Hartford (Conn.) *Post.*

The ears of the sick are strangely acute. CLARA BARTON.

A light heart lives long. SHAKESPEARE.

The burden becomes light that is cheerfully made. OVID.

A cheerful spirit is one of the most valuable gifts ever bestowed upon humanity by a kind Creator. AUGHEY.

Whatever comes, keep up cheerful and happy and hope for the best. CLARA BARTON.

YES, AND GOT EUCHRED

During the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, while the Federals lay again in Fredericksburg, Clara Barton one evening went to the hotel which from ground to garret was filled with wounded men. Five hundred of these were lying upon the bare floors. They had no food to eat, nor was there any food to give them. Clara Barton was struck with their fine soldierly figures and features, remarkable even in their terrible extremity, and stopping near one she asked: "Where are you from?" "Michigan," he said. On to another—"Michigan," and so on "Michigan"—"Michigan"—"Michi-

gan." Up one flight of stairs, then another, still "Michigan." At length in her surprise, she said somewhat humorously and without reflection, "Did Michigan take up this hand and play it alone?" "Yes," answered a poor fellow lying on the floor nearby, seriously wounded but one who evidently understood the game better than she did, "Yes, and got euchred."

XVIII

With a strong, brilliant, cultivated mind was united a gentle, tender, loving heart, and nothing was too great, nothing too small to enlist Miss Barton's earnest thought and tender sympathy.

HARRIETTE L. REED,
Past National Secy. Woman's Relief Corps.

Men are what their mothers make them.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

All I have, and am, I owe to my mother. A. LINCOLN.

All that I am my mother made me. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Work and words are for the individual soldier—what he does, sees, feels or thinks in the dread hours of leaden rain and iron hail.

CLARA BARTON.

I remember my mother's prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life. A. LINCOLN.

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him. TENNYSON.

As the years sped on and the hands were stilled, there shone the gleam of the far sighted mother's watchfulness that neither toil could obscure nor time relax. CLARA BARTON.

His sweetest dreams were still of that dear voice that soothed his infancy. SOUTHEY.

TO DREAM OF HOME AND MOTHER

At Decatur, Alabama, in a well-remembered scene of the Civil War many were the songs by southern chivalry started, but none finished. All efforts to sing one evening having been boisterously tabooed, there arose in the air a voice carrying the sentiment that thrills the camp, the field, the hospital. In gloom for today with foreshadowing for tomorrow, around a score of camp fires thousands of voices following the leader there broke forth pathetic, in full chorus, "Who will care for Mother now?"

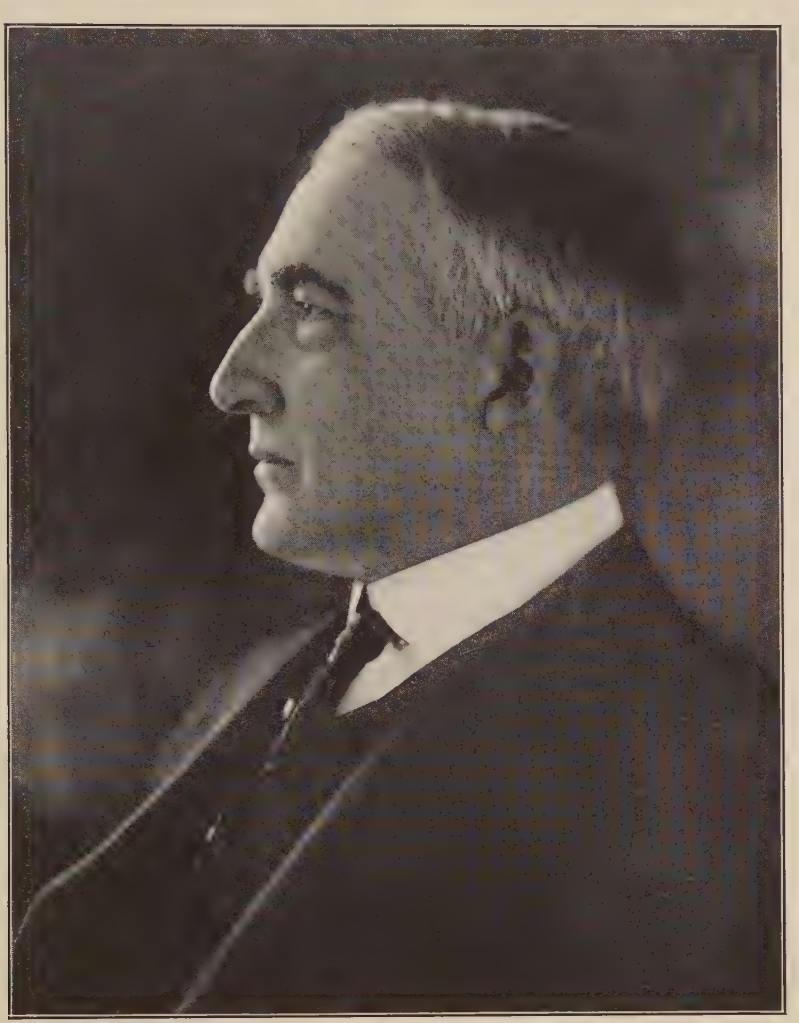
While General Butler was digging Dutch Gap in 1863, a hospital boat was plying daily between Fortress Monroe and Point of Rocks. In the Civil War, among the wounded brought in from the battlefield to Point of Rocks was a lad about sixteen or seventeen years of age. One of his arms, and a leg, had been amputated.

Away from home! Crippled for life! Homesick, and no "tear for pity." Hope gone! No, not all hope. He still has his Mother— "She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

> A Mother is a Mother still
> The holiest thing alive.

"Mother, come to me—thine own son slowly dying far away." "No, you *can't* come. May I come to you, my dearest Mother?"

> Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
> Mother, O Mother, my heart calls for you!



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WARREN G. HARDING

The President, also President American Red Cross Society, March 4, 1921-.

From a letter by the Secretary to President Harding: "The President entertains the highest sentiment regarding the splendid service of Miss Barton and her contribution to the development of practical modern humanitarianism."

His soldier chum heard his pleadings and interceded: "Miss Barton, can't we *possibly* find room for this boy on the boat going down to Fortress Monroe tonight? I think he has grit enough to live." Miss Barton, turning to the boy said: "My dear boy, you *shall* go, though they have sent word they can take no more." The boy was taken down a long steep hill on a stretcher, tenderly placed in a nice comfortable cot way up on the hurricane deck, to dream of home and Mother.

XIX

The test of civilization is the estimate of woman.
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A woman who is resolved to be respected can make herself so, even amidst an army of soldiers. CERVANTES.

Clara: Go, if it is your duty to go. I know soldiers, and they will respect you and your errand. STEPHEN BARTON (*Her Father, an old soldier*).

To a gentleman every woman is a lady, in right of her sex.
GEORGE ELIOT.

Man pays deference to woman instinctively, involuntarily.
GAIL HAMILTON.

I gaze upon the men through blinding tears of admiration and respect, and sing in my heart "It is well to be a soldier."
CLARA BARTON.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND DEVOTION

"I was young and strong and loved to walk," says Clara Barton. "I had four great wagons loaded with supplies for sick and wounded soldiers coming in the rear, so I decided I would not get my feet wet, but wait for my wagons and cross in one of them. The soldiers splashed right through in solid ranks, the water being only about a foot deep. Suddenly the captain of a company in the middle of the stream called out to his men 'Company, Fours, Left, March! Halt! Right, Dress! Front! Now, Boys, There stands Clara Bar-

ton. I want you to kneel down in the water on your right knees, and let Miss Barton walk across on your left knees.' This order the soldiers instantly obeyed, and I stepped from knee to knee, the soldiers reaching up and holding my hands, and passed dry shod to the other shore." As Miss Barton related this incident the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she said, "This was the most beautiful tribute of love and devotion ever offered me in my life."

XX

All the elements of desolation have traced such lines upon that face as no mortal artist ever drew, and filled it with emotions that no music could incite. Oh, the power of the expression of the face of Clara Barton! CONGRESSMAN PORTER H. DALE.

Welcome ever smiles
And farewell goes out sighing.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Her smile which cheered—like the breaking day.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A smile is a thankful hymn. GERALD MASSEY.
A smile—the effusion of fine intellect, of true courage.
CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm. YOUNG.
Smile and the world smiles with you. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A smile that turns the sunny side o' the heart
On all the world. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Duke of Marlborough—his fascinating smile and winning tongue, equally with his word, swayed the destinies of Empires.
WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

Smiles are the language of love. HARE.
Smiles more sweet than flowers. SHAKESPEARE.
Smiles are better teachers than mightiest words.
GEORGE MCDONALD.
Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire.
THEODORE WINTHROP.

Smiles, not allowed to beasts, from reason move. DRYDEN.

Sweet intercourse of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow.
MILTON.

There is no society where smiles are not welcomed.
WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. LAVATER.

Her smiles were like the glowing sunshine. BULLARD.

If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. A. LINCOLN.

Clara Barton's energy and humanity, with a "God bless you."
Boston (Mass.) *Journal.*

A noble and attractive everyday bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

I have no higher ambition than to work obscurely, and singly, where I can see the greatest necessity. CLARA BARTON.

CHEERING WORDS—ALWAYS READY—WEARS A SMILE

No being other than the human knows how to wear a smile. A smile is as significant as are words—the smile oft proclaims the mind. Wearing apparel is the gift of man; the smile, the gift of nature. Wearing apparel wears out; the smile that is genuine never wears off. Of a woman it is said her face is her fortune. It also may be said, to rob the world of woman's smile would leave the human race poor indeed. Of Clara Barton an author has said, "her heart made music and her face radiated sunshine." Of Clara Barton a soldier said, "No discordant word ever escaped her lips;

XXI

From the days of earliest cravings for "fairy stories" there have been recounted to young people the wonders wrought by that noble woman of New England. Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune.*

Clara Barton's work in Cuba, in 1898, added still greater luster to her glory. Holyoke (Mass.) *Telegram.*

We have heard soldiers, who faced death green-eyed, tell with quivering voice of Clara Barton's services before the Battle of Santiago when, perched on a gun-carriage, she gave directions to the doctors and nurses. Lexington (Ky.) *Herald.*

Miss Barton, when your country was in trouble (1776) Spain was the friend of America; now Spain is in trouble, America is her enemy. General Blanco (*In a Salon, Santiago de Cuba*, 1898.)

Miss Barton, you will need no directions from me, but if any one troubles you let me know. Admiral Sampson.

God will not call me home until my work is done.

Clara Barton.

There was an Overruling Providence when the "State of Texas" was loaded for Cuba. Clara Barton.

I have with me a cargo of 1400 tons, under the flag of the Red Cross, the one international emblem of humanity known to civilization. Clara Barton.

A man said to me "The Red Cross has been a fairy godmother to us." Clara Barton.

Wherever men fight and tear each other to pieces, wherever the glare and sound of war are heard, there the Red Cross aims to plant the white banner that bears the blessed sign of relief.

Clara Barton.

The Red Cross has come to quicken into fresh new growth the best things in life. CLARA BARTON.

Our Red Cross century tree blossomed in the smoke, and valor, and wails of the Spanish-American War. CLARA BARTON.

The highest and best in the land stood under the cooling shade of the Red Cross, and breathed its atmosphere of peace, love and help. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross recognizes no features other than the relief of the victims and the mitigation of the horrors of war. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross is founded in the soundest and noblest principles, in the deep needs of human nature and in the enduring instincts of mankind. CLARA BARTON.

Men do not go to war to save life; they might save life by keeping the peace, and staying at home. CLARA BARTON.

Men go to war solely with the intent to inflict so much pain, loss and disaster on the enemy that he will yield to their terms.
CLARA BARTON.

It is a wise statesmanship which suggests that in time of peace we must prepare for war. It is no less a wise benevolence that makes preparation in the hour of peace for assuaging the ills that are sure to accompany war. CLARA BARTON.

In no other country, as in ours, have the people so often risen from a state of unreadiness and accomplished such wonderful results—at *such a sacrifice.* CLARA BARTON.

As friends of humanity, while there is still a possibility of war or a calamity, it behooves us to prepare. CLARA BARTON.

The memories of pitiful Cuba would not leave us.
CLARA BARTON.

To those who could not understand, Heaven came; to those who could, "Cuba Libre." CLARA BARTON.

Not with the booming of cannon; not with the shouts of victory, but with the singing of Christian hymns and the outstretched hand of help,—never before in the history of warfare was there triumphant entry such as this. Wm. E. Barton, D.D.

Oh, the horrible, useless, tragic waste which no Peace Congress has yet been able to avert! O treacherous fate! That made the great woman of peace wait to see men of blood go before her to kill, to wound, to devastate. Alice Hubbard.

Could it be possible that the commander would hold back his flagship and himself, and send forward, and *first,* a cargo of food on a plain ship, under direction of a woman? Did our commands, military or naval, hold men great enough of soul for such action? It must be true, for the spires of Santiago rise before us. How sadly the recollection of that pleasant memorable day has since recurred to me! Clara Barton.

HORRIBLE DEED—LEADS AMERICAN NAVY—ANGEL OF MERCY

"Go to the starving Cubans!" She went. She had been entertained by Captain Sigsbee and his officers on the Maine the evening before the explosion. "Remember the Maine!" became the war cry.

War was declared. The Government wired: "Take no chances; get out of Cuba." She returned to Florida to await events. The blockade of Cuban ports followed; the war was on. Let Clara Barton draw a picture of the war scene:

"War has occurred four times in the United States in 120 years. Four times men have armed and marched; and its women waited and wept. But we cannot always hold our great Ship of State out of the storms and breakers. She must meet and battle with

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

Miss Barton, you need no advice, only the opportunity. If any trouble happens you, let me know. REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, of New York. Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Atlantic Naval Forces, Spanish-American War.

REPRESENTATIVES RESPECTIVELY OF THREE WARS

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ISAAC B. SHERWOOD

Clara Barton is the greatest woman of either the nineteenth or twentieth century.—ISAAC B. SHERWOOD, of Ohio, Brigidier-General, Civil War; U. S. Congress, 1869-1875; 1907-1921.

JOSEPH TAGGART

Clara Barton gave expression to the sympathy and tenderness of all the hearts of all the women in the world.—JOSEPH TAGGART, of Kansas. U. S. Congress, 1912-1918; Captain, World War.

them. Her timbers must creak in the gale. The waves must dash over her decks; she must lie in the trough of the sea. But the Stars and Stripes are above her. She is freighted with the hopes of the world. God holds the helm; and she is coming into port."

Bullets had done their ghastly work; disease had run riot amidst filth and squalor. Starvation had stalked ruthlessly over the island. "May I return to the starving," asked Clara Barton, "with my relief ship of supplies now in waiting?"

"Not so," replied Admiral Sampson, "I go first; I am here to keep supplies out of Cuba."

"I know, Admiral, my place is not to precede you. When you make an opening I will go in. You will go in to do the horrible deed. I will follow you and, out of the human wreckage, restore what I can."

Cervera's fleet was at the bottom of the sea, or wrecked on the shores. Spanish Cuba doomed, the enemy had raised the white flag, capitulated; soldiers, sailors, civilians, women and children, the human wreckage. Fateful days! Enough crime and misery rampant to satisfy the God of War and the imps of regions infernal.

> Fair land of Cuba! on thy shores are seen
> Life's far extremes of noble and of mean;
> The world of sense and matchless beauty dressed,
> And nameless horrors hid within thy breast.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Cuba! Thou still shalt rise, as pure, as bright
> As thy free air—as full of living light;—

The American navy, with flags flying, in triumph was ready to enter the Bay of Santiago. The Red Cross Flag floats from the flagstaff of the State of

Texas. The Admiral gives the order that the "Red Cross Ship" is to lead; that now "flag-ship" moving majestically, is commanded by a woman—that woman "The Angel of the Battlefield." Moving over the smooth waters of the Bay that Angel with her co-spirits thrilled the ear with the patriot's song "My Country 'Tis of Thee;" and there too the little band of crusaders, while nearing the holy wreckage they would rescue, touched the human heart with the grandest of all hymns of gratitude, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

As on the Island of Corsica nearly three decades before, again there goes in spirit to Heaven the prayer of Clara Barton: "And I pray, Oh! how earnestly, once more to battle with error; to help sever the shackles of the oppressed of every name and kind; to hold firm the right and to set right the wrong; to raise up the weak against the power of the mighty; to make our country what it should, and must, be—true and just as well as great and strong. Once more to comfort the afflicted; to give rest and shelter to the weary, water to the thirsty, bread to the hungry; to stay the tide and bind the wounds that bleed, or to take the farewell message and point the glazing eye to hope and heaven."

> There is a woman, it's the Red Cross!
> My God, boys, it's Clara Barton! now we'll
> Get something to eat. (*Starving children.*)

"Majestic in simplicity" and of more heraldic splendor than that of the army and navy, with their thousands of heroes, stands the little woman overlooking the scene of woe's misery. There on the peaceful waters are the destroyers that had done the "horrible

deed;" there on the bridge of the Peace-Ship, leading all others, stands the "Angel of Peace," who will restore what she can; and before the eyes of all lay the "Gem of the Ocean," strewn with life's woes—a scene of pathetic grandeur unequaled in the annals of history.

Miss Barton: Admiral Sampson, I wish to express to you my sincere appreciation of your exceeding courtesy in permitting my ship to precede the battleships into Santiago.

Admiral Schley (in a side remark): Don't give the Admiral too much credit, Miss Barton; he was not quite sure how clear of torpedoes the channel might be. Remember that was a *trial trip*.

XXII

Clara Barton dressed the wounded of both armies indiscriminately —a practice which first annoyed and sometimes angered the Union officers—from whose headquarters she worked. IDA TARBELL.

Be generous and noble. CLARA BARTON.

War is in its very nature cruel—the very embodiment of cruelty in its effects—not necessarily in the hearts of the combatants.

CLARA BARTON.

As the daughter of a Mason my Father bade me to seek and comfort the afflicted everywhere, and as a Christian he charged me to honor God and love mankind. CLARA BARTON.

Baron Thomas B. Macaulay thought it not a mitigation but an aggravation of the evil that men of tender culture and humane feelings, with no ill will, should stand up and kill each other.

CLARA BARTON.

It is comforting, in our reflections upon the past, to know that the idea of humanity to an enemy in distress is not entirely modern; for Xenophon in Cyropaedia, about 400 B.C. represents Cyrus the Great as ordering his surgeons to attend the wounded prisoners.

CLARA BARTON.

A wounded Confederate that Clara Barton had been serving whispered to her, "Lady, you have been kind to me—every street and lane in the city is covered with cannon. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, they'll find Fredericksburg only a slaughter pen. Not a regiment will escape. Do not go over or you will go to certain death."

PERCY H. EPLER.

AT GALVESTON FLOOD

Major McDowell, ex-Union soldier, wounded—assistant to Clara Barton: Comrade, here is some clothing for you.

Ex-Confederate: But, Major (hesitating), I am an ex-Confederate soldier. . . .

Major McDowell: God bless you, poor suffering soul; what difference does that make—here, will this fit you?

Love and tears for the Blue
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCES MILES FINCH.

CONFEDERATES AND FEDERALS ALIKE TREATED

Quite a number of wounded Confederate officers were brought to us. They shared alike with our own men. They were amazed, said C. M. Welles, at the kindness of northerners, particularly at a Massachusetts lady (Clara Barton) devoting herself to them as freely as to her own neighbors. One of them, a captain from Georgia, needed shirt, coat, stockings and something to eat. After being supplied, he said to me, while tears were streaming down his face, "Sir, I find that I have mistaken you; and, if I live to return, I will never fight against such a people any more."

An Angel of Mercy,—her touch they will miss,
That was felt by the Boys of the Blue and the Gray;
But her name is still fragrant with Service, and this
Will inspire their sons in the Cause of Today.

At Fredericksburg a shell shattered the door of the room in which Miss Barton was attending to wounded men. True to her mission, she did not flinch but continued her duties as usual. She found a group of Confederates with their garments frozen fast in the mud.

As the wounded were helpless, Miss Barton got an axe and chopped them loose. She then built a fire in a negro cabin and, while the wounded were warming themselves she dressed their wounds, fed them gruel and otherwise cared for them as if they were her "Brothers in Arms."

A KNOT OF BLUE AND GRAY

Upon my bosom lies
A knot of blue and gray;
You ask me why; tears fill my eyes
As low to you I say:

I had two brothers once,
Warm hearted, bold and gay;
They left my side—one wore the blue
The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men,
And joined his fate with Lee;
The other followed Sherman's march
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right,
And died with his sword in hand;
One sleeps amid Virginia hills,
And one in Georgia's sand.

The same sun shines upon their graves,
My love unchanged must stay;
And so upon my bosom lies,
The knot of blue and gray.

XXIII

Clara Barton deserves first place in the living memory of the world today, and of generations to come.

Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union.*

She bore herself with a poise that lost for her no friends.

Utica (N. Y.) *Observer.*

She had a faculty for seeing what needed to be done, and how to do it. *New York Examiner.*

She accomplished what crowned heads failed in.

Unity, Chicago.

Things came to me as if ordered by a world-controlling power.

Clara Barton.

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.

Athenæus.

O God! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap.

Hood.

> The greatest attribute of Heaven is mercy;
> And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
> Where it may kill with right and save with pity.
>
> J. Fletcher.

Tact is born with some people.

William Makepeace Thayer.

Tact is not a single faculty, but a combination of faculties.

W. M. Thayer.

What men call "shrewdness" and "Common Sense" usually signify no more than tact. W. M. THAYER.

THE ENEMY, STARVING—TACT—THE WHITE OX

To know is power, but the power may be latent. Tact is skill, ever alert. Tact knows what to do, when and how to do it. Queen Elizabeth had tact, unerring. Her long reign was a series of tactful events. Tact was the basis of the supremacy of the Elizabethan Age.

Clara Barton had tact, unerring. Tact gave her position among rulers of nations, and likewise won for her the esteem of the lowly. Tact attracted to her unpaid Red Cross assistants, who cheerfully shared her privations. Through tact she retained her friends, made new friends, and to an extent unprecedented.

Clara Barton was with the Army of the Blue, but nearby was a hospital in which were the wounded Gray, starving. The surgeons from within were begging for food. The Federal Quartermaster had refused supplies, giving as a valid excuse that he was a bonded officer and responsible for the property under his charge.

A "bunch" of cattle were seen passing. Clara Barton said to the officer: "I know you are bonded, but I am neither bonded nor responsible." The officer taking the "cue" was soon out of sight. Clara Barton then gave orders to her men, at the same time pointing to the large unsuspecting white ox that had strayed from the "bunch." The men appreciated the *delicate situation;* the ox somehow *strayed* over to the enemy, and later received a hearty reception among the starving wounded inside the hospital.

MATHEW C. BUTLER

My dear Miss Barton:—

I do not see how those poor people in South Carolina will ever be able to thank you enough for your noble work of relief. Certainly you have been to them a "ministering angel." I shall never cease to be grateful for your self-sacrificing, heroic work.—MATHEW C. BUTLER, of South Carolina, Major-General Civil War, Major-General Spanish-American War, U. S. Senator 1877-1895.

General Butler, that busy, hard-worked Senator, prompt and kind. CLARA BARTON.

REPRESENTATIVE OF TWO WARS

JOSEPH WHEELER

I think it due Miss Barton that the government should give to her the highest possible recognition, and thanks.—JOSEPH WHEELER, of Alabama, Major-General Civil War; Major-General Spanish-American War; U. S. Congress, 1881, 1882; 1885-1893; 1895-1900.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS

Clara Barton is one of the blessed ones of the earth, and her name will remain green in the heart of America.—HARRISON GRAY OTIS, of California; Brigadier-General, Civil War; Major-General (Brevet), Spanish-American War; America's Great Journalist.

XXIV

One's blood runs cold and then mounts high in reading of the amazing feats of strength and courage of heart shown by this little lone woman. *The Outlook.*

Clara Barton—her personal service and self-sacrifice are beyond praise. *Philadelphia Public Record.*

The sum of all human agony finds its equivalent on the battle-field. CLARA BARTON.

We cannot desert our poor charge of humanity, but must stay and suffer with them if need be. CLARA BARTON.

And if you chance to feel that the positions I occupied were rough and unseemly for a *woman*—I can only reply that they were rough and unseemly for *men*. CLARA BARTON.

The sooner the world learns the better that the halo of glory which surrounds a field of battle and its tortured, thirsting, starving, pain-racked victims exists only in the imagination.

CLARA BARTON.

When dying President Garfield murmured: "The great heart of the nation will not let a soldier die," I prayed God to hasten the time when every wounded soldier would be sustained by that sweet assurance. CLARA BARTON.

My business is staunching blood, and feeding fainting men.

CLARA BARTON.

I am so sorry for the *necessity,* so glad for the *opportunity,* of ministering with my own hand and strength to the dying wants of the patriot martyrs who fell for their country and mine.

CLARA BARTON.

I sometimes discuss the application of a compress, or a wisp of

hay under a broken limb, but not the bearing of a political movement. CLARA BARTON.

I make gruel, not speeches; I write letters home for wounded soldiers, not political addresses. CLARA BARTON.

You must never so much as think whether you like it or not, whether it is bearable or not; you must never think of anything except the need, and how to meet it. CLARA BARTON.

If it has been granted to me to be ever so little service to those about me, in need of my help, He alone who granted me the privilege knows how grateful I am for it. CLARA BARTON.

BULLETHOLE—AMPUTATED LIMBS LIKE CORDWOOD—GOD GIVES STRENGTH

The valley of Antietam lies in Maryland. In September, 1862, on the night of the 16th, the Federals were on one ridge of the valley; the Confederates, on the opposite ridge. Somber night was hushed to stillness. Within the fog that arose from the valley and the smoke of the campfires there gleamed the stacked bayonets and the properly placed cannon which portend the fateful tomorrow. On the tomorrow Antietam was to be the harvest field, death and suffering the harvest.

In the early morning were heard the bugle notes which call to battle. The fight to death was on—possibly the fight that would unmake a nation, or make a new nation. A little lone woman had flanked the cannon at midnight and, in the early sunlight, stood beside the artillery. Terrifying the sharp crack of the musketry, deafening the boom of the cannon. The earth quaked; the sun, obscured. Over her head were shells bursting or, passing, buried themselves in the

hills beyond. Her tongue was dried by the sulphurous powder smoke; her lips parched to bleeding. Such the scene of the conflict in which Clara Barton said she had the most terrible experiences of her life.

The men were falling, bleeding to death. Within that organized system for death there was no system to save life,—no surgical instrument, no bandage, no lint, no rag, no string. Clara Barton hastens to her supply wagon, and with all things needful rushes into the line of fire. There on the battlefield, with a pocket knife, she extracted a ball from the face of a wounded soldier. There, while lifting a canteen of water to quench the thirst of a soldier-lad, a minnie ball from the gun of the enemy passed harmlessly through her clothing and fatally into the body of the soldier she was trying to save.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lance, bleeding slow his life away!
With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked upon her dead.
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath
of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.
Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly
smiled;
Was that pitying face his mother's? Did she watch beside her child?
All his broken words with meaning her woman's heart supplied:
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he and died.

There through the day, in that awful carnage of blood, fearless Clara Barton worked to save human lives. Did she shrink from danger? She said *"I am an American Soldier* and am not supposed to be susceptible to fear."

But the most gruesome of her experiences was after

nightfall. Through the night in a barn near by, she assisted the surgeons. The surgeons had no bandages, she supplied them; they had no light, she supplied the lanterns and candles until the operating tables were in a blaze of light. They had no food; she supplied the gruel made from Indian corn meal, cooked in great brass kettles. The surgeons were without adequate assistance; she assisted at the amputating tables. "Through the long starlit night," she said, "we wrought and hoped and prayed." When the morning came the amputated limbs made a pile so high that you had to look up to see the top, a pile of human limbs like a cord of wood.

Not only gruesome was that "cord of wood" but pathetic. In that pile the limbs were from mere boys, —innocent victims of the greed of men;—not a leg, not an arm in that pile was from "War's Profiteers." And with the morning came complete exhaustion. When she returned from her uncanny labors her arms were crimson with blood; her skirts, blood-soaked; her shoes, blood-sopping. In all human history did woman have such experience as had Clara Barton through that two days of human carnage—carnage on one of America's most famous battlefields in the most infamous fratricidal war in history? Frail Clara Barton! "The most timid person on earth!" The same Clara Barton who fainted at the killing of an ox? Can it be? Let hers be the explanation: "I was always afraid of everything except when someone was to be rescued from danger or pain. Human endurance has its limits;—God gives strength and the thing that seems impossible is done."

XXV

An Overruling Providence seemed to interpose its hand between Clara Barton and the perils of war and epidemic alike, for a high and splendid purpose. Pawtucket (R. I.) *Times.*

If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help their running away with him? A. LINCOLN.

> Cowards die many times before their deaths
> The valiant never taste of death but once.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

For others Clara Barton will be perfectly fearless.
DR. L. N. FOWLER (Phrenologist.)

I have no fear of the battlefield; I have large stores but no way to reach the troops. CLARA BARTON.

FEARLESS OF BULLETS AND KICKING MULES

General Shafter used to say that he did not think Clara Barton knew the meaning of the word fear. Sharp words passed between the General and Miss Barton because she would not obey his orders to keep away from the "firing line," out of the way of the fighting men and of the bullets. On one occasion he even threatened to order her out of Cuba, if she continually disobeyed his orders in this respect.

Sergeant Henry White, of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, said that he had seen Clara Barton in posi-

tions of danger where an old veteran would hardly dare venture. He had seen her passing among the wounded lying around on the ground, the battle raging in front of them. As she did so, she supplied the boys in turn with coffee, milk, and other food. Just to please the "boys" she accepted the Sergeant's pistol which she carried several weeks.

Not only was she oblivious to the danger of the bullets on the battlefield but even more reckless as to her personal safety in the camp. She would go around among the army wagons, close to the heels of kicking mules, where any moment there might be a "stampede," endangering her life. In a "stampede" of mules, she would be as helpless as in a shower of grape and cannister from the guns of the enemy.

XXVI

And when at morning and evening repast, with folded hands and grateful heart, you bless God for the bounties He has placed before you, let your thoughts wander a little to find if there is not another than yourself. CLARA BARTON.

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. BERANGER.

Kind words are the music of the world. F. W. FABER.

Happiness must be unselfish; only in the happiness of all can one find happiness. TOLSTOI.

> Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks
> Shall win my love. SHAKESPEARE.

I have always refused a tent unless the army had tents also, and I have never eaten a mouthful of my own soft bread or fresh meat, until the sick of the army were abundantly supplied with both.

CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton is the noblest, bravest, and most unselfish woman God Almighty ever made. JUDGE JOSEPH SHELDON.

HIS COMFORT, NOT HERS; HIS LIFE, NOT HERS

In the winter of 1863-64 Clara Barton lived for a time in an old plantation house on Chapin's farm, in Virginia. Chapin's farm was not far from the field hospital. In the hospital were the sick and wounded; her services there were greatly needed. An ambulance was sent as a detail to bring her to the hospital. The

soldier-messenger arrived at the house, and called for her. It was in the midst of a snow storm, the thermometer indicator hovering around zero. "Wait a minute," she said; "tie your horses and come in. Have you had any dinner?" "No marm," he replied. The soldier sat down to a dinner of cold meat, hot biscuit, cake and cocoa,—a refreshing change from "hardtack" and "salt hash," the daily rations of the soldier.

While the soldier-messenger was eating his meal she had been thinking. "The soldier has generally no part nor voice in creating the war in which he fights. He simply obeys, as he must, his superiors and the laws of his country." The soldier is under orders, but he is under *my* orders now. It's bitter cold and, while I can ride comfortably on the inside of the ambulance, he must ride outside on the seat in the snow. She considered his comfort, not her own; his life, not hers. She *ordered* him to put his horses in the barn and care for them. She made him her guest, standing sponsor for him at military headquarters—awaiting a pleasant day for the trip. In soliloquizing on her conduct she said: "God forbid that I should ask the useless exposure of *one* man, the desolation of *one* home."

XXVII

Advice is seldom welcome. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Men give away nothing so liberally as their advice.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

I do not like giving advice; it is incurring an unnecessary responsibility. BEACONSFIELD.

Those who give bad advice to the prudent both lose their pains and are laughed to scorn. PHAEDRUS.

I pray thee cease thy counsel, which falls into my ears as profitless as water in a sieve. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Clara Barton—in her 77th year—followed to the fever ridden tropics, to lead in the relief work on Spanish battle grounds.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald.*

In Cuba one saw only
Nodding plumes over their bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay them in their grave. CLARA BARTON.

Mr. Cottrell, private secretary of Clara Barton, says: "Miss Barton was the means of saving thousands of lives in Cuba. She was a small, unostentatious woman, very quiet in her demeanor and spoke in a soft, sweet tone. Her habits were simple, but she had a great capacity for organization work."

New Orleans (La.) *Times-Democrat.*

My post is the open field between the bullet and the hospital.
CLARA BARTON.

DOES NOT NEED ANY ADVICE

At Santiago Miss Barton approached Admiral Sampson and said, "There is some doubt about our being able to unload."

"Miss Barton," replied Sampson, "Tell the world that the Red Cross Society does not need any advice. We only need an opportunity. If any trouble happens you, let me know."

On one of the boats in the harbor of Santiago, the following conversation took place between a Major-Surgeon and Clara Barton:

Major: "You have been at the front?"

Clara Barton: "Yes, Major."

Major: "I should think you would find it very unpleasant there."

Clara Barton: "Such things are not supposed to be pleasant."

Major: "What do you go for? There is no need of your going there; it is no place for women. I consider women very much out of place in a field hospital."

Clara Barton: "Then I must have been out of place a good deal in my lifetime, Major, for I have been there a great deal."

Major: "That does not change my opinion; if I had my way I would send you home."

Miss Barton: "Fortunately for me, if for no one else, Major, you have not your way."

Major: "I know it, but again that does not change my opinion. I would send you home . . ."
Miss Barton: "Good morning, Major."

"I am with the wounded," flashed along the wire
From the Isle of Cuba swept with sword and fire.
Angel sweet of mercy, may your Cross of Red
Cheer the wounded living; bless the wounded dead.

XXVIII

Clara Barton—humanity is richer for her having lived.
Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Press.*

Life is a shuttle. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
Life is a bubble. WM. BROWNE.
Life is a miracle. KING LEAR.
Life is a walking shadow. MEREDITH.
Life is like a stroll on the beach. THOREAU.
Life is scarcely the twinkle of a star. BAYARD TAYLOR.
Life lives only in success. SWIFT.

That life is long that answers life's great end.
YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

For the multitude of failures I have encountered I am sorry.
CLARA BARTON.

Life is so short at best. CLARA BARTON.

It's now three minutes past twelve and I am thirty-three. Alas, my friend, the years pass swiftly by, but I do not regret them so much for what I have done, as what I *might* have done. BYRON.

HAD BUT A FEW MOMENTS TO LIVE

Clara Barton supplied the place of mother and sister to the sick soldiers, and this she did for many months, while in the deadly miasma of the South Carolina marshes. Much of this time she was with the soldiers and facing the guns of Fort Wagner. There with the

shot and shell whistling about her, the heroic woman could be seen at all hours of the day and night stooping over the wounded soldiers, and tenderly administering to their wants. An officer who had been with the Army of the Potomac said that he had seen this woman upon the field of battle, sitting with the head of a dying soldier in her lap, apparently unconcerned and then only for the comfort of the poor fellow who had but a few moments to live.

XXIX

Clara Barton—representing the mercy and magnanimity of the nation. Columbus (Ohio) *Despatch.*

Clara Barton—her works of mercy in war and peace made her an international figure. *New York Tribune.*

Everybody's business was nobody's business, and the stricken victims perished. CLARA BARTON.

The door that never creaked a hinge for the feeble child of want may swing wide open at the thundering knock of the Marshal's Staff. CLARA BARTON.

The incentive to help and heal another in distress is spontaneous, generally the result of sympathetic impulse and kindness—a thing of the feelings and consequently of sudden growth.

CLARA BARTON.

"The other ladies could not endure the climate at Morris Island," and, as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went.

CLARA BARTON.

The idea of humanity in distress is not entirely modern;
Alexander was accompanied in his march by the most famous physicians of the age. CLARA BARTON.

Homer and Plato were so struck with Egyptian Science and skill that they declared the Egyptians were all doctors.

CLARA BARTON.

It is probable that the first practitioners in common life were women. CLARA BARTON.

A wise physician, skilled, our wounds to heal
Is more than armies to the public weal.

A sister and family followed me to Washington that I should not be quite alone in that slave city, for up to 1860 they bought and sold slaves at the Capital. CLARA BARTON.

When I think, I fear how supreme an International Court must have been to be able to induce the Southerners to liberate the slaves, or to convince them that "mudsills" and "greasy mechanics" and "horned yankees" are a people entitled to sufficient respect to be treated on fair international grounds. CLARA BARTON.

ENLISTED MEN FIRST—THE COLONEL'S LIFE SAVED

In ancient Greece, in the Roman Empire, in Europe through the middle ages, in the more modern chivalry of "Dixie," among soldiers no slave, no servant—none but a *gentleman* carried a gun to kill. Killing in war time was the occupation of "gentlemen" only. For the first time in the history of the Centuries—in 1863—the ex-slave alongside the "gentlemen" on the battlefield, fought for human rights. It was at the battle of Fort Wagner on Morris Island; Colonel Shaw had led his "colored regiment" to that field of slaughter.

The first woman nurse on any battlefield, a veteran nurse at the front, was there,—the only woman present among the thousands of boys in blue. The chivalric southern soldiers hated the "mudsills," the "greasy mechanics" and the "horned yankees," but with a still more deadly hatred the "nigger in blue"—the ex-slave now marshalled in battle array against his former master. The onslaught there amidst the whizzing of bullets and bursting of shells is pictured as the "orgy of hell."

The Colonel while leading that colored regiment was among the wounded. "Miss Barton, Colonel Shaw is

lying on a dissecting table. His leg has been taken off. His life is ebbing away; won't you go to him?"

> Bearing the bandage, water and sponge,
> Straight and swift to the wounded I go—

Miss Barton replied: "Officers generally have friends enough to see that their wants are attended to, while the poor enlisted men are neglected. I will go to see the Colonel as soon as I have attended to my charges here." When she was through with the wounded enlisted men, Clara Barton gave her attention to the Colonel, and through her services his life was saved.

XXX

If any number of Americans were asked off-hand to name the woman who stands highest in the esteem of the American people, the reply would be unanimously, "Clara Barton."

Republic Magazine.

The patience, the nobility of soul, the resignation and bravery of our gallant troops! CLARA BARTON.

Love chivalry. ARMAND.
Chivalry is the essence of virtue. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Chivalry was the parent of honor. A. DELEVAN.
The true spirit of chivalry is a generous impatience of wrong.
CHATFIELD.
Chivalry has not entirely died out in this prosaic age.
CECILIA FINDLAY.

"People say that I must have been born brave," said Clara Barton. "Why, I seem to remember nothing but terrors in my early days. I was a shrinking little bundle of fears, fears of thunder, fears of strange faces, fears of my strange self."

MARY R. PARKMAN—In *Heroines of Service.*

Fear loves the idea of danger. S. CROXALL.
The moment my fear begins, I cease to fear. SCHILLER.

The weak most fear, the timid tremble, but the brave and stout of heart will work and hope and trust. CLARA BARTON.

YOU'RE RIGHT, MADAM—GOOD DAY

Immediately following the Battle of Fredericksburg, every house in the city became a hospital. Among the thousands of wounded Clara Barton, in her usual unobtrusive manner, passed in and out of the houses, first on one side of the street then on the other, on her mission of mercy. Provost Marshal General Patrick seeing her alone among the soldiers mistook her for a resident driven from her home.

The general did not seem to know that any good woman is safe among men, brave and true, and nowhere else more so than among soldiers. He did not fully appreciate that when a woman is true to herself

> So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so,
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her;

and he did not know Clara Barton.

So, with admirable southern chivalry, he dashed to her side, bowing with hat in hand, and said: "Madam, you are alone and in great danger here!"

"No, I think not, Marshal."

"Yes, you are, Madam. May I offer you my protection?"

"No, Marshal, I think it is not necessary." Then turning to the ranks of the soldiers she further commented: "No, Marshal, I am the best protected woman in the United States."

The soldiers appreciating the compliment sent up cheer after cheer, accompanied with "That's so! that's so!"

The Marshal, taking in the situation and waving his hand towards Miss Barton with a broad smile, said: "I think you are right, Madam, Good day!"

XXXI

Clara Barton dared the bullets on the battlefield with the abandon of a dashing cavalry leader. Pawtucket (R. I.) *Times.*

In Clara Barton, the world has lost a guardian angel.

PUEBLO CHIEFTAIN.

Death grinned a horrible ghastly smile. JOHN MILTON.

Says Clara Barton, in one of the battles of the Civil War, "A little sibley tent had been hastily pitched for me in a slight hollow upon a hillside. How many times I fell from sheer exhaustion in the darkness and mud of that slippery hillside I have no knowledge; but at last I grasped the welcome canvas, and a well established brook which washed in on the upper side, at the opening which served as the door, met me on my entrance to the tent."

PERCY H. EPLER.

Clara Barton slept on the ground, wrapped in a blanket like a soldier, but her zeal was in no way diminished by hardship.

St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press.*

Clara Barton gave a lifetime of glorious service to humanity—a ministering angel like a benediction of her God amid the desolate, the stricken, the hungry and despairing. *Los Angeles Examiner.*

Sickness, confusion and death—these are inseparable from every conflict. CLARA BARTON.

I can never see a poor mutilated wreck, blown to pieces with powder and lead, without wondering if visions of such an end ever floated before his mother's mind when she washed and dressed her fair-skinned boy. CLARA BARTON.

When giant misery stalks to the very threshold, and raps with bloody hands on one's door, it is almost a libel upon the good Christian term to call it charity that answers. CLARA BARTON.

Women should certainly have some voice in the matter of war, either affirmative or negative, and the fact that she has not this should not be made the ground to deprive her of other privileges.
CLARA BARTON.

"They say":

Imagine their skirts 'mong artillery wheels,
And watch for their flutter as they flee 'cross the fields,
When the charge is rammed home and the fire belches hot;—
They never will wait for the answering shot.
They would faint at the first drop of blood in sight—
CLARA BARTON.

BLEEDING TO DEATH—HIS HEADLESS BODY—WOMEN IN THE WAR

One day Miss Barton was asked to tell what was the most terrible experience she had ever gone through on a field of disaster or war, and she replied: "It was at the battle of Antietam. The poor boys were falling so fast that I rushed up into the line of fire to save them from bleeding to death by temporarily binding up their wounds. Bullets went through my clothing, but I did not think of danger. I loaded myself with canteens and went to a nearby spring and filled them with water, until I staggered under the load. The wounded were crying for water and I went to one poor boy who was wild with thirst and, stooping, I lifted his head on

my arm and knee and was giving him water from the canteen when a cannon ball took his head off, covering me with blood and brains. I dropped the headless body and went to the next wounded soldier, and so all day I worked through this awful battle and refused to retire, though officers and men tried to drive me back."

In the Civil War there was widespread opposition to the presence of women on the battlefield—both on the part of civilians and the military officers. Lincoln was not the exception. He protested that a woman on the battlefield would be a "fifth wheel to a wagon." After the close of the war Clara Barton penned the following, a part of the poem entitled "The Women who went to the Field":

Will he glance at the boats on the great western flood,
At Pittsburgh and Shiloh, did they faint at the blood?
And the brave wife of Grant stood there with them then,
And her calm stately presence gave strength to the men.

XXXII

In spite of her retiring nature and shrinking from publicity, Clara Barton remained probably the best known woman in America, surely one of the best-beloved.

New Orleans (La.) *Item.*

Miss Barton took the lecture platform, under an agreement to lecture 300 nights at $100 a night.

Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal.*

Fear is the mother of foresight. HENRY TAYLOR.
Fear is the mother of safety. EDMUND BURKE.
Fear makes us feel for humanity. EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
In the earlier years of my life, I remember nothing but fear.
CLARA BARTON.

It was high counsel that I once heard given to a young person: "Always do what you are afraid to do."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Timid as a sheep. OUIDA.
Timid as a doe. ROBERT NOEL.
Timid as a fawn. THACKERAY.
I am the most timid person on earth. CLARA BARTON.

Some critic has said that I was visibly agitated when I arose to address my audience;—the critic was right, and why should I not be? CLARA BARTON.

All speech-making terrifies me. First I have no taste for it, and lastly I hate it. CLARA BARTON.

Nothing could gratify me more than to know that I had been one of these self-reliant American girls like our sweet poetess Lucy Larcrom. CLARA BARTON.

If I could have gotten over my timid sensitiveness it would have given far less annoyance to my friends, and trouble to myself, all through life. CLARA BARTON.

TIMID CHILD—TIMID WOMAN

Fear is relative. The fear of death by flames is greater than by water. The fear not to do is ofttimes greater than the fear to do. The fear of failure is supplanted by courage. To the sensitive nature the fear that others may suffer impels to the greatest courage. Despite innate fear, courage is uppermost in the minds of those who would achieve results. The most renowned in the fine arts, in oratory, in patriotism, in the humanities, are those by nature timid.

John B. Gough and Clara Barton at one time lived in the same town; were personal friends; in the lecture season, successively talked from the same platform. These two Americans were each as timid, probably, as ever appeared before a public audience. But each achieved an enviable reputation as a platform lecturer.

The morning following one of his inimitable temperance lectures, I remarked: "Mr. Gough, I wish I had your assurance before an audience." "Young man," he replied, "you don't know me. I have given thousands of lectures, but I never rise to address an audience that my knees don't knock together, from stage fright. Last night, as I arose to address that splendid body of college boys, I was scared stiff; for some moments I was so frightened I couldn't utter a word."

In his autobiography he wrote: "For thirty-seven years I have been a public speaker, but have never known the time when I did not dread an audience. Often that fear amounts to positive suffering. In my suffering, trembling seizes every nerve."

Clara Barton was a timid child; so much so as to annoy her parents, and other friends. When about eight years of age she was sent away to school in the hope that, among strangers, she would become at ease in the presence of others. At school she grew tired; became thin and pale; said she was hungry, but refused to eat. It was suspected that it was all on account of her timidity, and that she might die of starvation. Because she dared not eat, the teacher returned her to her home. In referring to this experience, and her later experiences in the presence of strangers, a few years before she died, she said: "To this day I would rather stand behind the lines of artillery at Antietam, or cross the pontoon bridge under fire at Fredericksburg, than to preside at a public meeting."

XXXIII

The negro has no linguistic laws—his pathetically musical speech is fast dying away—only will linger the salient printed form to convey to the future some idea of the olden dialect.

La Salle Corbell Pickett—*"In de Miz Series."*

I know of the intelligence of the negro, for I have heard of his unquestioned loyalty between every war of our land from Bunker Hill to the Argonne. Secretary of the Navy Daniels.

The only flag the negro ever carried was when his spirit was stirred crimson by the sacrificial blood he gave for America. Cite me a negro traitor! Justice Stafford.

In the World War, in France up in the zone where death was spread about I found the black man and the white man fallen side by side. Secretary of War Baker.

The courage that faces death on the battlefield, or calmly awaits it in the hospital, is not the courage of race or color.

Clara Barton.

Two of the bravest men I ever saw lay wounded, almost side by side, one white and the other black. Clara Barton.

The patient suffering of the black soldier is fully equal to that of the Anglo-Saxon. Clara Barton.

EZ EF WE WUZ WHITE FOLKS

At Galveston one day, when Miss Barton was busy dictating letters her companion, Mrs. Fannie B. Ward, came in and told her that there were two negro soldiers of the Civil War waiting to see her. Miss Barton said,

"Let them come in." The two old negroes came in with their hats in their hands and bowing at every step.

One of them asked, "Miss Barton, do you know us?" She replied, "No, I don't remember you."

"We knows you, Miss Barton," was the reply, "We wuz in de battle er Fo't Wagner an' got wounded dyar, an' you foun' us an' tied up our wounds an' tuk cyar er us same ez ef we wuz white folks."

Proud of their wounds, one of the negroes rolled up his sleeve and showed a great scar on his arm, saying, "I wuz in de cha'ge, Miss Barton, an' a officer slashed me wid a swo'd." The other pulled up his trousers and displayed a very deep scar on the calf of his leg and said, "En' I got wounded in de leg wid a bullet."

Miss Barton's smile of appreciation and her cordial handshake sent them away with happy memories.

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LEONARD WOOD

There is a call for women who will carry forward the work begun by Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton.—LEONARD WOOD, Major-General Spanish-American War; Major-General World War; Governor-General Philippine Islands.

General Wood, alert, wise and untiring, with an eye single to the good of all, toiled day and night.

CLARA BARTON.

XXXIV

Clara Barton's name will take its place among the world's heroines. Denver (Colorado) *Times.*

Life is like a dream. Dr. S. Johnson.
Our Life is a dream. Charles Wesley.

I have a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion.
A. Lincoln.

Dreams are the bright evidence of poem and legend, who sport on the earth in the night season. Charles Dickens.
Dreams in their development have breath and tears, and torture and a touch of joy. Lord Byron.

I have dreamed of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but forms of slaughter. Shakespeare.

It seems to me I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years; now the nightmare is gone. A. Lincoln.

O Memory! that midway world,
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.
A. Lincoln.

To dream of battle—danger of persecution.
Madame Claire Rougemont, Author.
For a woman to dream that she is in battle is a very lucky omen.
The Queen of the Romanies.

IN HER DREAMS—AGAIN IN BATTLE

"What's that big barn of a house?"

"It's the Red Cross house."

"Who lives there?" "Clara Barton, don't you know Clara Barton?" "And what does she want to live in a house like that for?"

"It is her headquarters—her home. There is where she does her work; there is where she keeps her supplies. Whenever there is a cry of distress anywhere in the United States she is off at a moment's notice."

No paint on the outside of the house, none on the inside—a regular barn—why wouldn't the stranger ask questions?

The inside of the house is also strangely mysterious, with its great central part open to the ceiling; the balconies protected by railings, reminding one of a steamship, the atmosphere giving the stranger a sort of weird, uncanny feeling.

The visitor when within is still curious, and would ask other questions. "What are all these things on the wall?"

"They are diplomas, resolutions of cities, states and nations—medals won for services rendered in distress—all kinds of souvenirs complimentary to Clara Barton."

"Interesting, very interesting!"

"Yes, no other place like it in all the world."

"But what are these small doors for? They look like doors to sleeping berths."

"No, they are doors to closets. There are thirty-eight rooms in this house and seventy-six closets."

"What are the closets for?"

"Well, these closets in the walls, on either side of

the big hall, are where she keeps bandages, linen, clothes, food in large quantities, to be shipped wherever wanted. It is surely no vine-clad cottage; it is a veritable store-house of food for the needy, a ware-house of clothes for the suffering,—anywhere in the world. Clara Barton called it her 'House of Rough Hemlock Boards'—the boards were from the wreckage of the Johnstown flood."

Hourly in the presence of such environments as to suggest war and flood and famine, and at times delirious, it is not strange that two nights before her death, on April 10, 1912, in her dreams there flitted before her the tragic past; that she dreamt that she was again in battle; that she saw "her boys" with legs and arms gone; that she gave crackers and gruel to the sick and bound up the wounds of the soldiers; that again she felt the twitching at her dress and heard "You saved my life;" that again she caught the last words of the dying to be sent to the mothers and sisters and sweethearts, and heard from the lips of her dying soldier-brother, "Oh! God, save my country!"

XXXV

Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was the greatest feminine mind of the ancient deities concerned in human welfare. THE AUTHOR.

Bring the feminine mind to bear upon all that concerns the welfare of mankind. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Judge—You voted as a woman, did you not?
Miss Anthony—No, sir, I voted as a citizen of the United States.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
(In 1872, she then being under arrest for voting for President of the United States.)

Let us "push things" so that every state in the union shall speedily surrender to the advocates of women's equality and elevation.
MARY A. LIVERMORE—Jan. 8, 1870.

American women and students of American history have long deplored the meagre credit which has been given to women for the part they have taken in the progress and achievement of America, as a nation. MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.
In "Part Taken by Women in American History."

I know nothing remarkable I have done. The hum-drum of my every day life seems to me quite without incident. CLARA BARTON.
Speaking of myself, and my own doings, is a thing very distasteful to me. CLARA BARTON.

THE RED CROSS HOME OF CLARA BARTON, GLEN ECHO, MARYLAND

"Clara Barton to the end kept open house at her Glen Echo home, for the soldier boys."

"The Red Cross House at Glen Echo was a flag museum of historical achievements."

Historical ground carries its own sentiment: Mount Vernon, American Liberty; Monticello, American Democracy; Glen Echo, World Humanity.

FOUR FAMOUS WOMEN

A famous artist called at Miss Barton's home and explained to her that he had been sent out to secure the portraits of the four most famous women in America. She asked him, "Whom have you been to see?" And he replied, "I have come to you first." "And whom will you go to next?" Miss Barton inquired. "To Julia Ward Howe, of Boston," he replied. "And whom for the third?" Miss Barton asked. "I do not know," he answered. "You tell me, Miss Barton." "Well," replied Miss Barton, "why not go to Mrs. General John A. Logan?" "I will, Miss Barton," he said. "And whom will I go to next?" asked the artist. Miss Barton replied, "I cannot tell you, but if Susan B. Anthony were living, or Mary Livermore, I could tell you."

Susan B. Anthony wrote to Clara Barton: "I know, in a general way, my dear Clara, that you have done some wonderful things in the world, but I would like to have a list of just what you have done, to present to my audiences. So please prepare a brief story of your achievements for my use." In due time came the reply, enclosing a very brief chronological list of Miss Barton's achievements. Miss Anthony wrote back at once and said: "Dear Clara: I cannot present this skeleton to the public. Please put some clothes on it."

XXXVI

Clara Barton—a wonderful majesty in the simplicity of her character. Sacramento (Cal.) *Record-Union.*

Like the stories from fairy lore are the accounts, modestly written and simply given, of the tremendous, almost super-human, work done by this little woman. Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune.*

Clara Barton loved everything that lived. Roanoke (Va.) *News.*

Bugs and other insects, as well as squirrels and other animals, gave her hourly enjoyment. Clara used to say, "these are my friends, they have as good a right to live as I have."

"Sister Harriette" L. Reed.

Her love for the farmyard and its animals never left her.

Percy H. Epler.

It was her heroic soul and deep woman sympathy that made Clara Barton strong and brave. William E. Barton.

Nothing endures but personal qualities. Walt Whitman.

Sir John Franklin,—who never turned his back upon a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a mosquito.

William Matthews.

I too have a kitty and he is pretty much master of the house. He doesn't speak German, although I have no doubt he understands it. Clara Barton.

A harmless necessary cat. Merchant of Venice.
A cat may look on a king. Haywood's Proverbs.
In the night all cats are grey. Cervantes.
When the cat's away the mice will play. Old Proverbs.

As vigilant as a cat to steal cream. SHAKESPEARE.

It has been the providence of nature to give this creature nine lives, instead of one. PILPAY.

Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry. GEORGE WITHER.
Confound the cats! All cats—alway—
Cats of all colors, black, white, gray;
By night a nuisance and by day—
Confound the cats! DOBBIN.

Even poverty has its compensation. CLARA BARTON.

There is neither teacher nor preacher like necessity.
CLARA BARTON.

No work can retain its vitality without constant action.
CLARA BARTON.

Though to bed at daylight, or at best midnight, Clara Barton never slept late in the morning. J. B. HUBBELL.

Let us each make haste to do the work set before us, in the Providence of God, unostentatiously, thoroughly and well.
CLARA BARTON.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. PROVERBS.

In October, 1911 (at the age of 90), while she was propped up in bed and seriously ill, I asked "why, Miss Barton, you haven't a gray hair in your head, have you?" Quick was the response, "I don't know, I haven't had time to look." THE AUTHOR.

Oftener than I could wish my heart sinks heavily, oppressed with fear that I am falling short of the fulfillment of life's duties.
CLARA BARTON.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Providence that hast survived the Fall. COWPER *Task*.

SIMPLICITY OF CHILDHOOD—PET WASPS PET CATS—LOVED LIFE-DOMESTIC

The simplicity of childhood continued with Clara Barton through to her latest years. Because requested by children in letters to do so, at eighty-six years she commenced to write "The Story of My Childhood." She did not reach second childhood; she was in her first childhood at ninety. On a certain occasion, having declined to address an audience, she reconsidered and said: "Oh, yes, I will talk to the children."

Pets, as in childhood, continued; she had them wherever she happened to be,—pets of the chickens, pets of the birds, pets of the squirrels, pets of the domestic animals. She saw Divinity in nature; loved as does the believer in pantheism, as does the believer in the "transmigration of souls." To the science of entomology she was not a stranger. Among her swarms of bees she continued the student of those who work for man and do not "bruise their Master's flower;" loved even that household "pest," the wasp.

> A wasp met a bee that was just buzzing by
> And she said, "Little Cousin, Can you tell me why
> You are loved so much better by people than I?"

But in the existence of a wasp Miss Barton did not think there was wholly of "mischief to do." Genius philosophizes. To serve its uses, the wasp is perfect in its organs, and in its symmetry. The male wasp does not sting at all; and, while the "female of the species is deadlier than the male," the female does not sting except in defence, in obeying the first law of nature,—the law which is the saving principle in the universe.

The wasp renders service, service to the fruit-grower by destroying the caterpillar, especially of the green fly and black fly, and of other harmful insects. The wasp is not too aristocratic to act as scavenger, stripping the bones of small dead animals of skin and flesh—for its grubs—thus precluding carrion from becoming offensive and, through pollution of the atmosphere, unhealthful. The social wasp is strategic, is accredited with amazing cleverness, with courage never-failing, with intelligence higher than instinct,—having a system of living that should shame its human enemy. He who, in his ignorance, comes to the wasp to scoff goes away to admire. If only the wasp would toil for man, appeasing man's appetite for sweets, that winged "pest" would be *loved* as is the honey bee.

At the Glen Echo Red Cross house, on the window-ledges, in the slats for window-catches, where the walls and ceilings join, in every nook and corner, the welcomed wasps had their little mud cells. While at the dining table, or at her writing desk, Miss Barton would cut an apple and sometimes around it would gather a swarm of these "pests." Of the wasps, that nobody likes, she was wont to say "these are my little friends; they keep me company;"—as they hovered over and around her she seemed to get inspiration from them in her literary work.

In her early years Clara Barton's special pets were the dog and the horse; in later years, the cat. She accredited her black and white cat at Dansville with human personality. Her Maltese cat at Glen Echo she accredited with *reasoning* powers, with a *logical* mind. Of Maltese Tommie she tells this story. Tommie saw another cat in the mirror. He stared at it; moved his

head in rapid succession to one side of the mirror, then to the other side. The other cat did likewise. He dashed like mad to the back of the mirror, but found no cat. Returning to the front of the mirror, he put his left paw on the glass; the right paw of the other cat responded. He put his right paw on the glass; the left paw of the other cat met his. He again put his left paw on the glass, this time being close to the edge of the mirror and, continuing to hold it there he reached around to the back of the mirror with his right paw to grab the insolent intruder. Not seeing the other cat, as he quickly glanced around the edge of the mirror, and not having found it with his right paw, "he wiser grew" and walked away philosophizing;—in this vain world—

> Things are not what they seem—but then,
> A pleasant illusion is better than a harsh reality.

The picture of Maltese Tommie, painted by Antoinette Margot, is still one of the historic art-treasures on the walls of the Clara Barton Glen Echo home.

Those who think of Clara Barton only as the "war woman" within the battle smoke, or on the rostrum addressing literary audiences, or on state occasions as the cynosure of all eyes, or as the guest of honor among the crowned heads of Europe—as masculine and not feminine—have not seen the daily life-picture of Clara Barton. Clara Barton was most womanly when most childlike, queenliest when lowliest and, like the Roman Matron, most aristocratic when most domestic.

As Divinity lives in all life, as God the first garden made and work was the best religion Clara Barton had,

her applied religion was in the yard as she cared for the domestic animals; in the garden as she cared for the shrubs, the flowers, the vegetables, her special pride being in raising fine strawberries. Frequently was Miss Barton called from the yard or garden, to meet guests in her "House of Rough Hemlock Boards,"—there where was welcome ever royal and farewell went out loyal; there where—

> Honest offered courtesy
> Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
> With smoky rafters than in tapestry halls
> And courts of princes, where it first was named
> And yet is most pretended.

XXXVII

Of the women writers that lived at the time of the Civil War the mind of Harriet Beecher Stowe was the most imaginative; "the vehicle of thought" used by Clara Barton, the best equipped, the most powerful. In war-literature Mrs. Stowe will live through the genius of her great novel; Clara Barton, through her descriptive powers, forceful diction, and patriotic sayings. THE AUTHOR.

Learn to be good readers. CARLYLE.

God be thanked for books. CHANNING.

Mankind are creatures of books, as well of other circumstances.
LEIGH HUNT.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.
HERO AND HERO WORSHIPPERS.

Reading to the mind is what exercise is to the body. ADDISON.

Books that are books are all that you want, and there are but half-a-dozen in a thousand. THOREAU.

Books, like friends, should be few and well chosen. FULLER.

Read much, but not many books. SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

When a new book appears, read an old one.
ENGLISH APHORISM.

Old wood to burn, old wine to drink.
Old friends to trust, old books to read.
ALONZO of Arragon.

Miss Barton would not rewrite a public address; on looking it over, not a sentence, not a word, could be improved by changing.
J. B. HUBBELL, Assistant to Clara Barton.

She who desires information can sit down, read, and obtain it.
CLARA BARTON.

Persons who use their brains, tongues and pens for the improvement of their kind, are those of whom biographies may profitably be written. CLARA BARTON.

Miss Barton is in the front rank of American lecturers—excelled by none. AURORA BEACON.

The Secretary to President McKinley used to say that in his correspondence at the White House the letters of Clara Barton excelled all others in literary merit. THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton's lecture is beautifully written. JOHN B. GOUGH.

CLARA BARTON IN THE LITERARY FIELD

The treasure-house of the world is of books. Books are one's chosen friends, and friends are of souls with like aspirations. From the contents of books character is made. The legacy in books is what youth bequeathes to maturity. In youth Clara Barton entered the "true university," that of books. She read not only books from the shelf but found "books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Her favorite authors were Shakespeare, Longfellow, Milton, Keats, Schiller, Bunyan, Tennyson, Scott and Browning.

Had she followed the promptings of her head, and not her heart, Clara Barton might have been a Mrs. Sigourney. One of her admirers says that, had she been an author, "her gracefulness of expression, her buoyancy of thought, and brilliancy of imagery" would have placed her in a class with Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, and Charlotte Brontë. But Clara Barton is now in a class—in a class by herself—and throughout

the future the student of humanity will study Clara Barton.

Clara Barton's descriptions of battle, and other, scenes are surpassing in vividness—unequalled. In her diaries, which she kept for more than half-a-century, are nuggets of human wisdom. Her wise sayings, as those of Benjamin Franklin, would fill a volume. Such Clara Barton Red Cross maxims, and other wise sayings as appear in these pages, are but the flotsam and jetsam of a cargo of writings, the cargo partly wrecked and no part of it available by the author.

Clara Barton was a nurse, but only as Lincoln was a rail-splitter. As an executive, Clara Barton is accredited as the greatest *man* in America, by one of America's greatest statesmen; as the greatest woman in the world, by one of America's greatest generals; as having done more for humanity than any other woman since the time of Mary of Galilee, by a great State Executive. By a great writer, it is said that through reading everything is within one's reach. Clara Barton's mental reach into national and world problems at least widens and heightens the possibilities of womankind.

Her Red Cross lectures are not "Caudle Lectures to Ladies"; they, including official reports, are high-class state papers which would do credit to the White House —literary, argumentative, statesmanlike. For twenty-three years in America Clara Barton was the Red Cross encyclopedia, the Red Cross dictionary. She was also the Red Cross legislature, the Red Cross Supreme Court, the Commander-in-Chief of our Red Cross battalions, at home and abroad. Although one of the "remonstrants," in the press, referred to the Red Cross as "Clara Barton's Bread and Butter Brigade" the

Achilles in that brigade had won for humanity the greatest battle on American soil.

Her address, "History of the Red Cross; Its Origin and Progress," is all comprehensive, showing research, scholarship, logic. Her "Address to the President, Congress and People of the United States" on "The Red Cross—A History of This Remarkable Movement in the Interest of Humanity" is as overwhelmingly convincing, as to the necessity of adhesion by this Government to the Treaty of Geneva, as was Webster's historic reply to Hayne, in advocacy of the perpetuity of the Union. Her address on "What is the Significance of the Red Cross in its Relation to Philanthropy" is hardly less meritorious. Her address at Saratoga on "International and National Relief in War" is more than a literary gem; it is a compendium of humanitarian history—of Red Cross philosophy. No similar humanitarian address even approximates it, in wisdom and argument.

Through seven years, in the field of letters and politics, there raged a war against woe, a war led by a Master Spirit. Humanity won—won through that Master Spirit. That Master Literary Spirit, says another great woman, has "won the hearts of the women of the world." She not only "walked like a benediction of her God amid the desolate, the stricken, the hungry and despairing," but she walked and talked and lived "in pulses stirred to generosity." Her pathos of sentiment and elegance of diction won the hearts of the American people, won Congress, won the President, won the Red Cross for America. And "the Red Cross in its great and human principles, its far-reaching philanthropy, its innovations upon long established and

accepted customs and rules of barbaric cruelty, its wise practical charity, stands forever next to the immortal proclamation of freedom to the slaves that crowns the name of Abraham Lincoln."

IDA M. TARBELL

Clara Barton got the preliminary experience which led to the foundation of the Red Cross work, on the battlefields of the Civil War. I have a high regard for her devotion, her organization ability.—IDA M. TARBELL.

LUCY LARCROM

Even a casual observer can not fail to see in Clara Barton's work a unity peculiar to itself—a work which has grown out of a character, and which no one but herself could have done.—LUCY LARCROM.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LITERARY WORLD

ELBERT HUBBARD

Clara Barton has given us a constant lesson in thrift; a worker from infancy, taking neither vacation nor recreation.

ALICE HUBBARD

The greatest woman of all times. The people of the United States admire, revere and devotedly love Clara Barton.

The Fra—Elbert and Alice Hubbard.

XXXVIII

Clara Barton's dress was so simple that no one tried to follow her fashion. ALICE HUBBARD.

For personal adornment Clara Barton cared little, choosing green dresses in her youth; and ornaments of bright red, for cheer, in her older years. CORRA BACON-FOSTER, Author.

Dress changes manners. VOLTAIRE.

Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others. FRANKLIN.

Ridiculous modes, invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly.
SMOLLETT.

To live to dress well indicates a fool. DR. A. E. WINSHIP.

The plainer the dress with greater luster does beauty appear.
LORD FAIRFAX.

Beauty, like truth, never is so glorious as when it goes plainest.
STERNE.

Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes feminine beauty as simplicity. GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

A plain, genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Elizabeth, who died the happy owner of 3,000 dresses, issued a solemn proclamation against extravagance in dress.
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

loveliness
Needs not foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned most.
THOMSON—*Autumn.*

We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry and keeps our larder lean. COWPER.

The dress that shows taste and sentiment is elevating to the home, and is one of the most feminine means of beautifying the world.
MISS OAKEY.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives to a whole sentence by a single expression. GAY.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.
AZ ZUBAIDI.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich. SHAKESPEARE.

I wear what I want to. CLARA BARTON.

THE ART OF DRESSING—CLARA BARTON'S INDIVIDUALITY

Dress is a sentiment, sentiment of an occasion. Dress is an expression of the attitude of the mind as to propriety, necessary to accomplish results. Like smiles, dress is an expression of the intelligence of the wearer. Dress is an art, one of the highest of the arts. Dress has to do with the form divine and, whether dress be for good or ill, depends on the mind that fashions it. Court dress, then the want of *dress,* Clara Barton disliked and on one occasion would not conform. She thereby missed the honor of being a guest on a state occasion—proffered her by the world's greatest queen.

There is an individuality of dress, as of conduct. Clara Barton had individuality. There has been no one else like her, and a famous American woman says we shall never again produce her like. In religion she adhered to no creed; in social life, to no rules; in wearing apparel, to no fashion. In service to the world she wished for something to do that no one else would do—something that no one else thought of doing. "Clara

Barton was Clara Barton," individual even in her wearing apparel. The first straw bonnet she ever had she made herself. She cut the green rye; she scalded it; she bleached it in the sun; she cut it into lengths; with her teeth she split the straws into strands, flattening them. She braided the bonnet by the use of eleven strands; she fashioned it to suit herself; she wore it; it was Clara's individual bonnet, and at 86 years of age she regarded it the great achievement of her life.

When advised by a clerk in a store that a woman of her age should wear lavenders and violets, Clara Barton turned to her shopping companion and said, "I guess she doesn't know I wear what I want to." While on the lecture platform, to a limited extent, she conformed to custom and wore trains. On a certain occasion, looking her over from head to feet, an obtrusive flatterer said to her "How stunning!" Floating on a breeze several degrees below zero came from Miss Barton's lips *"What did you say!"* Nor would she gossip about the dress of others. Says Goethe: The "highest fortune of earth's children is personality." Characteristic of her observations on personality rather than of dress, on an occasion when she was a special guest of honor, she thus writes of her hostess: "I want you to know what a beautiful, bright lady I think Mrs. President Hayes to be. She is brilliant and beautiful, brunette with abundant jet black hair, put back over her cars;—she is entirely different from the Grand Duchess of Baden, and still *bright* and *full of life,* like her."

Every human being dresses for effect, as does the actress before the footlights—the greater the intelligence the greater the discrimination. Clara Barton was the designer of her own fashions, the mistress of

her own stitches. In the use of one of her stitches, she taught the women of Corsica to do more work in one hour than previously they had done in five hours. She found forty thousand people in despair, ill clothed. In her "dress-making shop," she taught large classes of girls to sew. Daily, with these poor girls,

> Plying her needle and thread,—
> Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

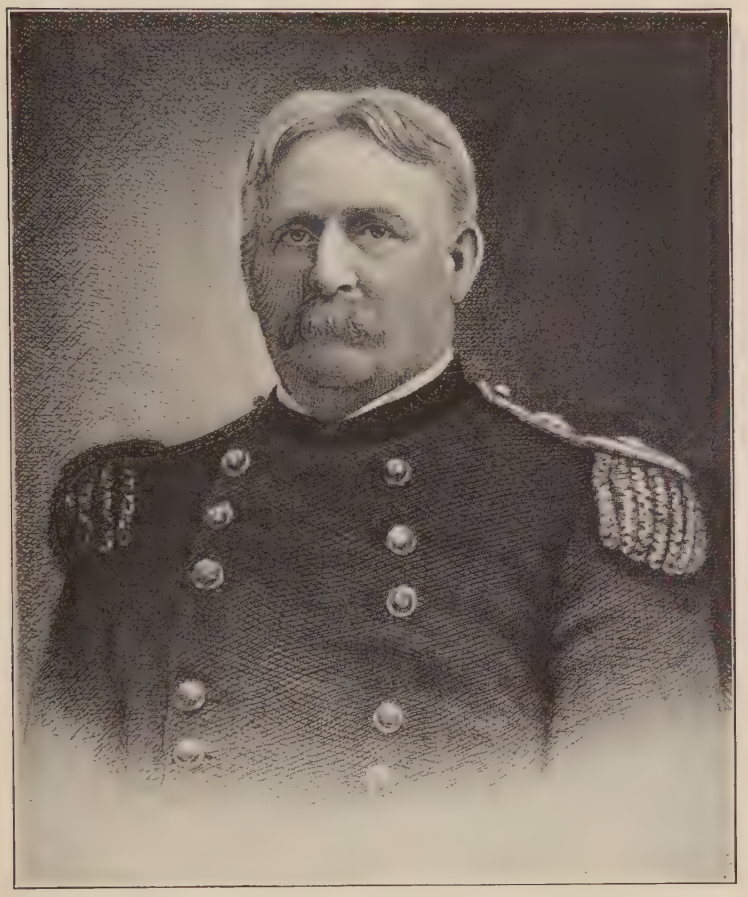
she left those people the best clothed people in Europe.

Clara Barton was as proud of her skill with the needle as was Lucretia with the spinning wheel, or Florence Nightingale in the art of nursing. In a western town a lady was discredited, and shunned, because she had been a sewing girl. Appreciating the situation, and ambitious socially, she made her home the center of fashionable sewing circles. She taught fancy crochet, and embroidery stitches; in a very short time she had the aristocratic women at her feet, and became the social leader.

> The bright little needle, the swift-flying needle,
> The needle directed by beauty and art.

Clara Barton's apparel was her personal care, and not the care of a *modiste*. While in charge of relief work on a field of disaster, she said I have no clothing, and couldn't attend to it if I had. She fully appreciated also that "rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." She would sew on her own buttons, mend, clean, stitch and hemstitch, make and remake, her own clothes,—not only as a matter of economy but as a matter of personal pride.

Clara Barton received no one until she had donned



W. R. SHAFTER

No governmental red tape system could possibly be as effective as were Clara Barton's sensible business methods in Cuba.

W. R. SHAFTER,
Brigadier-General Civil War; Major-General Commanding the American Army in the Spanish-American War.

General Shafter, the kind and courteous officer and gentleman.

CLARA BARTON.

the, to her, becoming apparel,—the proper bow at the neck, the proper bow in her hair. Everything about her dress must be, to her, *au fait.* Propriety of dress had been a part of her education. She recognized that a tramp seldom gets by the barking dog at the gate, while the door of the palace opens wide to the person well-dressed. And possibly also she entertained the sentiment of Emerson, "The sense of being well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." She agreed with Walt Whitman that only personal qualities endure, and dress bespeaks personal qualities.

That she succeeded in the art of dress—that her personal qualities were at all times in the ascendancy, is att sted by the fact that the press reporter overlooked her dress, in describing the "ladies' costumes." He would describe her very dark, bright eyes, her face as the ideal one which conforms to her character, her raven black hair worn in the fashion of our mothers and grandmothers; or "her hair, black as the raven's wing, does not follow fashion's ways but is dressed like Longfellow's Evangeline, low down on either side of her forehead," and then possibly dismiss her with the simple statement: "Miss Barton was attired in black silk."

XXXIX

Clara Barton—her brilliancy and bravery won her a European reputation; she was decorated with several honorary orders in recognition of her exploits. Raleigh (N. C.) *Times.*

The whole of Europe is marshaled under the banner of the Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

In the Grand Duchy of Baden, woman leads in Red Cross work.
CLARA BARTON.

Scarcely had man made his first move in organizing the Red Cross, when the jeweled hand of royal woman glistened behind him, and right royally she has done her part. CLARA BARTON.

Sovereigns deeply interested in the work of the Red Cross will be less and less disposed to precipitate their peoples into war for light and trivial causes, for small, or personal, or unworthy ends.
CLARA BARTON.

The patrons of the Red Cross in Europe are always of the Crown, or royal families, as Empress Augusta of Germany, Victoria of England, Dagmar of Russia, Marguerite of Italy, and the Royal Grand Duchess of Baden. CLARA BARTON.

THE JEWELLED HAND AND THE HARD HAND MEET

In the Franco-Prussian War the jeweled hand of the princess and the hard hand of the peasant met, and labored side by side unquestioned and unquestioning in their God-given mission. Side by side they wrought,

says Clara Barton, as side by side their dead lay on the battlefield.

Empress Augusta became the active head of the Red Cross Society of Germany. Luise, Grand Duchess of Baden, only daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, was untiring in the conduct of the Society she had already formed and patronized. Her many beautiful castles, with their magnificent grounds throughout all Baden were at once transformed into military hospitals. The whole court with herself at its head formed into a committee of superintendents an organization for the relief of the wounded soldiers. Clara Barton was the leading spirit in all such relief work. She says: "I have seen a wounded Arab from the French Armies, who knew no word of any language but his own, stretch out his arms to my friend, the Grand Duchess, in adoration and blessing as she passed by."

XL

Clara Barton—The object of decorations by many sovereigns.
Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger.*

Clara Barton—The rulers of many nations have done her honor.
Boston (Mass.) *Herald.*

The title of Emperor never loses itself. NAPOLEON.

A throne is but of wood, covered with velvet. NAPOLEON.

Royalty is no longer the feeling of the age. NAPOLEON.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. SHAKESPEARE.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier one. SENECA.

The name of Emperor is a word, like another; but he who bears it must have a better title to render him worthy of posterity.
NAPOLEON.

Clara Barton was the welcome guest in the soldiers' camp, the woodman's hut, and the palace of the king.
Universal Leader, Boston, Mass.

Clara Barton's services in the Franco-Prussian War brought her recognition from the German Emperor in the shape of an iron cross, Germany's most prized decoration.
Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post.*

The "little woman" accomplished what crowned heads failed in.
Unity—Chicago.

Germany, which was in the vanguard of treaty nations was thoroughly organized and equipped. She was the first to demonstrate the true idea of the Red Cross—people's aid for national, for military, necessity. CLARA BARTON.

His Majesty, in the name of humanity, was glad to meet and welcome those who labored for it. CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON AND THE EMPEROR

The royalty of Germany had assembled to speed the parting guest, to pay tribute of respect to the "little lady" who had sacrificed herself for the sick and wounded in the Franco-Prussian war. William the First was there. The Emperor observed, among her many decorations, two decorations worn on that occasion by the "little lady." One of these had been presented to her by His Majesty on his 75th birthday; the other, the "Warrior Brothers in Arms" of Milwaukee, he had not seen. It was the "Iron Cross of Germany," on an American shield. The "American Eagle" surmounted the arms for defence; and the colors of Germany—the Red, White, and Black, of the Empire,—united the two.

The Emperor, with much curiosity, turned to his daughter, the Grand Duchess, as if to ask "does my daughter understand this?" His daughter's explanation was satisfactory, whereupon the Emperor expressed the wish to know whether or not the Germans make good American citizens. "The best that could be desired," responded the "little lady,"—"industrious, honest, and prosperous."

The Emperor then commented on the high compliment thus paid the German-Americans; "I am glad to hear this; they were good soldiers and, thank God, they are true men everywhere."

In a personal sense the Emperor said: "Of myself, I am nothing. God be praised; it is all from Him. I am only His. He made us what we are. God is over all."

Miss Barton, "this is probably the *last* time; we may not meet again in this world, but we will be sure to meet in the world beyond. Good-bye."

> Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
> For others availed on high
> Mine will not all be lost in air,
> But waft thy name beyond the sky.

This was the *last time.* When she again visited Europe he had passed to the Beyond. But Prince Henry later visited the United States. Clara Barton was then temporarily at Hotel Willard, Washington, D. C. At the request of Kaiser William, Lieutenant Commodore Von Egidy, of the Royal Suite, made a personal call upon Clara Barton at her hotel. She had been apprised of his coming and was tastefully attired, wearing her historic souvenirs, including those presented to her by the Royal Family of Prussia. Among the souvenirs were the Iron Cross of Prussia, by Emperor William the First and Empress Augusta; Gold Cross of Remembrance, by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden; Silver Medal, by Empress Augusta of Germany; Jewels, including the Ruby Pin, by the Queen of Prussia; Jewels, including the famed Pansy Pin, by the Grand Duchess of Baden; Medal of the International Committee of the Red Cross of Geneva, Switzerland. The Lieutenant Commodore, in full uniform, bore the greetings of Prince Henry to Miss Barton; and also friendly messages from the Emperor and other members of the Royal Family. Among the other pleasant messages from the Emperor was the statement that he still cherished the "little lady," as a member of his own family.

XLI

Were all the crowns and laurels of earth won by the kings of earth within my reach on one hand, and on the other there rested the One Never Dying Jewel—made brilliant and lustrous by Clara Barton's good deeds—I would count myself most blessed of men to—in reverence—touch the latter rather than become the owner of all the others. T. V. POWDERLY.

Clara Barton's name was mingled with the orations of statesmen, the elegance of the pulpit, the command of royalty, the commands of generals—engraved in the halls of fame, in books of story for children and adults, and engraved on jewels of costly make and rare art. Bangor (Me.) *Commercial.*

What have kings
The privates have not, too, save ceremony?
SHAKESPEARE.

A crown
Golden in show is but a wreath of thorns. MILTON.

The crowned heads of Europe were quick to perceive the benign uses of Red Cross Associations, and bestowed upon the Central Committees of their countries money, credit and personal approbation.
CLARA BARTON.

Secretary of State Frelinghuysen, insisting that illness was not a good excuse, and that Clara Barton *must* represent the United States at the International Conference at Geneva, in 1884, said: "All the country knows what you have done and is more than satisfied. Regarding your illness—you have had too much fresh water, Miss Barton—I recommend salt and shall appoint you."
THE AUTHOR.

I saw Paris when the Commune fell; the Army of Versailles shot down its victims on the streets by the ghastly glare of blazing palaces. CLARA BARTON.

In 1872, at the time of the Reign of Terror there, Clara Barton walked into the city of Paris. When the people saw her entering the stricken city on her errand of mercy, they cried out: "God, it is an angel!" PERCY H. EPLER, Author.

As Clara Barton and her faithful attendant, Antoinette Margot, a fair haired Swiss maiden, were on their way in Europe to the front they heard "Turn back, turn back; turn back; the Prussians are coming." "Yes," said Miss Barton, "that is why we are going, we are on our way to care for the wounded of the battle." And the people cried out: "Dieu vous benisse!" PERCY H. EPLER.

For services among the Armenians, Turks and Kurds, Sultan Abdul-Hamid of Turkey decorated Clara Barton with the order of Shefacat and diploma for charity, and referred to her as "A Missionary of Humanity." W. H. SEARS.

Miss Barton was President of the Red Cross at the time of the Russian famine. The total contribution from America was estimated at $800,000.

In 1902 Clara Barton, and party, was invited to Moscow, Russia, where she had a royal reception lasting three days.

Referring to her relief work in Russia, to Clara Barton the mayor of St. Petersburg said: "The Russian people know how to be appreciative." THE AUTHOR.

The Czar of Russia personally decorated me (1902) with the highest honor conferred on anyone not of royal blood. I was entertained in the royal palaces and the imperial railway trains were placed at my disposal. CLARA BARTON.

In 1902 the delegates were received by the Czar, and as such they passed in review. Everyone bent over and kissed his hand. When it was Miss Barton's turn, she attempted to bend over to kiss his hand, but he pulled his hand away and said: "Oh! no,

Miss Barton, not you," and shook her hand, instead. B. F. Tillinghast, Delegate to Quinquennial Conference of the International Red Cross Society, in 1902.

To honor me, the likes o' me, not so! Poor little me who has not seen the present ruler (1909) of her own country.

Clara Barton.

AMERICA—SCARLET AND GOLD—EUROPE

In the autumn of her life honors, like the rich and beautifully colored leaves from the trees of New England, fell upon Clara Barton in showers. Twenty-seven testimonials officially were conferred upon America's greatest woman philanthropist. The nations thus recognizing her valuable services to their respective countries are: Germany, Prussia, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, Servia, Turkey, Armenia, Spain, Portugal and Cuba. Through official sources it is learned that several of these nations have under consideration a perpetual Clara Barton memorial, and it is not improbable that the first great monument to our American World-Character will be on foreign soil.

Before the organization of the National Red Cross Society, in 1870-71, Clara Barton was an active participant in relief work on the following battlefields: Hagenau, Metz, Strasburg, Sedan; in relief work at Belfort, Woerth, Montebelard; in hospitals at Baden; in relief work in Paris at the Fall of the Commune; and for some time thereafter personally assisted in organizing relief work for the sick and wounded in France.

Clara Barton officially represented the United States Government at the Red Cross International Confer-

ences. She was appointed by President Arthur in 1884, as our country's representative at Geneva, Switzerland; by President Cleveland in 1887 to the Conference at Carlsruhe, Germany; by President Harrison in 1890 to the Conference at Rome, Italy; by President McKinley at Vienna in 1897; by President McKinley in 1902 to the Conference at St. Petersburg, Russia. In person she attended the Conference at Geneva, at Carlsruhe, at Vienna and at St. Petersburg.

At Geneva, "Mlle. Barton bien merite de l'human'te," prepared by an Italian delegate, was adopted by acclamation by the representatives of all the governments of Europe—an honor to a woman never before or since equaled in the world's history.

At St. Petersburg Clara Barton and party were received by all the royalty of Russia; entertained by them at dinners, luncheons, on excursions, given free transportation with an escort, everywhere. At Carlsruhe she received signal honors at the hands of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, Grand Duchess Luise, Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other statesmen and military officers. At the palace of the Grand Duchess Louise, she had attendants liveried in "scarlet and gold"; received all the honors accorded to royalty; and on leaving for America all Royalty stood hat in hand wishing her *Bon Voyage* and *Dieu Vous Benisse!*

XLII

Clara Barton is the greatest woman in the world.

GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER.

Greatness is the courage to exercise common sense in high places.

JUDGE T. M. COOLEY.

General Shafter, while in Santiago as he had been at all other times, was the kind and courteous officer and gentleman.

CLARA BARTON.

In Cuba General Leonard Wood—alert, wise and untiring, with an eye single to the good of all—toiled day and night.

CLARA BARTON.

Take whatever three or four years of my existence you will, but leave the old army life *untouched*. CLARA BARTON.

THREE CHEERS—WILD SCENES IN BOSTON—TIGER!! NO, SWEETHEART

It was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at Atlanta, Georgia. Mrs. W. M. Scott, of O. M. Mitchell No. 2, W. R. C., was the President. At that meeting the President described the scene occurring at one of the sessions in Boston the previous year.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer was the President of the W. R. C. at the session in Boston. As President she said: "I have the pleasure and the honor to introduce

to you"—and hundreds of lips ejaculated "Clara Barton!" Then there occurred an ovation seldom witnessed. Handkerchiefs waved from every part of the hall, and loving little tears of tenderness streamed down the faces in that vast throng of admirers of the beloved woman. And Clara Barton talked. She, describing a former meeting, said (her voice tremulous): "They showed me the wounds they said *I* had helped to heal, and the stubs of the limbs they said *I* had tried to save, and they clustered around me like loving boys, and I—I cried, and they cried too; and we talked of those terrible times, and then we talked of those glorious times. They were grateful to me for what I had done for them, and I was grateful that I had the privilege of doing it." "And," says Mrs. Scott, "as Clara Barton told the simple story of her experiences with her soldier boys every one of us women, gazing at her, thought that if we did not have a sweetheart, or husband, at that time to nurse, well,—we wish we had."

The old soldier boys *brave and true* in numbers were there. The G. A. R. too was having its session in Boston, and their heroine also was there. He, too, whom history will record as one of the greatest of American generals, was there. As since has the soldier's idol, the great General also had "suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"—at the hands of schemers and politicians. Under the General she had served in Cuba—the same fearless woman that at the battle of Santiago, perched on a gun-carriage, gave orders to the doctors and nurses. Clara Barton again received an ovation, and General Shafter shared in the honors.

The literary exercises were over. The General had stepped down from the platform. There at the foot of

EMPRESS AUGUSTA

The Empress—her precious gift, the beautiful cross, is the chiefest among my treasures. CLARA BARTON.

See pages between 326-7, decorations Nos. 9, 18.

EMPEROR WILLIAM I
(1861-1888)

Tell the "little lady" I still cherish her as a member of my own family.—THE EMPEROR.

See pages between 326-7, decoration No. 3.

THE ROYALTY OF GERMANY

LUISE, THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN
née Princess of Prussia

FRIEDERICH, THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN
Duke of Zähringen

For more than forty years, I have known dear, beloved Miss Clara Barton. Great affection and great admiration and great gratitude united me with her. Her memory I will keep sacred in faithful and thankful remembrance of her whose friendship was in our never altering affection so very precious to me.—LUISE, the Grand Duchess of Baden (in 1912).

The Grand Duke, one of the kindest and noblest types of manhood. CLARA BARTON.

See pages between 326-7, decorations Nos. 2, 4, 5, 16, 17.

the steps the General waited. The audience had remained sitting. In a few moments Clara Barton and her chivalric old Commander were in private conversation. As that great audience, composed principally of old soldiers, saw together the greatest hero and the greatest heroine of the Spanish-American War, reminiscing of common hardships and common dangers, as one man they rose to their feet, tumultuously cheering.

An old soldier at the top of his voice shouted:

"Three cheers for Clara Barton!"

The cheers given were uproarious, cheers continuing again and again. At a still higher pitch of voice another shouted: "Tiger!!"

Hardly had the echo of that voice died away when still another voice cried out: "No, Sweetheart!!"

Then shouts and tears were intermingled and little Clara, with a love as true to her "soldier boys" as that of her "soldier boys" to her, much embarrassed and speechless, could only smile back her love in return, and in tears smile and smile and smile.

XLIII

I have been shaking hands since nine o'clock this morning, and my right hand is almost paralyzed.

A. Lincoln, January 2, 1863.

My "duties?" Receiving and shaking hands with *two thousand persons,* sitting down to the May breakfast at one o'clock with eleven hundred—leaving the table at four P. M.

Clara Barton, May 3, 1910.

All speaking terrifies me. Clara Barton.
Formality and parade I hate. Clara Barton.

Vain pomp and glory of the world
I hate ye. King Henry VIII.

Who was it that said that life is three-fourths conduct? Matthew Arnold, I think. Bishop William F. McDowell.

While Clara Barton's religion was real, it was a thing expressed not in words nor creeds, but almost wholly in deeds.

Reverend Percy H. Epler.

Such lives as Clara Barton's teach the world a lesson which it must never be permitted to forget—namely, that the wealth of human life is not what it gets, but what it gives.

Rev. Wm. E. Barton, D.D.

THE LAST RECEPTION—HER AUTOGRAPH—THE BOYS IN GRAY

The last great public reception to Clara Barton was in Chicago, May 3, 1910. Miss Barton made the trip alone from Washington to Chicago, she then being

nearly ninety years of age. The reception was given by the Social Economics Club, in Mandel's Tea Room, to twelve hundred delegates, representing the club women of the State of Illinois, Clara Barton being the special guest of honor. Just back of Miss Barton on the stage was a snow-white flag bearing in its center a blazing red cross.

The question to be discussed was "Are We Elevated by Knocks or Boosts?" Under the spell of Miss Barton's presence, "Knocks" was omitted from the program and "Boosts" resulted in a symposium of tributes,—in an ovation given to Miss Barton "such as few mortals receive."

Since her death her autograph has become very valuable. Even then it was highly prized, and she was not permitted to leave the hall until every delegate present had her autograph. At the close of the meeting a delegation of Southern women waited on Clara Barton to thank her for what she did for the "boys in Gray" during the Civil War.

The following Sunday evening she was asked to fill the pulpit of a famous Chicago divine. She declined. "But you must, Miss Barton; it is announced, and the audience expects you."

Commenting on the occasion she remarked to a friend: "I got even with the pastor, for he had to sit in the pulpit to listen to my talk; but possibly more annoying to him is the fact that he sat there, facing the largest audience he had ever seen in his church—wondering all the while what had been the trouble with his sermons."

XLIV

I am sure I express the sentiment of our great commonwealth when I say "All honor to the memory of the great founder of the Red Cross."

CHARLES E. TOWNSEND, U. S. Senate.

Clara Barton's fame will live as long as the race honors self-sacrificing devotion in ministering to the suffering.

Dayton (Ohio) *Journal.*

Clara Barton—her fame will live throughout the ages.

Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune.*

Thou art Freedom's now and Fame's. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Fame outlives marble. W. G. CLARK.
Fame is but a phantom. J. BROOKS.
Fame is the echo of action. FULTON.
Fame is a magnifying glass. PAVILLON.
Fame is the thin shadow of eternity. MARTIN LUTHER.
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds. SOCRATES.
Fame comes only when deserved. H. W. LONGFELLOW.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. MILTON.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. HAZLITT.
With fame—in just proportion, envy grows. YOUNG.
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

What is fame? A fancied life in other's breath.

POPE—*Essay on Man.*

NICHOLAS II
The Czar of Russia

Oh, no, Miss Barton, not you.
THE CZAR.

The Czar is young and handsome, an educated, refined, kind-hearted gentleman. I know him. CLARA BARTON.

ALEXANDRA FEODOROWNA
The Czarina of Russia

The Czarina was the active head of the Red Cross, in the Russian famine of 1892. She and the Czar gave a special audience to Clara Barton, on the occasion of her visit to St. Petersburg, in 1902.

THE ROYALTY OF RUSSIA

MARIA FEODOROWNA
The Empress Dowager
née Princess Dagmar of Denmark

The personal friend of Clara Barton and who, with the Czar, presented her with a decoration. See page 327, decoration No. 23.

There is nothing vainer than the love of fame. THEOPHRASTUS.

Earth hath bubbles as the water has. MACBETH.

What is fame? The advantage of being known by people of whom you yourself know nothing and for whom you care as little. STANISLAUS.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
ALEXANDER POPE—In *The Temple of Fame.*

So long as we love, we serve. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Happiness can be attained only by considering the good of others as our own. TOLSTOI.

Love gives itself to others, and inclines to extremest sacrifice. TOLSTOI.

To give up seeking one's own happiness, as animals, is the true law of the life of humanity. TOLSTOI.

When we help someone else, we add to our own resources and power. DR. EUGENE UNDERHILL.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness. FICHTE.

He serves most who serves his country best. ALEXANDER POPE.

They never fail who die in a good cause. BYRON.

Coarseness and roughness lock doors and close hearts; courtesy, refinement and gentleness are "open sesame" at which bolts fly back and doors swing open. WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

The years of unsheltered days and nights, the sun and storm, the dews and damps have done their work and now with bitter tears I turn my face away from the land I have loved so well and

seek in a foreign clime, perchance, a little of the good strength once lent me here. CLARA BARTON.

Reserve your energies, doing those little things that be in your way, each as well as you can, so that when God shall call you to do something good and great you will be ready to do the work quickly and well. CLARA BARTON.

We question whether there has been any man or woman in the whole world's history who has been a greater blessing to mankind than Clara Barton. *Topeka Daily Journal.*

Clara Barton stands as the complete refutation of the spirit of the age that either great wealth, social position or political power is necessary to the achievement of success.

The Universalist Leader (Boston).

Life is giving one's self to save others. CLARA BARTON.

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. MILTON.

OPEN HOUSE—COST OF FAME, SELF-SACRIFICE—BEST IN WOMAN

Clara Barton kept "open house." She was "in" to everybody. One had but to knock and enter. Expressive of her welcome, on one occasion she says: "You will begin to feel the strings of welcome tugging at your footsteps when you leave the cars, and will know that it is fastened firmly to the knob of the door, pulling only the harder as the door swings wide open." At one time her Glen Echo home was filled with indigent, homeless soldiers. About this time "Bessie Beech" was heard to say: "Clara Barton really needs a guardian; she gives away everything she has and almost starves

herself. Recently she gave to her soldier friends in distress, $800.00—all the money she had and is "strapped." A well known millionaire gave, fearing he might die *rich;* Clara Barton gave, knowing that she must die *poor.* Giving,—that was Clara Barton's whole existence. "All the world," she says, "expects me to give something every time it can get through the door or get a letter to me."

"To pay respects" is a convenient excuse for imposing on good nature. To pay respects to America's humanitarian became a fad. She not only personally answered 3,700 letters annually, besides her foreign correspondence, but thousands of people every year called on her "to pay their respects." On one occasion it would be for her to entertain the First Lady of the Land, representatives of the Army, the Navy, the Military, the Members of the Cabinet, the Members of Congress, the Officers of the Bureau of Education—"Official Washington." On another occasion it was for her to entertain 600 members of the American Woman Suffrage Association, headed by the President Susan B. Anthony. It was for her almost daily to receive delegation after delegation, titled men from Europe, "globe trotters," "sight-seers," "prominent officials"—and to receive the "people who want something" all the time. If "the greatest of all sacrifices is the sacrifice of time," for others, Clara Barton made a sacrifice theretofore without precedent,—the sacrifice of half a century."

Fame is one's misfortune. Clara Barton did not seek fame, she sought work; fame was thrust upon her. It may be enjoyable to achieve fame, but it is misery to be a slave to fame. Only when the possessor of fame is

dead can there come compensation—*that's a monument.* A famous English Cardinal moaned, "Would that I had served my God with half the zeal I served my king!" A world-famed French philosopher soliloquized, "What a heavy burden is a name that has become famous!" An immortal American President said: "I wish I had never been born—my position is anything but a bed of roses." Again, in the nation's darkest night, despairingly this same President said: "Oh, if there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do I pity him." Another, America's most beloved President, advised a small boy: "Grow up to be a good man, a useful man, but don't try to be President; it won't pay you." Responsive to an admirer, who said "I helped to nominate you," a world-famed President in the afternoon of his release, with nerves shattered, from an invalid chair commented: "Yes, you helped me into a lot of trouble."

Even more than a famous man does a famous woman "belong to history and self-sacrifice." In the evening following an "afternoon at home" to a thousand people, in full dress, and while sitting on the floor entertaining her little children with their toys, America's most famous society entertainer and wife of a multimillionaire U. S. Senator, was heard to say, "This is the only pleasure I get out of Washington society." To reach the heights of mere social fame is an achievement of folly. To live in an atmosphere of social aristocracy is to live on a desert-waste; the only attraction, the mirage that deceives.

On the steamer, while in ill health on her way to Europe, in her diary, Clara Barton philosophizes: Is my life really worth while? I give all of my time and

strength to the public that seems unappreciative. In obscurity I might have had health, at least personal comfort. I might have married and had a home, a family of children; I might have taken up painting or literature, in each of which my friends say I have ability. In either of such life's work I might have achieved success. As it is, even while serving the public, I am alone in the world, buffeted about and nobody seems to care for me unless to use me for some purpose. I wonder whether or not any woman thinks her life a success? Oh, well, I guess it was intended that I should do the work I am doing, forget myself and live for others, so I might as well make the best of it and try to be happy.

All organization is difficult; Clara Barton organized. She brought into existence the machinery of the organization and her master mind, unerring, directed the movements of every part of the machinery, "in a way that the people knew what she had done and are more than satisfied." Without a title she occupied such a position as now must be filled by the male executive of a great nation. In qualities feminine, in sympathy tender, shrinking from publicity as no other woman in history, she filled a public-service position as no man could fill it. To an audience of women in Boston, another self-sacrificing woman who would serve the human race, said: "Clara Barton is an epitome in her life and character of all that is best in woman; she is what we would all like to be."

XLV

She had all the royal makings of a queen. SHAKESPEARE.
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. HOMER—*Iliad.*

Clara Barton, America's uncrowned queen.
HON. FRANCIS ATWATER.

We crown you in our minds and hearts as a "Queen Among Women." B. H. WARNER, Chairman, Public Reception, Washington, August 8, 1896, to Clara Barton on her return from Turkey and Armenia.

Clara Barton's "queenliness as a woman and womanliness as a queen" endear her to our hearts beyond all words.
President Economics Club, Chicago, Ill.

Clara Barton should be exalted above queens.
Central Relief Committee of Galveston, Texas.

KNEELED BEFORE HER AND KISSED HER HAND

In 1902 the International Red Cross Conference was held at St. Petersburg. At this conference the civilized nations of the world were either indirectly or directly represented. The Czar and Czarina gave Clara Barton a special audience. The Dowager Empress also gave her the honor of a state dinner. Of all the delegates present Clara Barton was the most sought after personage. Not only at St. Petersburg but wherever she went throughout Europe, similar queenly honors

were accorded Clara Barton by rulers and world-famed military officers.

When they came into her presence and were introduced, as to a queen, the greatest generals kneeled before her, and kissed her hand. They were invariably profuse in compliments and in undisguised praise of her services to humanity. Whenever the little, modest, timid woman attended the sessions of the Conference as she entered the hall the whole audience would rise to their feet and would remain standing while she was walking down the aisle to take her seat, and this was not infrequently accompanied by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, as if in the presence of royalty.

Referring to Clara Barton, at a public reception, one of America's great women said: "No one loves a self-sacrificing woman as well as—as all other good women." In America, as in Europe, Clara Barton was honored as has been no other American woman,—by the "First Lady of the Land," by the Julia Ward Howes, by the Frances Willards, by the Susan B. Anthonys, by all great and good women—all recognizing her "queenliness as a woman and womanliness as a queen," and graciously willing to crown her "Queen Among Women." Writers also have referred to her as "The Angel of the Battlefield," "The Angel of the World's Battlefields," "The Beautiful Lady of the Potomac," "The American Lady with the Lamp," "The Angel of Peace," "The Angel of Mercy," "The Angel of Humanity," "Our Lady of the Red Cross."

XLVI

Life at best is so exhaustive. FRANK W. GUNSAULIS, D. D.

Clara Barton was a soft-voiced little woman, yet she had a way of approaching her work in the most telling manner.

Buffalo Express.

The Stars make no noise. IRISH PROVERB.

The secret of my long life, "Hard work and low fare."

CLARA BARTON.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

They are sick that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

This was the afternoon of Monday. Since Saturday noon I had not thought of tasting food.

CLARA BARTON (At Battle of Chantilly).

You have the full record of my sleep—from Friday night till Monday morning—two hours.

CLARA BARTON (Among the wounded at Chantilly).

At Cedar Mountain, among the wounded, Clara Barton had five days and nights with only three hours' sleep, and a narrow escape from capture. PERCY H. EPLER.

I never think of weariness. CLARA BARTON.

Clara had some source of strength that we knew nothing about.

"SISTER HARRIETTE" L. REED.

Clara Barton's endurance is unprecedented, and I have never known her equal. SURGEON-IN-CHIEF A. MONAE-LESSER.

Gentleness, sweetness, quiet unobtrusiveness were her armor; from dawn to midnight usually her working day; the frugal meal at Red Cross headquarters was frequently prepared solely by her hand. CHARLES A. BAKER, Treasurer, Red Cross.

Clara Barton: My working hours are fourteen out of the twenty-four.

Port Royal Nurse: You mean eighteen out of the twenty-four, Miss Barton, don't you?

I NEVER GET TIRED—EATING, THE LEAST OF MY TROUBLES

"Miss Barton, these workers say they are *starving,*" said "Sister Harriette"; "it's four o'clock, and they have had nothing to eat since early morning."

"Why, bless their dear hearts; I had forgotten all about them. Take them to the restaurant across the street, and get them something to eat."

"But, Miss Barton, you need a rest and something to eat as much as we do." "Oh, no, I never get tired, you know, and eating is the least of my troubles." Miss Barton kept at her work in the warehouse, unpacking and repacking, preparatory to leaving.

In the dusk of the evening, her assistants returned and Miss Barton was still there, alone, and at work. Turning to the workers Sister Harriette said: "Did you ever see such a tireless worker? Miss Barton must have some source of strength we know nothing about."

The relief workers had cared for, provisioned and resettled in their homes 30,000 negro refugees, victims of

the cyclone and hurricane disaster on the Carolina Islands. The party arrived at Beaufort late that night; the "workers," worn out; Clara Barton, as vigorous as when the relief-work-campaign opened ten months before.

XLVII

Clara Barton, "Our Lady of the Red Cross"—her real life is measured by deeds, not days—rich in the joy of service.

MARY R. PARKMAN—Author of *Heroines of Service.*

The ladies of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, presented Clara Barton with a gold pin having a large diamond in the center. From it hung two small gold chains to which was attached a superb gold locket with a beautiful sapphire on the face of it. THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton learned how to care for her many pets which lived in the farm yard and was especially fond of horses. Her turkeys, dogs, geese, and cats were added to Clara's stock of pets. She also learned to milk the cows. ENGLISH AUTHOR.

I was a very poor boy, hired on a flat-boat at $8.00 a month—if you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge.

A. LINCOLN.

I have neither clerk nor typewriter; I still *aristocratically* eat by myself and do my own work. CLARA BARTON.

ROYALTY UNDER A QUAKER BONNET

Clara Barton had at Glen Echo a beautiful pet Jersey cow. This she personally cared for, feeding and milking her morning and evening. While milking the cow she would wear usually a plain black gown, white and blue checked apron, a white shawl over her shoulders, and on her head a brown, old-fashioned Quaker bonnet.

As pendants on her breast there would be the elegant Pansy pin, presented to her by the Grand Duchess of Baden, and the Iron Cross of Prussia, presented to her by the Emperor of Germany. These royal jewels she had promised the donors to wear as long as she lived, and the promise she faithfully kept, whether she was in the parlor entertaining guests or in the yard among the animals doing the "chores."

Miss Barton: What beautiful medals you are wearing.

Diplomat: Oh, yes, Miss Barton, but mine are from my own country, while yours are from the whole world.

XLVIII

Clara Barton, a Christian-like spirit.

Pueblo (Colo.) *Chieftain.*

Clara Barton—no other woman has come so near the Christ Spirit. Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. JOHN MILTON.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. JULIUS CAESAR.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. SHAKESPEARE.

The wicked plotteth against the just. PSALMS.

The black destroyers, the red torturers
Shall vanish—they like smoke shall disappear.
MOTHER ARMENIA.

Women always find their bitterest foes among their own sex.
J. PETIT-SENN.

'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
JOHN MILTON.

The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed. LOWELL.

The utmost ingenuity of metaphysics cannot
Excuse the man who wantonly wounds another.
BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

A woman's shape doth shield thee. SHAKESPEARE.

Aunt Clara has only Christian forgiveness for others.
STEPHEN E. BARTON (Executor of the Clara Barton estate, 1911).

Clara Barton had no time to hate; only time to serve, to live, to give,—one of the greatest souls that ever came to earth.
ALICE HUBBARD.

STILL STAMPING ON ME—PERSONALLY UNHARMED

In a letter under date of November 20, 1905, Clara Barton said: "I thank you for the clipping concerning Miss ——'s lecture. I have received others not at all complimentary to me personally. I am learning some very bad things of myself.

I wonder whether it ever occurs to her that taking a reputation and appropriating the work of another might be quite honest. I have, however, nothing to say. I have done with it all and so long as I am left *personally* unharmed I expect nothing more. They have long ago done everything else, and I have lived through it thus far. If they think their work will progress faster, or show better, by still stamping on me I shall not complain. I never have."

The fairest action of human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury.

XLIX

Clara Barton—Let all flags fly at half-mast, and all the world stand reverently with uncovered head.

Richmond (Va.) *Leader.*

The world stands with uncovered head.

Chicago (Ills.) *Inter-Ocean.*

A grateful world pays tribute to her. Boston (Mass.) *Pilot.*

Her soul goes marching on. Boston (Mass.) *Journal.*

The pomp that is attendant on funerals feeds rather the vanity of the living than does honor to the dead. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Let me not be made to appear proud and fond of vain show, when I am dead. JOHN BURROUGHS.

When her mother died Clara Barton wore no evidence of mourning. THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton said that death was only one of the things of life, a part of life. She is not dead; I cannot even say she is away.

ALICE HUBBARD—In *The Fra.*

Clara Barton still lives. FATHER TYLER.

Great sorrows speak not. C. MARAT.

The deeper the sorrow the less the tongue has it. TALMUD.

Suspect that sorrow which is anxious to show itself. RUZZIK.

Some grief shows much love
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the living and the dead knows it not. XENOPHON.

Christ never preached any funeral sermons.

REV. D. L. MOODY.

I cannot go to Heaven until my work is done. CLARA BARTON.

How often I have wondered whether or not the souls will know us in the Great Beyond. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross is a peculiar institution, without nationality, race, creed or sect, embracing the entire world in its humanizing bond of brotherhood; without arbitrary laws or rules, and yet stronger than armies and higher than thrones. CLARA BARTON.

The world is my country; to do good is my religion.

TOM PAINE.

I know no section. In the labors that have come to me the nations of the world, and their strange tongues, have become my own. CLARA BARTON.

Just to have seen the collection of flags from all over the world, brought together through the mercy and loving kindness of one woman, made us feel that a Peace Proclamation is not an improbable thing. ALICE HUBBARD.

There flowed in upon Clara Barton blessings uttered in all tongues known among men. Portland (Ore.) *Telegram*.

All nations shall call you blessed. MALACHAI.

AT THE MEMORIAL—"THE FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS"—A GOOD TIME

Charon, the ancient guide over the River Styx, was peculiarly equipped to serve departing souls. Follow-

ing the souls' escape from earth, mourning customs are as numerous as are tribes and nations, as varied as are nationalities. At funerals, lives have been sacrificed, human forms disfigured, mourners employed, bells rung, lighted candles used—to serve their respective purposes, as have food, jewels, implements and weapons at the "last resting place."

> Go, call for the mourners and raise the lament,
> Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent,—

Funerals and memorials sometimes are to honor the dead; sometimes to cater to the vanity of the living; sometimes seemingly to strengthen an organization, social, religious, political, but in every instance following custom's ways. Were not the public funeral display the custom, it would be sacrilege—custom sanctifies barbarity. Averse to personal display Clara Barton was also averse to the use of any custom of public mourning.

At the memorial held in honor of America's greatest humanitarian, soon after her passing, the stage and the boxes of the theatre were decorated with flags that had been given to Clara Barton by grateful nations. Some were of silk, rich and magnificent; some, battle-stained and bullet-scarred. Some she had carried on the battlefield along with the Red Cross flag, the emblem to the sick, wounded and dying, that an Angel of Mercy was winging her way to their presence. There were the flags of England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Norway, France, Russia, Cuba, Prussia, Holland, Greece, Switzerland, Turkey—and the flag of the United States.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime.

Anticipating that there might be a memorial for her by the Philadelphia School of Nurses, Clara Barton thus advised the President: "Do not make it a serious occasion; let the people laugh if they want to, and tell stories and have a good time. There is no reason why it should be serious."

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier.

L

Clara Barton—a biography of absorbing interest.

Duluth (Minn.) *Tribune.*

Clara Barton wrote several golden pages in the history of the brotherhood of man. Houghton (Mich.) *Gazette.*

"Amici! diem perdidimus" (Friends! we have lost a day), said Titus when at the end of a day he had nothing memorable for his diary. THE AUTHOR.

Nothing is of greater value than a single day. GOETHE.

A great library contains the diary of the human race.

GEORGE DAWSON.

The diary is greatly relied on by the writers of history, but—

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Tolstoi keeps a diary in which he notes down what he has been thinking. Translator for Tolstoi.

Diaries tell their little tales with a directness, a candor conscious or unconscious, a closeness of outlook which gratifies our sense of security. Reading them is like gazing through a small pane of clear glass. *Varia*—By AGNES REPPLIER.

A man's diary is a record in youth of his sentiments, in middle age of his actions, in old age of his reflections.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A well kept diary is one of the most interesting productions of human industry—not the least benefit of a diary is that it produces a taste for writing. REVEREND WILLIAM SUTTON, S. J.

We converse with the absent by letters, and with ourselves by

diaries—many of our greatest characters in public life have left such monuments of their diurnal labors. ISAAC DISRAELI.

Her unpublished diaries and letters are my chief original sources of information that the book should come forth with the force of an autobiography. *The Life of Clara Barton,* by Epler.

Only two classes of people can keep diaries of unimportant things —those who never have time to do anything else and those who have stopped doing things. I have done neither. CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton's war diaries, and diaries of her travels, if published, would be eagerly read by the people and be of great historic interest. THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton could say with Seneca: "I keep an account of my expenses; I cannot affirm that I lose nothing, but I can tell you what I lose, and why, and in what manner." THE AUTHOR.

CLARA BARTON KEPT A DIARY

The diary is an important factor in literary culture, and likewise in history. Diaries in some form are probably co-existent with the history of man. Keeping diaries, however, was revived in the seventeenth century. The best known diaries are those by Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, of England. In this country, among the many well known diarists are John Quincy Adams and Henry David Thoreau. From youth continuous through her long and eventful life, Clara Barton kept a diary. The subject matter therein consists of routine daily work, travels, public functions, personal opinions of people she met, and philosophizing, which would fill volumes with interesting reading.

In her diary also she discussed questions of the day, public men, the problem of life, spiritualism, religion, politics,—everything that passes through the human mind, besides keeping account of every cent expended and for what purpose. By reading her diaries, almost any friend could find Miss Barton's opinion of himself. Before retiring for the night her custom, amounting almost to a religious one, was to write in her diary the day's events.

> Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
> The forms our pencil or our pen designed;
> Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face,
> Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

Illustrating this remarkable characteristic in her life are appended two excerpts of a domestic nature from her diary in 1907, she then being eighty-seven years of age.

"DOING MY WORK," AT 87

Friday, October 18, 1907.

This is my first day (since my illness) of doing my work and having a guest, but it has gone superbly. The breakfast table was neatly elegant—all silver and glass except the plates and cups and saucers. We had soft boiled eggs, cooked on the table, corn flakes, and a delightful platter of cream toast, with grapes, apple sauce, Dutch cheese and thick cream, and two kinds of coffee. Mr. Brown went to town returning at 5 P.M., when we had supper (or dinner)—a nicely cooked steak and sausage, fine potatoes, rice pudding, bananas, cake and tea—fruit.

I arranged the milk and cream, put the house in

order, took care of lamps and room, and drafted a long letter to the Grand Duchess (from the medium), and Empress.

Doctor got Uncle Silas to come at evening and I engaged one hundred bundles of fodder at .04 cents a bundle, to be bought and put in the stable next week.

Have talked with Mr. Brown concerning Lucy.

"A RATHER HARD DAY"

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1907, Glen Echo.

Another fine day. But an experience this morning was anything but that. As Mrs. Barker did not come I was "doing up" the breakfast dishes at the sink and had put a kettle of beans on the stove to parboil for baking, as Doctor had expressed a desire for them. A rather heavy coal fire was going for this purpose. Suddenly I was startled by a great rush at the stove. Supposing that my kettle of beans had boiled over, I turned to see a flame three feet high from a vehicle larger than my kettle, pouring a liquid out over the hot stove that blazed the moment it touched. The Doctor had wanted to use some tar about the roof, and brought in a two-gallon tin bucket partly full and set it on the stove to warm up, and left it without speaking or in any way calling my attention to it. It had gotten boiling hot, and my first notice of its presence was the burst of blaze. The bucket of boiling black tar running over all on fire, the flame streaming up some two feet high. I called the Doctor at the cellar steps, at the windows—no response. The blaze went higher and wider. The carpenters must be on the roof and to the top I rushed, to find no one there—down again. I saw I was the only

person on the premises. The room was dark with smoke. I could see little but the blaze. Four feet to the left stood a five-gallon can of kerosene oil for the lamps. I could not remove it and, if I could, I must carry it directly past the flame—if a spark reached, we would be blown to atoms, house and all. The floor was bare, with one or two small *cotton* mats. I dared not use even them. There was but one way; I must grapple the boiling, blazing mass, take it across the room and throw it from the window. I had no inflammable material on me, being dressed in entire black silk, waist and skirt. There was no time to lose. I tore away the curtain, raised the window to its fullest height, seized the bucket firmly with both hands and landed it on the ground. I knew the smoke must raise outside help as I did it. The Doctor had been to the post office. He rushed in to find me in the midst of darkness. I had closed the doors at first, still the smoke poured out of the chamber windows we kept closed. My right hand, which had taken the tip of the bucket, was nearly covered in a coat of tar, put on boiling hot, and to stay. I did not try to remove it but put it in hot water and went to work with it. I need not say that the rest of the day was needed, and given to the house, but we were only too thankful that we *had* a house to clean up. The tar coating and hot water saved the hand, so that a few heavy blisters tell the story of their hardship. It is all over now. I write this the *next* day; last night I could not have done it.

Doctor went to Mrs. Warneke's; I remained home. Mrs. Hinton came but I made no mention of the morning adventure. She has commenced her new home. I gave her butter, fruit, jellies, to help her table. A *rather* hard day.

LI

All the world pays homage to the nurse—poets, warriors, statesmen, kings, and the numberless multitudes of human sufferers. . . . EUGENE UNDERHILL, M.D., author of *"Nursing—The Heart of the Art."*

Efficient nurses are the most difficult to obtain of all aid in Red Cross work. CLARA BARTON.

I never claimed to be a nurse. There are hundreds of women who could nurse as well as I, if not better, than I could.

CLARA BARTON.

Time is the great physician. DISRAELI.

Physicians mend or end us. LORD BYRON.

Send for a physician;—but the sick man answered, "It is no matter for, if I die, I'll die at leisure." LORD BACON.

For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end. IRONQUILL.

NURSING A FINE ART—OVER THE WASHTUB

Was Clara Barton a nurse? Yes, and Florence Nightingale said that nursing is a fine art; and to succeed requires greater devotion than that in the art of painting or sculpture, for nursing has to do with "the living body, the temple of God's spirit." It's probably the finest of the fine arts. Clara Barton did not assume

the rôle of an art-nurse; she said others could surpass her in this art.

Miss Barton in her passion for service claimed to be only a "working-woman." Work did not undignify her; instead, she seemed to dignify work—she surely made nursing popular. Work was a part of the best religion she ever had. With her

> Human hopes and human creeds
> Have their seat in human needs.

The day preceding the delivery of her public address she spent washing the clothes of the family and the linen of the household. Such exercise, more useful than golf and serving like purpose, strengthened the muscles, increased the blood circulation, made the brain active.

Commenting on the "wash-tub custom" her old physician said as she became so very tired after a hard day's washing at first he used to protest, then facetiously remarked,

> But her spirits always rose
> Like the bubbles in the clothes;

and therefore he concluded that Miss Barton knew better than he did what was good for her.

LII

Clara Barton—The millions she has blest.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

With the gleam of the scarlet she walks with the immortals now.

Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette.*

One of the few immortal names. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Oh! the love of woman, the love of woman! no coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty can extinguish thee! Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, where everything around thee is dead forever.

WILL CARLETON.

Will Carleton—author of "The New Church Organ," "Betsy and I are Out," "Over the Hill to the Poor-house," and many others. THE AUTHOR.

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

IMMORTAL WORDS—A MILLION THANKS

The following correspondence occurred between two beloved Americans:

On the occasion of Memorial Day, May 30, 1895, at Arlington, Will Carleton delivered the poem. It

was so fine that at its close I felt a great desire to reach him with some word of appreciation and, tearing a scrap from an envelope which I had, I wrote this upon it:

Thanks: Immortal thanks for immortal words.
Arlington, 1895. (*Signed*) CLARA BARTON.

Folding and addressing the scrap to Mr. Will Carleton, Miss Barton passed it to the next person, who graciously passed it to the next, and so on, through possibly a hundred hands, until finally it was lodged with Mr. Carleton. In due course of time, another little scrap with the following words came back to Miss Barton, through the same hands:

To Miss Clara Barton,
A million thanks to one,
Who hath a million plaudits won,
For deeds of love to many millions done.
(Signed) WILL CARLETON.

LIII

Wherever flowers cannot be reared, there man cannot live.
NAPOLEON.

A rose to the living is sweet. CLARA BARTON.

The roses are sweet, and blessed be they who bring them into one's life. CLARA BARTON.

A heaven-sent gift, and blessing, is the rose,
Its grace inspireth aspirations high. E. G. BROWNE.

The red rose has been blazoned with a boar's head on the Barton crest ever since the War of the Roses.
DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON.

All the world brings its roses to the bier of Clara Barton.
Grand Rapids Herald.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground—to die.
RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

There's the rosemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. SHAKESPEARE.

THE PANSY PIN—FOR THOUGHTS

Once Friendship weaves its silken band
It cannot be by time or distance broken;
And severed friends are bound by Mem'ry's hand
More closely by some little simple token.

The "Pansy Pin," of which so much has been written, and which Miss Barton continually wore, was given to

her by the Grand Duchess of Baden. The pin is about as large as the case of a lady's watch and in the shape of a pansy. The five petals are splendid amethysts and a single large beautiful pearl rests in the center, like a dew drop. The gift was accompanied with the words: "This is a simple gift, but it is a pansy which means 'for thoughts.' "

Jeweler—"Miss Barton, do you know the value of that pin?"

Miss Barton—"No, sir, it was a present to me."

Jeweler—"Each of these jewels is almost priceless. They represent a king's ransom."

Miss Barton—"The pin is priceless to me. I always wear it 'for thoughts' of a very dear friend."

LIV

AT A DINNER IN LONDON

Lord Stratford—Will the guests kindly write on a slip of paper the name of the one, including the famous generals, who served in the Crimean War they think will be the longest remembered?

Guests—Florence Nightingale (written on every slip).

THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton is to America what Florence Nightingale is to us.

London Times.

No general that led hosts to victory on the battlefield is nearly so secure of lasting fame as is the name of Clara Barton.

Dayton (Ohio) *Journal.*

Miss Nightingale found herself misunderstood and lost her Governmental position—suffering much from Governmental heartlessness and neglect. England, in later Governmental acts, was more appreciative of her war heroine. . . . PERCY H. EPLER.

English women are solid and sensible, learned and self-possessed, and all the world respects them. CLARA BARTON.

Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God's world. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A white marble cross, 20 feet high, overlooking Balaclava and seen from ships crossing the Black Sea, is known as the "Nightingale Cross,"—erected at the personal expense of Florence Nightingale in memory of the soldiers and nurses who died in the Crimean War. THE AUTHOR.

© *American Red Cross*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Clara Barton is to America what Florence Nightingale is to us.
London *Times*.

I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our Country's work—it is what we live for. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Florence Nightingale, covered with the praises and honors of the world.
CLARA BARTON.

See pages 183; 197.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE MEMORIAL ON THE MALL, LONDON

(Left to right.) The monument erected at Waterloo Place, corner of Pall Mall, London, England, to the memory of Florence Nightingale. Funds, by public subscription. Unveiled, February 24, 1915.

"To the memory of 2162 officers, non-com. officers and privates of Brigade of Guards who fell during the war with Russia in 1854-1856. Erected by their comrades."

(In front) Statue of Sidney Herbert, associated with the life work of Florence Nightingale.

CLARA BARTON PAYS RESPECTS TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

In the year 1854 occurred the Crimean War. At the Scutari and Barrack Hospitals, Florence Nightingale rendered service that gave her immortal fame. "Her services there," said Clara Barton in 1882, "marked an era never before reached in the progress of the world. When Miss Nightingale, with her thirty-eight faithful attendants, sailed from the shores of England, it meant more for the advancement of the world, more for its future history, than all the fleets of armies and navies, cannon and commissary, munitions of war, and regiments of men, than had sailed before her in that vast campaign.

"This unarmed pilgrim band of women that day not only struck a blow at the barbarities of war, but they laid the axe deep at the root of war itself. When Florence Nightingale, covered with the praises and honors of the world, bending under the weight of England's gratitude, again sought her green island home, it was to seek also a bed of painful invalidism, from which she has never risen and probably never will."

'Tis good that thy name springs
From two of earth's fairest things
A stately city and a sweet-voiced bird.

LV

How age is a matter of individual commendation I have never been able to set. CLARA BARTON.

We have no control over the beginning of life and, unless criminally, none over its ending. CLARA BARTON.

It is not my fault, if my gray hairs are not honorable.
JOHN B. GOUGH.

One is as old as his strength. CLARA BARTON.

We can neither hasten, nor arrest, age. CLARA BARTON.

Let work be thy measure of life. W. E. H. LECKY.

We live in deeds, not years—we should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
PHILIP J. BAILEY.

Although she had lived more than ninety years Clara Barton never gave the impression to anyone that she was an old woman. 'Her age knows no time.' She gave to the world nearly a century of work. ALICE HUBBARD.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a noble line—by deeds, not years. PIZARRO.

Age is opportunity no less than youth itself, but in a different dress. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSING OF YEARS—RIGHT HABITS OF LIFE

At the age of 11 years Clara Barton was a nurse; at 15 years, a teacher; at 34 years, a clerk in the Patent

Office; at 40 years, a nurse in the Civil War; at 59 years, an organizer of nurses in the Franco-Prussian war; at 60 years, President of the American Red Cross; at 78 years as President of the Red Cross in the Spanish-American war; at 83 years, retired from the Presidency of the Red Cross; at 84 years, organizer and the President of the National First Aid Association, which Presidency she held up to the time of her death in 1912, when she was 91 years of age.

Commenting on the passing of years, Clara Barton philosophizes: "Age is no business of ours. We have no control over its beginning and, unless criminally, none over its ending. I have never, since a child, kept a 'birthday' nor thought of it only as a reminder by others.

"I have been able to see that persistent marking of dates, and adding one mile-stone every year, encourages the feeling of helplessness, and release from activities which might still be a pleasure to the possessor. Somehow it has come to me to consider strength and activity, aided so far as possible by right habits of life, as forming a more correct line of limitation than the mere 'passing of years.'"

LVI

Clara Barton, the good angel of comfort, will live enshrined in the hearts of America and of the world.

Western Christian (Ohio) *Advocate.*

Great evils die hard. CLARA BARTON.

Don't drink. A. LINCOLN.

Cold water,—the only beverage I have used, or allowed, in my family. A. LINCOLN.

The saloon, the most blighting curse;—liquor traffic, the tragedy of civilization—I am a practical prohibitionist. A. LINCOLN.

Intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all the evils among mankind. A. LINCOLN.

The one victory we can ever call complete will be that one which proclaims there is not one slave nor drunkard on the face of God's green earth.

A. LINCOLN—(In a letter to George E. Pickett.)

Although the temperance cause has been in progress for nearly twenty years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success hitherto unparalleled.—Hail, full of fury! Reign of reason, all hail! A. LINCOLN, February 22, 1842.

Humanity is the peculiar characteristic of great minds.

CHESTERFIELD.

Lincoln's tenderness was as gentle as a woman's.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Lincoln was human and thus touched the chord that makes the world akin. H. W. BOLTON, D.D.

God has placed the genius of women in their hearts, because the works of their genius are always the works of love. LAMARTINE.

SHE WON HIS HEART

The son had broken a mother's heart, and crushed out her life. The relatives and other mourners were at the open grave, made ready to receive her. Among them stood the son, then maudlin with drink. In that pathetic scene was Clara Barton. She stepped to the side of the boy, and grasped his arm. The ceremony halted. In a low voice she made her appeal; she won his heart; he promised— The casket was lowered; the group separated and she led the boy away. A few more words, then humanity's friend and the boy parted, she to other deeds of mercy and he to a new life.

LVII

The philosophy of the old-time African servitor was of the most consoling character—he preached the gospel of contentment, perhaps as divine as any other principle of the moral law.

LaSalle Corbell Pickett—*"In de Miz Series."*

America had freed a race. Clara Barton.

A gift must be outright. Clara Barton.

Our gifts fall short of the best. Clara Barton.

Charity and beneficence are degraded by being reduced to a dependence upon a system of beggary. Clara Barton.

Charity bears an open palm; to give is her mission.

Clara Barton.

How good it is to make two blades of grass grow where was one.

Clara Barton.

I know I am right because I know liberty is right. A. Lincoln.

The colored people would probably help, in some trying time, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom. A. Lincoln.

My early history is perfectly characterized by a single line of Grey's elegy:

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

A. Lincoln.

The history of philanthropy has few brighter pages to record than at the Sea Island Hurricane, and its pleasant memories will gladden the hearts long after its weary hours are forgotten.

Clara Barton.

YOU BUY IT FOR HIM

The policy of the Red Cross was to help people to true independence by enabling them to support themselves by their own work. In Galveston after the flood had produced widespread ruin, Clara Barton authorized her field agent to visit the coast towns, ascertain the needs of the people, and send in requisitions by telegraph. As the agent was leaving on this mission she said:

At the Sea Islands one day a negro came to see me. He said that we had built a little house for him, fenced in his field and garden and given him seed and plow and tools to work with. Now if he had a horse or a mule or a little bull to pull the plow he could put in his crops. I gave instructions that his need should be supplied and, as the horse or mule could not be found, a two-year-old steer was bought for him.

Now you are going to the coast country, but wherever you go in all the world if you find anybody who needs a horse or a mule or a little bull, you buy it for him.

> Oh, chillun, life's contra'wise,
> But you'll neber know no diff'unce
> 'Twel you's knockin' at de skies.

LVIII

Clara Barton—perhaps the most perfect incarnation of mercy the modern world has known. *Detroit Free Press.*

Peace and good will to all the world. CLARA BARTON.

Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, pass no criticism. GEORGE ELIOT.

Humanity is much more shown in our conduct towards animals than towards our fellow creatures. CHESTERFIELD.

Some animals are so faithful that I hate to call them brutes. LORD ERSKINE.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity. RUSKIN.

Clara Barton's affection for dumb animals showed itself in almost every letter. REV. PERCY H. EPLER.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. CORIOLANUS.

Asoka, Ruler of India, about 300 years before Christ, organized hospitals for the treatment of animals. LAJPAT RAI.

Clara Barton had some reward in the fact that every human living thing that knew her loved her. Roanoke (Va.) *News.*

OR GOD WOULDN'T HAVE MADE THEM

Just back of the old Red Cross house at Glen Echo, the hills slope somewhat abruptly about 100 feet down

to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The canal is still in use, with its locks intact, the boats plying day and night up and down between its banks. The canal is historic—one of the oldest in the United States. It is of unusual interest because the first construction work was under the supervision of George Washington, he being the President of the canal company. The canal was operated long before railroads came into use in this country. From the Red Cross house forest trees and thick underbrush cover the slope of the hills down to the canal.

One day Miss Barton had a distinguished guest, who wanted to stroll down to the edge of the canal and have her tell him about it. Miss Barton accompanying him, they made their way slowly through the growth of ferns, tall brakes, thick underbrush and dead timbers. On their way a "cotton tail" jumped out from the brush. The visitor suddenly pulled out of his pocket a pistol to kill the rabbit but Miss Barton protested, saying: "I do not permit wild animals to be killed around my place. These animals are my friends; I am very fond of them." The visitor, disappointed in not enjoying the "sport" of killing, tried to convince his hostess that the squirrels, rabbits, muskrats and other such animals would injure her fruit trees, destroy her flowers and ruin her garden. Miss Barton mildly responded: "I suppose they do, but they also must do some good in the world too, or God wouldn't have made them."

LIX

All creeds in need of help enlisted Clara Barton's sympathies and received her cordial assistance. HARRIETTE L. REED, Past National Secretary, Woman's Relief Corps.

Neither "Mental" nor "Christian" Science, nor Theosophy claims to be new, but only the distinct enunciation of great world-wide truths. TOLSTOI.

I read "Science and Health" very conscientiously at all times.
CLARA BARTON.

I accepted Christian Science as something better than I had known, without seeing its text books, without ever having heard an argument. CLARA BARTON.

Isn't it blessed that the way is opening for the relief of the ills of the human race—poor, suffering race, how many of our ills we make ourselves. CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON—MARY BAKER EDDY

Clara Barton and Mary Baker Eddy * were warm personal friends.

For three years Clara Barton attended the Christian Science Church, but did not become a member. On numerous occasions Miss Barton expressed high estimation of the work done under the leadership of that most wonderful woman, Mary Baker Eddy, in the religious life of the people. Spiritually these two great women were in harmony.

* Born July 16, 1821, five months and nine days before Clara Barton.

"Miss Clara Barton," says Mrs. Eddy, "dipped her pen in my heart, and traced its emotions, motives and objects. Then lifting the curtain of mortal mind, she depicted its rooms, guests, standing and seating capacity, and thereafter gave her discovery to the press.

"Now, if Miss Barton were not a venerable soldier, patriot, philanthropist, moralist and stateswoman, I should shrink from much salient praise, but in consideration of all that Miss Barton really is, and knowing that she can bear the blame which may follow said description of her soul visit, I will say 'Amen,' so be it."

On December 5, 1910, in her diary, Clara Barton writes: "This morning brings the sad news of the death of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy." In the diary the following day Miss Barton writes: "More particulars concerning the passing of Mrs. Eddy. All so quiet, correct—no form, no excitement, no mourning; all peaceful, thoughtful, proper. What a lesson she has taught the world, and what faithful, apt scholars she has taught and trained! The greatest woman of all; her life a signal triumph and her death the greatest of all.

"No criticisms *now,* no light comments. Her followers bow in meek submission and her foes stand rebuked. There is no such person left, no such mind, no such ability. Long ago I said she was our greatest living woman; I now say she is our greatest dead."

LX

Clara Barton has given us a constant lesson in thrift. She lived so simply that at her desk, at work, a piece of bread and cheese and one apple was her dinner; a frugal supper and a most abstemious breakfast. ALICE HUBBARD.

Count Tolstoi gave up his whole time to mitigating the suffering caused by the Russian famine. CLARA BARTON.

The simple needs being the only true needs, their satisfaction alone is guaranteed. TOLSTOI.

The satisfaction of all simple, normal wants is guaranteed to men as it is to the bird and the flower. TOLSTOI.

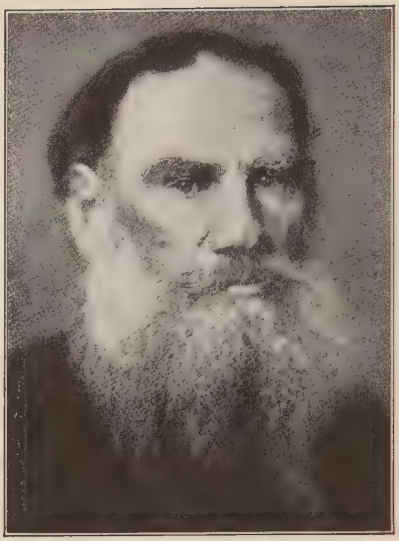
The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Economy, prudence, and the simple life are the sure masters of need. CLARA BARTON.

LIKE TOLSTOI SHE LIVED THE SIMPLE LIFE

Clara Barton's food was of the simplest. Costly food, even at another's expense, she could not enjoy; eating costly food, to her, seemed a sin. For breakfast, her first choice of menu was a dish of graham mush, with milk and fruit; her second choice, meal grains and vegetables, with simple accompaniments.

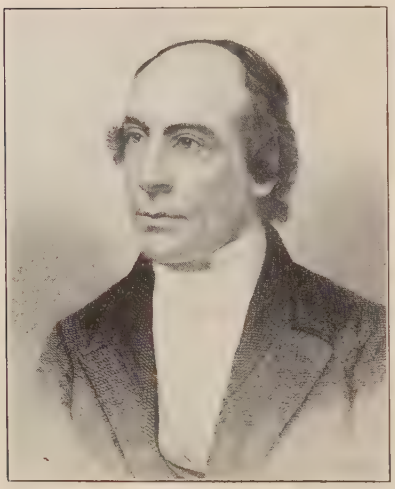
A favorite meal was bread, cheese and a Rhode Island Greening Apple. Two meals a day satisfied, and nothing eaten between meals. No tea, no coffee,



COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOI

I would like to visit the United States, but I would want to spend the time among the farmers. Give Clara Barton my love; I feel that we are related.—Count Lyof Nikolayevitch Tolstoi.

CO-WORKERS WITH CLARA BARTON



DR. HENRY W. BELLOWS

Miss Barton, I trust you will press this (Red Cross) matter upon our present administration with all the might of your well-earned influence.—Dr. Henry W. Bellows (November 21, 1881). Ex-Chairman, U. S. Sanitary Commission.

DR. JULIAN B. HUBBELL

Clara Barton was scrupulously honest, severely economical in her personal needs, always sacrificing self for others, and her simple life in her home was as beautiful as her public life.—Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, Clara Barton's physician and co-worker in the field for thirty years.

no substitutes, and no wine. A bottle of wine presented by a friend would last from one year to five years. There is now a bottle of Bordeaux, in her old home at Glen Echo, that has been there for twenty-five years. Like Tolstoi, she was a vegetarian, and an advocate of "low fare"; but, like Tolstoi, she did not so much as advise the household of which she was a member what to eat, or how much to eat. Like Tolstoi, Clara Barton lived the simple life, but did not impose her philosophy upon others; like Tolstoi, she lived to a ripe old age, endured persecution, and served the human race. So much in common were their habits of living, and their philosophy of human life, that Tolstoi, in sending his love to Clara Barton, said: "I feel that we are related."

LXI

Two Angels—God's sweet gifts, one of the Old World, one of the New.—E. MAY GLENN TOON.

Just as Florence Nightingale was "The Angel of Crimea," so Clara Barton was "The Angel of the World's Battlefields."

Boston Transcript.

Florence Nightingale, who introduced into the world a system of women hospital nurses, was ousted from her Governmental position, she then being an invalid. Later the treatment accorded to her by England was made a national issue, and on that issue her admirers and friends overwhelmingly won. THE AUTHOR.

At the unveiling of the Florence Nightingale Memorial in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, as she pulled the cord revealing the beautiful sculpture, Queen Victoria said: "I have great pleasure in unveiling this memorial." THE AUTHOR.

Although unknown to each other save in name, the "Lady of the Lamp" and the "Angel of the Battlefield" were indeed sisters.

CONSTANCE WAKEFORD.

When Florence Nightingale labored among the sick and wounded at Scutari, Clara Barton was still writing beautiful "copper-plate style" in the office at Washington. ENGLISH AUTHOR.

When Florence Nightingale had safely returned to her lovely home in England, the great call came to Clara Barton away on the other side of the Atlantic. ENGLISH AUTHOR.

For half a century we have thanked God for what Florence Nightingale has wrought and taught. CONSTANCE WAKEFORD.

Clara Barton's personal devotion had already planted the idea of the Red Cross in the heart of the American people better than any official bureau could do. *Heroines of Modern Progress.*

I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our country's work—it is what we live for. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

What is money without a country! CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Clara Barton was born in 1821 and lived to be ninety-one years of age.

Florence Nightingale was born in 1820 and lived to be ninety years of age.

Cl ra Barton lived her long life without marrying; Florence Nightingale likewise lived her long life without marrying.

Clara Barton is known as the "Angel of the Battlefield"; Florence Nightingale, as the "Lady of the Lamp."

Although they were strangers to each other, they are known as, indeed, sisters.

Clara Barton had the distinction of being born on Christmas and passing away on Easter; Florence Nightingale had the distinction of having for a name the name of a stately city and a sweet-voiced bird.

Clara Barton as a nurse had her first experience nursing a brother by the name of David; Florence Nightingale as a nurse had her first experience caring for a pet shepherd dog by the name of "Cap."

Clara Barton on an army wagon seated with a mule driver left Washington to go to the battlefields of the

Civil War; Florence Nightingale on board of a vessel with 38 other nurses, sailed from England to go to the hospitals at Scutari, Turkey, in the Crimean War.

Clara Barton continually "followed the cannon" from the camps of the soldiers on to the "firing line"; Florence Nightingale lived at Scutari, but on one occasion inspected the camps of the soldiers at Balaclava within hearing of the cannon.

Clara Barton had for a pet, presented to her, a white Arabian horse and known as "Baba"; Florence Nightingale had for a pet, presented to her, a Russian hound, and known as "Miss Nightingale's Crimean Dog."

Clara Barton wore the Iron Cross of Prussia, representing Germany, and presented to her by Emperor William I; Florence Nightingale wore a brooch bearing a St. George's Cross, in red enamel on a white field representing England, and presented to her by Queen Victoria.

Clara Barton received from the Sultan of Turkey a "Diploma," and "Decorations"; Florence Nightingale received from the Sultan of Turkey a costly diamond necklace.

The United States Government refused to appropriate one thousand dollars for a memorial tablet to Clara Barton in the Red Cross Building; England conferred on Florence Nightingale the dignity of a "Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," and later the still higher "Order of Merit," founded by King Edward VII himself, in 1902.

The people of the United States contributed to a fund for Clara Barton—well, perhaps, this is a secret and should not be told here; the people of England contributed to a fund for Florence Nightingale, through

the Jenny Lind concerts and in other ways, a fund amounting to $250,000, the fund since used to establish the "Nightingale Home at St. Thomas' Hospital"—a Training School for Nurses.

By her request, Clara Barton was buried near her home at Oxford, Massachusetts; by her request, Florence Nightingale was buried near her home at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, England.

Clara Barton built for herself, at her own expense, a very unpretentious memorial in her family burying ground at Oxford; Her Majesty the Queen unveiled the memorial to Florence Nightingale in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, where are the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Wolsey and Lord Roberts.

The plain granite monument to Clara Barton in the country cemetery bears the inscription:

CLARA BARTON
ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD
Civil War 1861-1865.
Franco-Prussian War 1870-1871.
Spanish-American War 1898.
Organizer and President of the American
National Red Cross 1881-1904.
December 25, 1821—April 12, 1912.
B A R T O N

The memorial to Florence Nightingale is a beautiful sculpture in white marble, representing Florence Nightingale bending over a wounded soldier, to whose lips she is holding a cup. A rich alabaster frame surrounds the marble, inscribed above with a legend, "Blessed are the merciful" and below: Florence Night-

ingale, O. M.; born May 12, 1820—died August 13th, 1910.

Of two famous women be it written:

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their names live for evermore.

LXII

American Red Cross Founder, a life of sacrifice.

New York Tribune.

We realize the economies which Clara Barton lived and practiced, that she might give life and aid to those who were in dire need. *The Fra.*

Economy is not parsimony. BURKE.
Economy is no disgrace. BERZ.
It would be well if we had more misers. GOLDSMITH.

Economy is the poor man's mint. TUPPER.
Economy is half the battle of life. SPURGEON.
Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

A habit of economy is prolific of a numerous offspring of virtues.
C. BUTLER.
Sound economy is a sound understanding, brought into action.
HANNAH MORE.
It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a ship.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it.
DR. S. JOHNSON.

I was brought up New England, and I have the New England thrift. CLARA BARTON.

My expenses have been so heavy and my receipts so "nothing" that I cannot take on more "help." CLARA BARTON.

There must be no more big hotel bills; the money must be saved for the sufferers. CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton has often been known by those near her to rob herself of all her personal income—to carry on the work of an abiding and all-absorbing charity. DR. J. GARDNER.

At first I used to be shocked over her penuriousness but when I discovered the motive, that it was to save for others in need, no words could describe my conscience-stricken feeling and my admiration of that self-sacrificing woman.

GENERAL W. H. SEARS, "Secretary."

THE GENERAL HAS MONEY—I AM HIS RECONCENTRADO

When traveling on the cars, Clara Barton would take her lunches with her. At night she would sit up in the day coach, and not take a sleeper—because of the expense. She made a trip from Washington to Boston. Her secretary was with her. He wanted a sleeper. How could he enjoy the luxury and Miss Barton not know it? Miss Barton had taken her shawl—in a bundle tied together with straps—and laid her head on it for a pillow. "Now is my opportunity," thought the secretary, but she didn't close her eyes. Four or five hours any night was enough sleep for Miss Barton, and the secretary knew it. The secretary was becoming ill at ease. He said, "Now, if you will excuse me, Miss Barton, I will go to the smoking car and have a smoke." He was not there long;—he quietly slipped into the Pullman and went to sleep.

Early the next morning he passed unseen into the smoker of the day coach, then to where Miss Barton, bright and cheerful, was sitting. As nothing was said

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WOODROW WILSON

The President, also President of the American Red Cross Society, March 4, 1913-March 4, 1921.

I have learned, from all I have heard of Clara Barton, to admire her very much.

WOODROW WILSON (in 1918).

about "a good night's rest," he assumed that she thought he too had practiced self-denial. Nevertheless, he was ashamed over his "make-believe," and also that a lady of seventy years the possessor of wealth had beaten him, her able-bodied young secretary, on a small salary, at the "game of economy."

On arriving at Boston "Sister Harriette," owner of one of the ancestral homes of Massachusetts, was at the station to meet her. The secretary unsuspecting—still "blooded" and a "real sport"—as they entered the station restaurant said "Now, ladies, you are going to have breakfast with me this morning."

"Sister Harriette," having served with the Red Cross in the Spanish-American War and knowing the secretary, fully understood when Miss Barton slyly remarked "oh, yes, the General has money, you know; *he* travels in a Pullman and I am his reconcentrado."

LXIII

The greatest generals were proud to know her; eminent statesmen felt honored by her friendship.

Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post.*

Abraham Lincoln—the simplest, serenest, sublimest character of the age. U. S. Senator John M. Thurston.

The beauty of Lincoln's immortal character has thrown in the shade the splendor of his intellect. Bishop J. P. Newman.

Presidents Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, with their cabinets, have been actively interested in, and committed to its (Red Cross) work. Walter P. Phillips, Chairman, Red Cross Committee (in 1903).

Character is higher than intellect. Emerson.

Character is the dearest earthly possession. T. Sharp.

If our character is lovely we are loved. Preston.

Character lives in a man; reputation lives outside of him.

J. G. Holland.

Character, like everything else, is affected by all the forces that work upon it, and produce it. Bishop W. F. McDowell.

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed.

Anon.

The true character of a man displays itself in great events.

Napoleon.

Brains and character rule the world. The most distinguished Frenchman of the last century said: "Men succeed less by their talents than by their character." Wendell Phillips.

Great trials test great characteristics. CLARA BARTON.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties. EDWARD THOMPSON.

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of greatest minds. COLTON-LACON.

It is only by the active development of events that character and ability can be tested. A. LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SON

Robert T. Lincoln was Secretary of War.

When Clara Barton handed her card to the porter, he asked, "What do you want to see him about?"

"Just because he is Abraham Lincoln's son. I knew his father and merely want to pay my respects to him."

Clara Barton was admitted. The War Secretary rose as she entered the office, and Miss Barton opened the conversation by saying: "I knew President Lincoln well. He was good and kind to me in whatever I tried to do for the soldiers. He seemed to appreciate the little things I had succeeded in doing; and when there came a great undertaking (referring to making a record of the missing soldiers), so great as to appal with its seeming impossibility, he encouraged me. Survivors of the missing entreated me to undertake the work and, when other officials said it could not be done, your father, with his big heart, said 'I will help you.' He smoothed the way and made it possible, assisting me until the work was done. When I came back to Washington, he was not here to receive my grateful thanks. He had gone beyond all that. It was a sad little burden to carry around with me unshared, but I

have carried it. At home and beyond the sea, wherever I have been, it has gone with me, and I have come today to ask you, as his representative, to accept my burden of thanks for him."

The tears were filling Miss Barton's eyes before she had finished. She was abashed at her failure to control her emotions but, glancing up at the Secretary, she saw that he too was weeping. Looking at each other a moment in silence, the Secretary reached out his hand to Miss Barton and said "I do accept your tribute of thanks—for my father."

LXIV

Clara Barton—intelligent and reclaiming, her leading attributes.
Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution.*

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing. HOOD.

Man is an aristocrat among animals. HEINE.

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul. PROVERBS.

How deeply seated in the human heart is the injunction not to kill animals. TOLSTOI.

Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men.
JOSEPH ADDISON.

Could we understand the language of animals, how instructive a dialogue of dogs would be. EUDOXES.

Animals, in our degenerate age, are every day perishing under the hands of barbarity, without notice, without mercy. A. DEAN.

Surely the sensibility of brutes entitles them to a milder treatment than they usually meet with from hard and unthinking wretches. A. DEAN.

THE BUTCHER DIDN'T GET IT

"Miss Barton, the butcher has been here today. He wants to buy the little Jersey calf; offered me $5.00 for it," said the manager of the Red Cross home, "and I told him he could have it." "But he can't,—why didn't you ask me about it?" "Well, I knew we couldn't keep it; we need the milk—" "But the calf needs the milk too, and I tell you that the calf is not

going to be killed." "But I have sold it." "That doesn't make any difference; I haven't—and it's my calf."

"You just ask your neighbors, and they'll tell you that nobody thinks of raising a calf—in town here." "But I'm not asking my neighbors."

"Now, Miss Barton, don't you know we have no pasturage and we have to buy all our feed, and feed is high now, too."

"Never mind, we'll get the feed."

"But, Miss Barton, the calf is a nuisance around the house, and it will cost more——"

"Now, you've said enough; the calf is *not* a nuisance and *I* am paying the expenses. If you don't want to take care of the calf, I'll take care of it myself. Now go along and don't talk to me any more about that calf. The butcher will *not* get it."

And the butcher didn't get it.

LXV

Clara Barton, an example of charity to a younger generation.
Boston (Mass.) *Pilot.*

Woman! there is a place for thee; go forth and fill it, that in thee mankind may be doubly blessed. CLARA BARTON.

Let all things be done in charity. I. CORINTHIANS.
Go and sin no more. ST. JOHN.

The Lord alone can direct me. CLARA BARTON.
Go straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart.
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.
I never in my life performed a day's work at the field that was not grounded in that little sentence "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."
CLARA BARTON.

With malice towards none; with charity for all. A. LINCOLN.
Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun. HOOD.
O charity, thou friend to him who knows no other friend besides.
CANON BOWLES.
Charity and personal force are the only investment worth anything. WALT WHITMAN.
Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell a fable. COLTON.

Clara Barton—the candles of her charity lighted the gloom of death. *Grand Rapids Herald.*

Clara Barton—her beautiful deeds of charity.

Roswell Record.

How white are the fair robes of charity, as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor. HOSEAU BALLOU.

THE KIND OF GIRLS THAT NEEDED HELP

In Miss Barton's relief work in the overflow of the Ohio River at one of the stops, at Shawneetown, among the people who came on board the boat for relief were two girls. They had evidently told Clara Barton their needs in a private conversation and were leaving, when somebody living in the town came to Miss Barton and quietly told her that she had better not have anything to do with these girls; they were not the kind she should be helping.

Without ostentation, or without making any display about it, she called the girls back, had a long private talk with them and furnished them with all of the supplies they needed, in quiet defiance of the advice which had been volunteered about the character of the girls. Of course her advice would be of a kind that they would never forget through their whole lifetime and would be their guide in the future. And as they left she calmly remarked that they were the kind of girls that probably needed her help more than any others in the place.

LXVI

Clara Barton—loved and honored as perhaps no other woman of her day. Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger.*

Switzerland is an *armed* neutrality in which one has faith.
CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross was chosen out of compliment to the Swiss Republic; the Swiss colors being a white cross on a red ground. The badge chosen were those colors reversed. CLARA BARTON.

Romance is the poetry of literature. MADAME NECKER.
Romance is always young. WHITTIER.
Romance—the parent of golden dreams. BYRON.
The Red Cross seems to have become the milder romance of war.
CLARA BARTON.

Love took up the glass of time. TENNYSON.
Love will find out the way. ALFRED NOYES.
Love took up the harp of life. LOCKSLEY HALL.
Love conquers all things. VIRGIL.

All mankind loves a lover. EMERSON.
True love is better than glory. THACKERAY.
Love is the beginning of everything. F. W. BOREHAM.

None but the brave and beautiful can love. BAILEY.
Love rules the camp, the court, the grove.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable.
SHAKESPEARE.

Hail wedded love,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets. MILTON.
Love's history, as Life's, is ended not by marriage.
BAYARD TAYLOR.

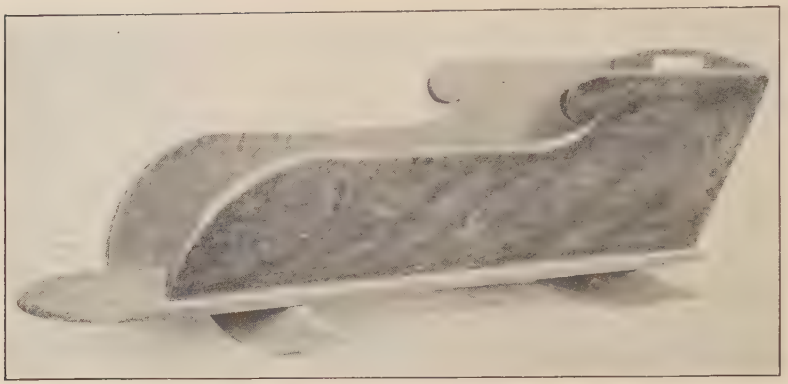
Love is greater than war, truer than steel, stronger than fear or danger of death. CLARA BARTON.

A ROMANCE OF TWO CONTINENTS

The battle had been fought, and on the bloody field lay the wounded. Among these was a Swiss boy who had left his native country, coming to America to fight in the cause of the Union. In her ministerings on the field, Clara Barton had heard of this lad, by name Jules Golay, but had not seen him. He was undergoing a surgical operation. As the knife was doing its work, in great pain he cried out, "Mon Dieu!" Clara Barton heard the cry and went to him. He could not speak in English, but in French Clara Barton while dressing his wound gave him words of sympathy. Daily, as tender as a mother, she cared for him until he recovered.

Only the brave know how to be grateful. The soldier's gratitude knew no bounds. He did not forget, and awaited his opportunity. Years later Miss Barton was taken ill, and went to Switzerland. Jules begged her to come to his home. There, in her shattered physical condition, she was cared for in greater than a royal palace—a cottage where love reigns. Clara Barton returned to America. The elder Golay died; his family then scattered. The eldest son, Mons A. Golay, came to New York. There his wife, of a

The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.



THE CLARA BARTON BABY CRADLE

I remember my first baby experience, when I was two and one-half years of age. CLARA BARTON.

SENTIMENT IN HISTORY

THE PET JERSEY CALF

The butcher will not get it.
CLARA BARTON.
See page 208.

COLONY OF CONSTANTINOPLE DOGS

"Dogs in Constantinople are held sacred."
See page 345.

year, died also. He, ill and penniless, came to Dansville to see Miss Barton, then convalescing.

Mons A. Golay, recovering his health, went to Chicago and became established there in business with his brother Jules. Jules' old wounds broke out afresh and in consequence he died, leaving a broken hearted wife and several children. "One woe doth tread upon another's heel so fast they follow." The widow soon followed him to the Beyond. The orphan children became the care of Mons. A. Golay, who struggled nobly to provide for them. In his distress over the problem of life, he remembered.

> She was a form of life and light
> That seen becomes a part of sight
> And goes wher'er I turn my eye
> The moving star of memory.

But the romance does not end here; the romance follows:

A Miss Kupfer while traveling had been stricken with a fever, and was seriously ill at a hotel in Switzerland. There the ever humane Clara Barton took care of her, nursing her back to life. When Miss Kupfer, in her far-away home, heard of Miss Barton's serious illness she crossed the ocean to be at the bedside of her benefactor, then living at Dansville.

Mons A. Golay revisits Dansville and there, as on former visit, meets the beautiful Miss Kupfer, herself still exemplifying that "the religion of humanity is love."

"Love is life's end, an end but never ending."

The two of foreign birth thus strangely brought together were each of gentle manners, of rare culture,—

of like tastes and alike spiritually. As love is the spiritual friendship of two souls, unwittingly through Miss Barton there became interclasped two human loves, the crowning event of all human bliss.

It was one of the happiest of occasions in her home at Dansville when Miss Barton gave away the bride,—Miss Kupfer becoming Mrs. Mons A. Golay, and the guardian spirit of the little children needing a mother's care. The romance of two continents, which reads like a fiction resulted in a happy family, in an ideal American home.

LXVII

Clara Barton's monument is the gratitude of humanity.

Boston (Mass.) *Record.*

Deeds, not stones, are the true monuments of the great.

MOTLEY.

The grave, dread thing! Men shiver when thou'rt named; nature, appalled, shakes off her wonted firmness. ROBERT BLAIR.

An immortal hope was in her gaze and in her soul—in her life she did everything thoroughly. What more natural than that she should want to know her last resting place would be in order when the Master called? REV. PERCY H. EPLER.

The monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears and a world of glories. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

By desire and nomination of President Garfield, I was made President of the American Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won
Now comes rest.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S *Epitaph.*

THE LITTLE MONUMENT—FOR ALL ETERNITY

She suddenly stopped talking; she faltered; she choked; then trembling, the veteran of many struggles,

propped up in bed and suspecting the end near, on Oct. 3, 1911, there occurred the following conversation:

"Now Mr. Young, I want to ask something of you. Would you do me a favor?"

"Why certainly, Miss Barton, what is it?"

"I know it is uncanny. You may not want to do it. I must not ask it, and yet *I must.*"

"My dear Miss Barton, tell me what it is."

"You know, I have no one to leave my little property to,—well, I have from time to time been spending some money out in the cemetery." Then she hesitated for fully two minutes, sobbing but trying to control her emotions, when she continued—"where I'll remain for all eternity. Maybe you would like to see the little monument I have had constructed; to keep it in memory, and to associate me with the place I am to be always. I would so much like to have you see it, and it might be some satisfaction to you. Will you do me this favor? You can get off the electric car on your way to Worcester; it won't take you long, and I would feel better to have you do so."

"My dear," I said, "it is so kind of you to have mentioned this. I appreciate it more than I can tell you. I won't get off the car, but if Doctor Hubbell will go with me, I'll get an auto to drive out there. I also want to see where you were born. How far is that?"

"Only two or three miles. If you will do this you will make me very happy.

"Do you know, I can get no help here; I thought when I came here I could get all the help I wanted, but it seems to be something that neither love nor money

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.

HELEN O. HOYT.

HISTORIC AND SENTIMENTAL

BABA, CLARA BARTON'S PET HORSE

Baba was presented to Clara Barton at Santiago, Cuba, by a war correspondent of the New York *World,* 1899.

We both loved him. I am glad my last act was for his welfare.

CLARA BARTON.

See page 219.

THE BABA TREE—WILLIAM H. LEWIS

(Tree registered in Hall of Fame for Trees, Washington, D. C.)

The Baba Tree (Quercus Alba), grown on Cedar Green Farm, Battlefield of Chancellorsville, Virginia. Planted April, 1912, on Woodland Farm, two and one half miles from Bloody Angle, of said battlefield. White oak trees nearby, eleven feet in circumference, whose age (estimated) is between two hundred and three hundred years.—WILLIAM H. LEWIS, Chancellor, Virginia.

will buy. Haven't been able to get a nurse to wait on me. But my tenants on the lower floor are very kind, and bring me my meals. I feel very much alone. I am the lonesomest lone woman in the world. You do not know how much I appreciate your coming such a long distance to see me; it has done me so much good—"

Moved by a sudden impulse I took her right hand in mine, kissed it and said "God bless you!" Faster than the mind thinks, she raised up in bed with a "No, no"—caught my left hand in both of her hands so excitedly that I could not divine her movements, other than to suspect that I had performed a breech of decorum. Holding tight my hand in both of hers she kissed it, and with tears in her eyes said: "I'll never see you again, this is the last—"

"Oh! yes you will," I said.

"No, not again. Good-bye!"

"No, Miss Barton, I'll not say good-bye to you; you cannot die. You will live always. I will only say—God bless you!"

And then, backing out of the room, facing her all the while and watching her changing expressions as the shadows played over her features,—waved a kiss, and said "God bless you!"

LXVIII

I think I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree. JOYCE FILMER.

The trees are monuments with a meaning, for they live gloriously just as did those for whom they are planted. CHARLES LATHROP PACK, *President of the American Forestry Association.*

The soil is right and the husbandman will not fail. CLARA BARTON, *President The National First Aid.*

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate. SOUTH.

Life is war; eternal war with woes.

YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

Before any great national event I have always had the same dream.

I had it the other night; it is a ship sailing rapidly.

A. LINCOLN.

Whichever way it ends, I have the impression that I shall not last long after it is over. A. LINCOLN.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.

KING RICHARD III.

Always there have been believers in dreams. From Genesis to Revelation we read of dreams and visions and their influence for

good or evil upon the acts and lives of numerous characters in Biblical history. In Genesis, Jacob dreams of a ladder to Heaven; Joseph's rise to eminence is based on dreams and his solution of them. The Revelation of St. John the Divine in its entirety is given to us as a vision seen while on the Isle of Patmos.

Queen of the Romanies.

STORY OF BABA—DREAM OF A WHITE HORSE—LIFE'S WOES

While in Santiago Clara Barton was presented with a beautiful white Arabian horse, named Baba. Baba was a pacer and an ideal saddle animal. Miss Barton was fond of Baba, and Baba just as fond of Miss Barton. Having been bred and reared on the Island of Jamaica, Baba was very fond of bananas and, when Miss Barton brought from the store any of this fruit, her first thought on returning home was to share it with Baba. On one occasion, when her little nephew was out riding Baba, Baba spied a banana on the side of the road; he refused to go further, and insisted on turning around and going back. Not knowing why Baba acted in this way, the little boy kicked him, struck him with his stick, but Baba won out, went back and got the banana. After eating it, he went on as if nothing had happened. When Miss Barton found it out she scolded the little boy for mistreating the horse. And when it was explained to the boy he cried piteously because he had been so cruel, for he too was fond of Baba.

Baba was a great traveler. He visited New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia, always living on the best in the land. Baba made friends wherever he went for

he was not only kind and beautiful but he was fond of children. Baba was never happier than when the children were on his back, having a good time. Baba passed his last days in a pasture in Virginia and as the favored guest of a good friend of Miss Barton.

In the absence of Baba from Glen Echo, Miss Barton would frequently dream of a white horse. To dream of a white horse, she interpreted, was a bad omen. When she heard of Baba's death Miss Barton became very despondent, and said to the members of her household "this means that I am not going to stay here a great while."

Clara Barton, who was at that time preparing for herself a monument, wished also a monument for Baba. She philosophizes and thinks it should be a tree—the longest-lived of all living things. Of a tree's longevity there is of record in England an oak 800 years, an elm 2,600 years, one yew 3,000 years, and another yew, with a diameter of 27 feet, 3,200 years; in Africa, baobabs 4,000 years; near the Castle of Chapultepec, Mexico, a cypress 26 feet in diameter, and said to be 6,000 years old.

Of the first class at Bowdoin was George Thorndike. He planted the Bowdoin Oak, and is the only one of that class remembered by the students of that American college. The boy died in 1802, at the age of twenty-one years, but the tree is still the pride of that great institution of learning, and sacred to the memory of him who planted it.

In this instance, Miss Barton thought "Woodman, spare that tree" might be a sentiment to be respected for hundreds of years. She, therefore, selected for a monument to Baba a tree,

Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful sovereignty.

Characteristic of the heart that quickened to sympathy for life's woes the peoples of the world is the sentimental philosophizing of Clara Barton on the death of Baba in the following remarkable letter:

Glen Echo, Maryland,
November 19, 1911.

My Dear Mr. Lewis:

Your letter telling me of the last of our dear Baba came yesterday; and I hasten to reply, for I know you need sympathy as well as myself. We both loved him, and are alike grieved; and yet there is much to be thankful for. He went quickly and was not left to suffer, nor to give pain or trouble to others.

His future care and keeping are no longer questions. He no more needs me. He lived without harm and died well. I do not think he ever knowingly nor intentionally did a wrong thing in his life. Could a human being blest with intelligence and language do better? He had a language of his own which we both understood, and I always felt that he largely understood ours. Kindly as a brother and obedient as a child,—I am glad my last act was for his welfare. He lived with you, and loved you, to the last. He has gone from our hands and our care, leaving with us a loving memory tinctured with respect for the virtues he possessed, and knew not of.

Let me thank you, dear Mr. Lewis, for the tender care given his remains, and for the grave you have given him on your own farm. Some time when the spring days come, if you see a thrifty oak sapling and have time, will you kindly transplant it beside the grave? His body will nourish it, and let it be his monument. The children will love and protect it as Baba's tree. His saddle and bridle you ask; you keep them and his little belongings as no one else could hold them so tenderly as you.

I will take back the check for his winter feed as useless now; but wish to enclose in this ten dollars for the last tender care and burial, with the assurance that you will always hold a high place in my esteem and affection for the kind and manly part you have taken in this little episode of life's woes.

Let me repeat from your letter this sentiment, the hope that we may be friends while life shall last.

Yours gratefully,

CLARA BARTON.

LXIX

Resolved, in behalf of the State of Texas especially does the legislature thank Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Society.

Approved February 1, 1901.

A tribute of honor, of which sovereigns might be proud, clothed in language the eloquence of which our English tongue does not surpass. CLARA BARTON.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. ST. JOHN.

Clara Barton is the embodiment of the saving principle of laying down one's life for one's friends. Her achievements are greater than the conquest of nations or the inventions of genius, and who is justly crowned in the even-tide of her life with the love and admiration of all humanity.

Central Relief Committee of Galveston, Texas.

The name of Clara Barton has ever been a cherished one in our Southland, and the Red Cross the symbol of the most noble charity. MRS. ROSENE RYAN, Chairman, the Governor's Relief Committee for Clothing, March 5, 1901.

It proves to us more strongly than ever, after the experience we have had since the arrival of Miss Barton, that "woman rules the world, as she has always done." MRS. JENS MOLLER, of the Central Relief Committee, November 13, 1900.

No name in Texas is today dearer to its people than that of Clara Barton. Red Cross Committee, 1903.

How much of the heroic there is in our people when it is needed.

CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has come to be the first thought of any community suddenly overtaken by disaster. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross creates an organized neutral volunteer force, from the people, supplied by the people. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross is the outward and practical expression of that universal sympathy that goes out from millions of homes and firesides; from the heart of the nation to humanity in distress.

CLARA BARTON.

Not one dollar, for twenty years or more, on twenty fields of national disaster, has there been drawn from the Treasury of the United States,—the beneficence of the people through their awakened characters were equal to all needs. CLARA BARTON.

High or low, rich or poor, we are the people of this God-given nation; we are also the arbiters of its fate.

"For sure as sin and suffering's born
We walk to fate abreast."

CLARA BARTON.

I am here at Galveston, my fingers are in the wound, and I assure you that the side was pierced and the nails did go through.

CLARA BARTON.

Despite all its woes and terrors, the memory of Galveston comes ever back to me with a gleam of pleasure for the hope in humanity, which it has kindled, and the noble characteristics of our country which it disclosed. CLARA BARTON.

In every instance the gratitude of the people has been the glad heritage of the Red Cross and its willing servers.

CLARA BARTON.

PEOPLE, LIKE JACK RABBITS—NO "SHOW-WOMAN"

In 1900 a devastating flood visited Galveston. Thousands of human lives were destroyed. For two

miles back from the shore not a house remained standing. Only here and there on the barren sands were seen the wreckage of the storm-swept city. Suffering and death held sway in that city of once happy homes. Clara Barton, with a corps of able assistants, was there having come from Washington at the urgent solicitation of the authorities of the City of Galveston.

From overwork and nervous strain she had been taken ill. She was in bed at the Tremont Hotel. For three weeks her life hung in the balance. The writer, with a party of California tourists, happened to be in the city on his way east. He incidentally "dropped in" the hotel, only to learn of the serious condition of his friend. Fanny Ward was standing guard at the door of the sick room. Undaunted, the writer ventured to suggest: "I'd like to see Miss Barton." "Well, sir, you can't see Miss Barton." "Why not?" "She is ill, and nobody is permitted to see her." "But she is a friend of mine." "That makes no difference. I have orders from her physician not to let *anybody* go to her room. No one but the nurse has been permitted to enter this room for three weeks." "Well, if that's so, I don't expect to see her, but kindly take in my card." "No, I'll not do that either." "Well, it seems strange to me that I cannot at least send a card of sympathy to my friend." "Oh, well, if you insist, I'll take in your card, but it won't do you any good." "All right, I insist."

The messenger returned, and reported that Miss Barton wanted to see me and would be ready in about fifteen minutes, but she could see no one else in the party. As I entered the room, she was half sitting and half reclining in her bed, having two large pillows at

her back. She had her hair neatly arranged, a pink bow adjusted tastefully at the neck, a little white shawl hanging loosely over her shoulders and otherwise attired as for a state occasion, as similarly was her custom when receiving any friend.

Miss Barton: "Mr. —— I am glad to see you. The Doctor said two weeks ago that I had but one chance to live. I told him that I would take that chance. I did; and I know I am going to get well."

Mr. ——: "Miss Barton, do you know that on the barren sands between here and the shore they already have two or three 'shacks' going up?"

Miss Barton: "That does not surprise me. People are like jack-rabbits. Scared out of their nice warm nests, they soon forget and return from where they started. That whole sand waste will soon be built on again, and the people will forget that there has been a flood."

M. ——: "Miss Barton, there is a very wealthy young lady in our party who wants to see you."

Miss Barton: "But I cannot see her."

Mr. ——: "I know, Miss Barton, but she told me to tell you that, if your assistant would open the door wide enough so that she could just see your face, she would give a hundred dollars to charity, and you could use it among the sufferers."

Miss Barton: "I have worked very hard here, and am a very sick woman, but I have not yet become a 'show-woman,' and I don't think I will. I do not understand such curiosity, nor why your young lady friend would care to see me," and she unconcernedly passed on to another subject apparently more agreeable to her modest nature.

LXX

Clara Barton was loved by the people of the whole world.
The Two Martyrs—By Hon. Francis Atwater.

Love is the life of the soul. William Ellery Channing.
The law of Heaven is love. Hosea Ballou.
The soul of woman lives in love. Mrs. Sigourney.
Love—'tis woman's whole existence. Byron.
The religion of humanity is love. Mazzini.
Love is the Amen of the universe. Novalis.

Love is indestructible;
The holy flame forever burneth
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Southey—*Curse of Kehama.*

There is in the heart of woman such a deep well of love that no age can freeze it. Bulwer-Lytton.

Love is the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything.
La Cordaire.

Love lives on, and hath a power to bless when they who loved are hidden in their grave. Lowell.

Julia—His little speaking shows his love but small.
Lucetta—Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

CLARA BARTON'S HEART SECRET—$10,000 IN "GOLD DUST"

Clara Barton was very non-communicative as to her personal affairs, confiding in no one her heart's secrets.

But a woman's curiosity got the best of the closest friend Clara ever had, and on a certain occasion "Sister Harriette" ventured to draw out of her heart what she had long wanted to know:

"Clara, have you never had a sweetheart?"

"Oh yes!" she replied, "just the same as all other girls."

"But tell me about yours," Harriette ventured further.

"I will, sometime," Clara said.

"Oh, no, tell me now," Harriette continued.

"No, not now—some other time I'll tell you all about it," persisted Clara. Then she said: "Oh, well, I'll tell you I had a dear friend in my younger days, but he went to California in the rush to the gold fields with my brother David, and never came back."

"Did you really love him?" asked Harriette again, trying to draw her out.

"Now, don't ask me anything more, for I am not going to tell you," replied Clara.

"But you said you would and I am really curious," continued Harriette.

Clara hesitated, then said: "I don't feel like it now, but sometime I'll tell you the story."

> She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;
> And with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat (like patience on a monument)
> Smiling at grief.

On a certain other occasion it became necessary for her attorneys to know in detail of her finances, and their origin, so they plied her with questions:—

THE CLARA BARTON MONUMENT

Built at her expense in the cemetery at North Oxford, Massachusetts.

In her will Clara Barton left sixteen hundred dollars for the permanent maintenance of the Barton cemetery lot. WILLIAM E. BARTON.

No more fitting tribute could be paid by the American people than the raising of a monument that will perpetuate the life work of Clara Barton.
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

Monuments and endowments are the physical testimonials, but they do not express the entire obligation. The life of Clara Barton should be familiarized to every child. Woonsocket (R. I.) *Call.*

Congress should pass a Special Act setting aside a plot and defraying the expenses of a suitable monument over the last resting place of the noble woman who has served the nation in peace and in war.
Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror.*

As we passed one particular monument in the cemetary at Buffalo Clara Barton said: "There is a design which I wish to have copied, and sometime to have a monument put up in my family yard in Oxford for my Father and Mother, my brothers and sister and to be ready for me when I join them." The design was copied and the monument placed as Miss Barton desired. FRANCIS ATWATER.

Attorney—Now, Miss Barton, tell us where you got all your wealth.

Miss Barton—I haven't much wealth—what do you mean?—Everything?

Attorney—You inherited some money did you not? Tell us about that.

Miss Barton—I inherited, no—Oh! yes, I got some money once, but why should I tell you?

Attorney—It may be brought up in "the investigation" by the attorney on the other side and we don't want any surprise sprung on us.

Miss Barton—Well, that seems reasonable—I'll tell you. My brother and *another* went to the California gold fields; my brother returned,—the other *never did* return. But he left me all his savings, $10,000 in gold.

Attorney—What did you do with the $10,000?

Miss Barton—I always regarded this too sacred to use, so I placed it in a New York bank. This was in 1851. I kept it there on interest until President Lincoln commissioned me to look up the names of the missing soldiers. I did not consider it *too sacred* for this purpose, and so in 1865 I drew it out of the bank, then with the interest about $15,000, and used it to pay the expenses. . . .

The romance includes the trip in a sailing vessel around the "Horn," the "49ers outfit" in San Francisco, and on the way to the "placer diggins," the death scene in the pueblo of Los Angeles, the story of the sack of "gold dust" that reached the sweetheart, and its use later in giving cheer to thousands of unhappy homes.

Only on the two occasions were these disclosures of that heart secret, and yet visions of her sweetheart are

said to have appeared to Clara in her dying hours. The most sacred of the heart secrets of womankind Clara Barton carried with her to the other world—a secret of her love affair which her closest friends think may have been the inspiration of her self-sacrifice for humanity.

LXXI

Clara Barton represented the spirit that knows not race nor color.
New York Globe.

Charity and beneficence are degraded by being reduced to a dependence on a system of beggary. CLARA BARTON.

A grateful mind is a great mind. T. SECKER.
There is not a more pleasing attitude of mind than gratitude.
JOSEPH ADDISON.
A grateful mind is not only the greatest of virtues but the greatest of all virtues. CICERO.

Don't kneel to me—that is not right. You must kneel to God only, and thank Him for the liberty you will now enjoy. I am but God's humble instrument. A. LINCOLN.

Grateful to me! It is I who should be grateful, and I am.
CLARA BARTON.

We of South Carolina can never forget her contributions to the storm-wrecked people on our desolated sea-coast, after the fearful tempest of 1893. She came as an angel of mercy. With uncovered heads, and with profound deference, we bow to the blessed name of Clara Barton. *The Southern Reporter.*

FELL ON THEIR KNEES BEFORE "MIS' RED CROSS"

A terrific hurricane and tidal wave had struck the coasts of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

It was estimated that at least thirty thousand people were rendered homeless,—the larger number of these being of the colored population. Governor Tillman and Senator M. C. Butler sent an urgent request to Clara Barton to come to their assistance.

Clothing was so scarce among the poor colored people that only the men could appear on the streets. About four o'clock in the morning, a crowd gathered about the warehouse. Only men were present and these were attired in such garments as could be found, mostly ragged at the best. In some cases only rags were tied about them, just enough to enable them to come for their rations of food, for their starving families. A motley crowd it was, but there was never any jostling or crowding, nor confusion of any sort.

"Many pathetic scenes come to my mind as I remember this work," says "Sister Harriette." "When Miss Barton was engaged and could not be seen, it was my place to receive the visitors, ascertain their wishes, and dispose of them as seemed best. They called Miss Barton 'Mis' Red Cross,' came to see her, sometimes in crowds and, when she was not otherwise engaged, they were taken to her office. Many of them were old women, and upon entering the room one and all fell upon their knees and bowed their heads, as if in the presence of a superior being. She approached them graciously; some seized her hands and kissed them; others reached a fold of her skirts and carried it to their lips, never saying a word, asking for nothing, satisfied with just being permitted to look at her. They left as quietly as they had come in and went out to their homes satisfied that they had been permitted to see 'Mis' Red Cross.'"

MARIO G. MENOCAL

In commendation of the Founder of the American Red Cross—Clara Barton, it gives me great pleasure to state that her services rendered to the cause of humanity in general and the poor starving people of Cuba in particular, during our last struggle for independence, were inestimable and her memory is linked to the history of Cuba by ties of gratitude, love and respect.

MARIO G. MENOCAL,
The President of Cuba, 1912-1920.

See pages 82; 100; 234; 241; 354.

LXXII

While the American Navy (in 1899) was sinking the ships of Spain, the Spanish Cortes, by unanimous vote, granted Clara Barton a "Diploma," a "Decoration," and a "Vote of Thanks"; and following the war, a "Diploma of Gratitude." THE AUTHOR.

I am with the wounded. CLARA BARTON.

Cuba was a hard field, full of heart-breaking memories.
CLARA BARTON.

Send food, medicine—anything. CLARA BARTON.

It is to the Rough Riders we go, and the relief may be rough but it will be ready. CLARA BARTON.

At the time of the Spanish-American War, in Cuba, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt personally accepted favors at the hands of Clara Barton, as President of the Red Cross. PERCY H. EPLER.

Keep the pot boiling; let us know what you want.
CLARA BARTON.

The first American War (Spanish-American), since the adoption of the Treaty of Geneva, has brought the Red Cross home to the people; they have come to understand its meaning and desire to become a part of it. CLARA BARTON.

Without the Red Cross, as one of our treaties, we could not in the Spanish-American War have floated a relief boat without danger of capture. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross of Spain has officially recognized in a most graceful and welcome manner its high appreciation and gratitude for the good offices we were able to render in line of our duty to its sick and wounded countrymen, during the late Spanish-American War.
CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON'S TRIBUTE TO CUBA

After the Spanish-American war nearly 500 of the leading men and women of Cuba joined in inscribing their names together with the most touching tribute, and sentiments of appreciation, in a beautiful album to Clara Barton. In order to get their signatures it required five and one half years of time for the collection of the same throughout the Republic.

Miss Barton's reply to the testimonial in part follows:

"I have watched the beautiful island since independence came to it as a proud, careful mother watches her child; have seen the steps, at first uncertain, grow to the sturdy strides of manhood, and the gem of the sea become a nation among nations and its destinies held by the same strong patient hands that so struggled for its life.

"It had learned endurance from suffering, drawn strength from adversity, courage from the proud ancestral nations whose blood is its own, and the memory of its untold woes has enveloped it in a veil of tender thoughtful justice to others that will form its brightest gem.

"God bless the new nation the world is glad to welcome. She is still the 'Gem of the Ocean.' My soul craves once more to look upon her beautiful face, and its grateful prayer forever goes up to Him who ruleth and guideth all—that He watch over her, keep her pure and true, and safe-guard forever her motto and watchword, 'Cuba Libre'!"

NOTE.—If Cuba gets free, she must come to the United States, as she is too small to stand alone against the greed of great nations which will try to gobble her up for her riches, in soil and products. (Prophecy in 1874) Clara Barton.

LXXIII

Upon every line of Clara Barton's life may be hung a thrilling story of perilous adventure and pathetic moving incidents.

"Clara Barton and Her Work."

Like everything in Corsica, my education was pitiful.

NAPOLEON.

Greatness is nothing, if it is not lasting. NAPOLEON.

Impossible! That word is not in the French dictionary.

NAPOLEON.

Drama is the tragedy of women. NAPOLEON.

I have fought like a lion for the Republic and, by way of recompense, it grants me permission to die of hunger. NAPOLEON.

Fortune is a woman. The more she does for us the more we expect. NAPOLEON.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all. SHAKESPEARE.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth. PSALMS.

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. SHAKESPEARE.

Little sea-girt Corsica is weird, wild, soft and bewitching, strange, unique, but she had so much that one wearied of.

CLARA BARTON.

AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON—THE CORSICAN BANDIT

At Ajaccio, on the Island of Corsica, there is still carefully preserved the house where was born

Napoleon, in 1769. The island (a French Colony) is 114 miles long and 52 miles wide, and contains about 300,000 inhabitants; Ajaccio, the capital, about 19,000 inhabitants. Many of the street names, and statues of the city likewise, perpetuate the memory of the great military chieftain, as do other spots of similar historic interest in connection with his boyhood.

At Ajaccio, Clara Barton lived for some time. There she not only visited every place of interest but she also studied the character, and military strategy, of that masterful leader of men, as later she studied him in the city made by him "Paris Beautiful."

For a time, until she regained her health, she lived *incognito;* later, she produced a letter from our U. S. Minister Washburn, then at the Court of Paris. When her identity became known she was overwhelmed with attentions from the natives, as well as from Americans, and attended many receptions given in her honor by that most hospitable people. Her experiences there were so numerous and sensational as worthy to become the basis for a great novel.

From the back door of her hotel a path led out into a forest of wildness and rare beauty. Describing the wood, by way of comparison, Clara Barton said: "The wood of Cuba is beautiful in quality, but hard to burn; in Corsica, one may take the green, wet wood and make a blazing fire." By the side of the house were terraces on which were orange trees, loaded with the golden fruit. A little strategy secured what oranges Miss Barton wanted. She would take her blue bandana, put a franc in it, tie the ends of the bandana with a stone mason's cord, then let it down from her room on the fourth story of the hotel to a little girl living

in a rude hut. The back of the hut was against a precipitous stone cliff, the living quarters of the girl's family being partly in the hut and partly in a chamber blasted out of the rock, as frequently occurs on the island. The girl would fill the bandana with fruit then, the signal given, Miss Barton would pull the fruit through the side window to her sick room.

All Americans in Europe are supposed to have money. Clara Barton there alone, unsuspecting and unguarded, was not protected against theft. A native bandit one evening sneaked into her room and demanded her money, or her life. With her usual presence of mind, and fearlessness in imminent danger, Clara Barton at the top of her voice cried out: "Now, boys, come on; I've got him!" Quicker than it takes to tell it, the bandit jumped through an open window in one corner of the room, and escaped into the forest.

LXXIV

Clara Barton, beloved by every one who knew her. Hon. Peter Voorhees DeGraw, U. S. Fourth Postmaster General.

And memory turns to him fondly
Whom we call by the name of Friend!—
Carl F. Rosecrans.

The chiefest of human virtues,—loyalty to friends.
C. S. Young in *The Richmond Terminal.*

The better part of one's life consists of his friendships.
A. Lincoln.

Friendship and love
Take second place to loyalty and honor. Calderon.

Friendship is necessary to life. Bishop Wm. F. McDowell.

Friendship's the wine of life. Young's *Night Thoughts.*

Friendship is a sheltering tree. S. T. Coleridge.

No man is useless while he has a friend.
Robert Louis Stevenson.

Our wisest friends are life's best book. Calderon.

Poor is he, and beggar, that hath no friends at all. Gracian.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds. A. Lincoln.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Shakespeare.

And can true friendship be tested, if not in the hour of misfortune? The Mayor of St. Petersburg to Clara Barton.

WHEN CARES GROW HEAVY AND PLEASURES LIGHT

It became incumbent upon Clara Barton to write tens of thousands of autographs, and inscriptions in books. As a philosopher, many such inscriptions are interesting and instructive. Characteristic of her is the following inscription which she wrote in a book presented to a personal friend:

My Dear General and Friend:

When life's track has grown long, and the road bed flinty and hard; when the cares grow heavy and the pleasures light; and the tired soul reaches out for help, may you find those who will be as loyal and faithful to you as you have ever been to me.

Fraternally,

CLARA BARTON.

You have bound yourself so closely round my heart,
Friend of mine,
That it seems as if our paths could never part,
Friend of mine!
Oft the vine forsakes the wall
Stars have e'en been known to fall,
You are not like star nor vine,
Friend of mine!

LXXV

The Red Cross Organization has been built up largely by the heroic work of Clara Barton. FREDERICK H. GILLETT, Chairman (1900) House Committee on Foreign Relations; now Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Honor to whom honor is due. ST. PAUL.

Never did an organization select so wisely and elect so judiciously as did the National Red Cross Association when it chose Clara Barton to preside over its beneficent work.

Johnstown (Pa.) *Democrat.*

In Cuba, the Red Cross Society snatched thousands from the grave and made the sufferings of other thousands much lighter. But for Clara Barton America would today have been a stranger to the Red Cross and its beneficent work. DOCTOR HENRY M. LATHROP. Author of *"Under the Red Cross; or the Spanish-American War."*

Miss Barton's well-known ability, her long devotion to the noble work of extending relief to suffering in different lands, as well as her highest character as a woman, commend her to the highest consideration and good will of all people.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Officers and men unite in saying that too much praise cannot be given those noble Christian women, Clara Barton and her assistants, for their gentle care, their tender solicitude and untiring efforts in aiding and comforting our sick and wounded soldiers. They came as ministering angels to the suffering army at Santiago.

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING (in 1919).

A RED CROSS RED LETTER DAY

For thirteen years Clara Barton had tried to secure from Congress and the President a National Charter for the Red Cross. The bill had been before the 56th Congress, and passed. It was then before the President

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

The President, March 4, 1897-September 14, 1901.

Whatever Clara Barton says, and does, is always honest and right.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Miss Barton, I have long wanted to thank you for what you did for my boys in Cuba.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Mr. President, I could not have done what I did in Cuba, if you had not stood by me so nobly.

CLARA BARTON.

for his signature. He sent for Miss Barton. She went, accompanied by a few personal friends. They were at the White House, at the appointed hour. After a few moments of waiting, the President came into the room, receiving Miss Barton in a beautiful manner. He put his left arm around her, and holding her right hand in his said:

"Miss Barton, I have long wanted an opportunity to thank you for what you did for my boys in Cuba."

She replied: "Mr. President I deeply appreciate your thanks, but I could not have done what I did in Cuba if you had not stood by me so nobly." Then the President said:—

"Miss Barton, I am proud of this opportunity to sign this bill." Miss Barton then introduced one by one her friends to the President. With his usual graciousness, he chatted for a few moments with his guests, then sat down at his desk where Secretary Cortelyou had placed the bill. With a plain steel pen he signed his name: William McKinley, June ," and then stopped, looked over his desk and asked, "Captain where is my calendar?" An old soldier looked high and low but couldn't find the missing calendar. The calendar was standing on one corner of the broad, flat-topped desk, in another part of the room. Seizing it, one of the party tore off "June 5th," and placed it before the President. He said "thank you, sir," then signed "6th, 1900." Rising from his seat, and extending his hand, he said: "Miss Barton, I will make you a present of this pen." Graciously appreciative Miss Barton replied: "I thank you, Mr. President. I will preserve it in the archives of the Red Cross as a treasured memento of this occasion."

LXXVI

As a nurse in the Civil War Clara Barton performed invaluable service. Pueblo (Colo.) *Star Journal.*

Clara Barton in the theme of her address here, "The Ministering Angel," urged the organization of Nurses' Associations and Training Schools for Nurses. Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution.*

The great war-nurse, friend of the world. The loftiest eloquence could give her none that more clearly expressed the keynote of her life. Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Press.*

Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live. EZEKIEL.

Nothing is impossible to Organized Womanhood,—united in aims and effort. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE—"Mother of Clubs."

American nurses are covering their profession with a glory that will live forever is the report that comes from France.

AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The nurse is proud to be chosen from millions of women anxious to care for the sick, as the representative of American womanhood.

AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Thirty-two thousand graduate nurses have said to the American Red Cross, "We are ready, use us." AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Profane histories are three-fourths filled with the details of battles and sieges, and almost silent as to any provision for the sick and wounded. CLARA BARTON.

There were probably surgeons and nurses long before there were military chieftains. CLARA BARTON.

Agrippina, wife of the General, distributed clothing and dressings to the wounded. CLARA BARTON.

Courage of the soldier awakes the courage of woman. EMERSON.

Scarcely had man made his first move in organizing the Red Cross when the jeweled hand of royal woman glistened beside him, and right royally has she done her part. CLARA BARTON.

Women are, by nature, much better fitted for nurses than men can be. CLARA BARTON.

Had there been need for them, the Red Cross could easily have recruited an army of twenty-five thousand nurses from the flower of American womanhood. CLARA BARTON.

Large organizations of women, the best in the country and I believe the best in the world, have faithfully labored with me to merge the Red Cross into their societies, as a part of woman's work.

CLARA BARTON.

I have wrought day after day and night after night, so sorry for the *necessity*, so glad for the opportunity,—ministering with my own hands and strength to the dying wants of the patriot-martyrs, who fell for their country and mine. CLARA BARTON.

To the army of nurses, brave, generous and true who, either as auxiliaries at home or as nurses in the field, made up that magnificent array of womanhood ready for sacrifice on the altar of humanity and their country—no words of mine can do justice.

CLARA BARTON.

Three great conflicts were seen by Miss Barton, and her career is an example to thousands of women who today are trying to heal human suffering. Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express*.

PATRIOTIC WOMEN OF AMERICA SELF-SACRIFICING

Nursing in war is of comparatively recent origin. While it is recorded that Fabiola, a patrician Roman lady, founded a hospital in A.D. 380, and 600 nurses in the early part of the fifth century were in the hospitals in Alexandria, nursing in war hospitals dates from

the Crimean War; and on the battlefields, from our Civil War. The Crimean War gave the first real impulse to this humanitarian work, and the Civil War gave added luster to the glory of this work of humanity, as did the Franco-Prussian War and the Spanish-American War. But the late war broke all records; now, war-nursing will continue until "Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn to war any more."

The true disciples of humanity in war are the nurses, wearing the sign of the Red Cross and whose sacred mission it is to bind up the soldier's wounds and "To heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases." In the World War, reports show that there were approximately 11,600 American Red Cross nurses in service over-seas.

The total number of nurses employed:	
Army Nurse Corps, Regulars and Reserves.....	22,854
Navy Nurse Corps, Regulars and Reserves.....	1,500
Nurses assigned directly under the Red Cross for service overseas	604
Nurses assigned to U. S. Public Health Service in this country—extra military zones, essential war industries plants; marine hospitals....	284
Total	25,242

The cost for operation for June 30, 1917-July 1, 1918, was $197,180.00.

Total assignments of Red Cross nurses in foreign activities:	
To the Army	17,931
To the Navy	1,058
To the U. S. Public Health Service.....	284
To the Red Cross nurses	604
Total	19,877

The Red Cross has furnished equipment to approximately 12,000 nurses and lay women personnel engaged in foreign war service, and to nurses in cantonments and naval hospitals in this country, at an approximate cost of $2,000,000.

Personnel equipped by the Red Cross for overseas duty, from the beginning of the war to December 31st, 1918, at the following cost:

Army	$2,031,120.00
Navy	60,120.00
Red Cross	138,960.00
12,546 nurses—Total cost	$2,230,200.00

As to the work of the American Red Cross Clara Barton says: "History records the wonderful achievements of the Red Cross, the greatest of relief organizations, though it cannot record the untold suffering which has been averted by it." As to the Red Cross war-nursing, she says: "There can be no estimate of the misery assuaged and the deaths prevented by the unselfish zeal and devotion of the nurses of the Red Cross." In prophecy she says:

> And what would they do if war came again?
> The scarlet cross floats where all was blank then.
> They would bind on their "brassards" and march to the fray.
> And the man liveth not who could say to them nay;
> They would stand with you now, as they stood with you then,—
> The nurses, consolers, and saviours of men.

LXXVII

Clara Barton started the Red Cross alone.

Boston (Mass.) *Transcript.*

Miss Clara Barton, the American Red Cross is your society alone, and none other we will patronize. G. Moynier, President, International Red Cross Committee, Geneva, Switzerland.

The total expense connected with the acceptance of the Treaty by this Government, in addition to the personal service of more than five years, was defrayed individually by Clara Barton. Red Cross Committee (in 1903). House Document No. 552, Vol. 49, 58th Cong.

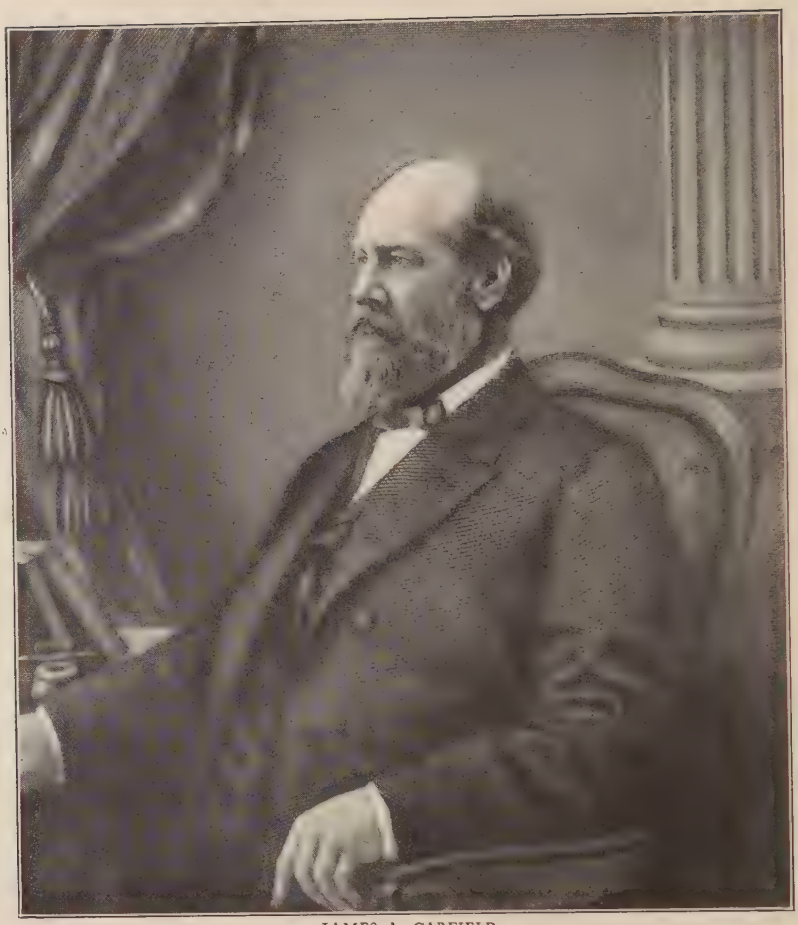
If we heed the teachings of history we shall not forget that in the life of every nation circumstances may arise when a resort to arms can alone save it from dishonor.—We must be prepared to enforce any policy which we think it wise to adopt. Chester A. Arthur, The President. (In advocacy before Congress of Clara Barton's Red Cross Measure).

Legislation by Congress is needful to accomplish the humane end that your society has in view. It gives me, however, great pleasure, Miss Barton, to state that I shall be happy to give any (Red Cross) measure which you may propose careful attention and consideration. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State (in 1881).

The first official advocate of the Red Cross measure, and fearless friend from its presentation in 1877, was Omar D. Conger, now Senator from Michigan, then a member of the House.

Clara Barton (Sept. 6, 1882).

In 1877 Monsieur Moynier, President of the International Red Cross Committee, decided to make a further effort to obtain the ad-



JAMES A. GARFIELD

The President, March 4, 1881-September 19, 1881.

Executive Mansion.

Will the Secretary of State please hear Miss Barton on the subject herein referred to? J. A. GARFIELD.

The first tribute to Clara Barton in her Red Cross measure, March 30, 1881.

Clara Barton, friend and counselor of Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, of Garfield, of Hayes, Harrison, Cleveland and McKinley. Organized the American Red Cross and was appointed for life by Garfield. While the republic lives and womanhood is honored, her place is sure among the millions she has blest and whose name and fame they will cherish and revere.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD,
in a letter to the Toledo (Ohio) *Times*.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR

The President, September 19, 1881-March 4, 1885.

The President in whose administration the American Red Cross was approved by the U. S. Government, also the first President of the Board of Consultation, American Red Cross Society.

Washington, March 3, 1882.

Whereas (certain facts of Red Cross history here detailed) . . .

Now, therefore, the President of the United States of America, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do hereby declare that the United States accede to the said Convention of October 20, 1868.

Done at Washington this first day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

By the President, CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

herence to the Treaty by our Government. For this purpose a special letter was sent to Miss Barton to deliver to President Hayes. MABEL T. BOARDMAN—In *"Under the Red Cross at Home and Abroad."*

In 1869 Clara Barton went to Geneva, Switzerland. She was visited there by the President and members of the International Committee for Relief and of the Wounded in War, who came to learn why the United States had refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva.—Years of devoted missionary work by Miss Barton with preoccupied officials and a heedless, short-sighted public at length bore fruit. MARY R. PARKMAN—Author of *Heroines of Service."*

Miss Barton, I trust you will press this matter upon our present administration with all the weight of your well-earned influence. Having myself somewhat ignominiously failed to get any encouragement for this (Red Cross) measure from two administrations, I leave it in your more fortunate hands, hoping that the time is ripe for a less jealous policy than American isolation in international movements for extending and universalizing mercy towards the victims in war. DR. H. W. BELLOWS (Nov. 21, 1881).

Later—Miss Barton, I advise you to give it up as hopeless.

DR. H. W. BELLOWS

(Ex-Chairman U. S. Sanitary Commission).

Miss Clara Barton, I thank you in the name of all of us (myself and colleagues of the International Committee).—Thanks to a perseverance and zeal which has surmounted every obstacle. Wishing to testify to you its gratitude for the services you have already rendered to the Red Cross (in securing the adherence of the United States to the Treaty), the Committee decided to offer to you one of the medals which a German engraver caused to be struck off in honor of the Red Cross. Please to regard it only as a simple memorial, and as a proof of the esteem and gratitude we feel for you. G. MOYNIER, President Red Cross International Committee.

NOTE.—The silver medal referred to is beautifully engraved with the coat of arms of the nations within the Treaty compact,—the medal being a model both of skillful design and exquisite workmanship.

Department of State,
Washington, D. C.
February 16, 1883.

My dear Miss Barton:

It affords me great pleasure to transmit a parcel containing a book presented to you by Her Majesty, the Empress of Germany, as a token of her high appreciation of the success of your efforts for the formation of an Association of the Red Cross in America.—Congratulating you upon the compliment which the Empress has paid to you by her action in sending you this gift I am, my dear Madam,

Very truly yours,

SEVELLON A. BROWN,
Chief Clerk.

On the night that came to Europe the news of the accession of the U. S. Government to the Treaty of Geneva (news sent by cable) there were lit bonfires in the streets of Switzerland, France, Germany and Spain. THE AUTHOR.

If I live to return to my country (from Switzerland) I will try to make my people understand the Red Cross and that Treaty.

CLARA BARTON.

Weak and weary from the war-soaked fields of Europe, I brought the germs of the thrice-rejected Red Cross of Geneva, and with personal solicitations from the international Committee sought its adoption. CLARA BARTON.

I stood with this unknown (Red Cross) immigrant from the little Republic of Switzerland, outside the doors of the Government, for five years before I could secure for him citizenship papers and recognition as a desirable resident of the United States.

CLARA BARTON.

Perhaps no act of this age or country has reflected more merit abroad upon those especially active in it than this simple and beneficent Red Cross measure. CLARA BARTON.

Transitions are neither rapid nor easy. Dark days, if not dark ages, have shadowed them all. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross is one of the thresholds to the Temple of Peace.
CLARA BARTON, President, Red Cross.

Respect for the rights of others is peace.
BENITO JUAREZ, President, Republic of Mexico.

The history of a country is *mainly* the history of wars.
CLARA BARTON.

Men have worshipped at Valkyria's shrine and followed her siren lead until war has cost a million times more than the whole world is worth; poured out the best blood and crushed the finest forms that God has ever created. CLARA BARTON.

There is in the Red Cross no entangling alliances that any but a barbarian at war can feel any restraint. CLARA BARTON.

There is not a peace society on the face of the earth today, nor can there be one, so potent, so effectual against war as the Red Cross of Geneva. CLARA BARTON.

There can be no estimate of the misery assuaged, and the deaths prevented, by the unselfish zeal and devotion of the Red Cross.
CLARA BARTON.

Your children and your children's children will need the Red Cross, when your hands are powerless to do that which is within your grasp. CLARA BARTON.

OPPOSITION—THE AMERICAN RED CROSS "COMPLETE VICTORY"

She had served in Europe with a brassard on her arm; she had served in the camp, on the march, in the hospital, in the smoke of battle; she had bound up the wounds, soothed in a foreign tongue the dying; and there had learned her first Red Cross lessons. She had visited the Solferino battle ground where Dunant

caught the humane inspiration for relieving distress of victims in war. She had breathed the spirit of great minds in the Red Cross world movement. She was armed *cap-a-pie* for a humane warfare. She made a vow, "If I live——;"—the vow of woman is a decree, unrecorded.

Since 1864 the Red Cross measure had been before the American people. Dr. Henry W. Bellows, of more than national fame as a diplomat and humanitarian, through a period of ten years had failed of a respectful consideration. For nearly two decades man had failed —signally failed; what could woman do?

The vow of woman! that's all between failure and success. The woman with the vow lived to return to America. She "pestered" her friends with her visionary scheme; she haunted the offices of Senators and Representatives; she plead her cause before the Secretary of State and the President. With her logic and eloquence she combated "it's an entangling alliance with foreign powers;" "it would encourage war;" "it's a war policy in the interest of war-makers;" "it's un-American;" "it would demoralize army discipline;" "the military doesn't want it, Congress doesn't want it, the people don't want it;" "Secretary of State Seward years ago gave the ultimatum: 'The Government wishes to act as a free agent with option in the premises and in its own good time;'" "Dr. Bellows has given it up;" "it's no use, Miss Barton, to discuss this question, it has been before the American people for many years and it's a dead issue, forever settled."

Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought.

She took the rostrum, travelling from place to place throughout the country; she appealed to the people in the name of God and humanity. She was denounced as "that war woman;" "that woman who is trying to put something over on the people;" "something behind it, or she wouldn't be spending her own money;" "wonder what she's going to get out of it, anyway?"

Senator John Sherman was then a tower of strength in this country. She approached him on the subject. He was against it; said that he did not see any use of going to this trouble; that making such preparation for war would have a tendency to agitate the public, and bring on war. Oh, no, Miss Barton, I can't support such foreign organization as is your proposed Red Cross. Besides, we will never have another war in this country. Having given his final answer and subsided, the ever-ready-with-answer Miss Barton remarked that it seemed to her years ago, back in 1858, a certain Senator Sherman had made such a statement in the Senate. Caught in a trap set by himself, yet graciously smiling, the Senator replied, "Yes, I believe we did have a little brush after that." A second "brush" occurred, in 1898. Senator Sherman, then Secretary of State, had occasion in connection with Red Cross work to issue to the head of the Navy the following order: "I have the honor to commend Miss Barton to the kind attention of your department."

One of the ablest arguments ever presented on any national issue was presented in an address in November, 1881, by Clara Barton on the Red Cross issue "To the President, Congress and the People of the United States." In that masterful address among other things she said: "Yes, war is a great wrong and sin and,

because it is, I would provide not only for but against it. But here comes the speculative theorist! Isn't it encouraging a bad principle? Wouldn't it be better to do away with all war? Wouldn't peace societies be better? Oh, yes, my friend, as much better as the millennium would be better than this, but the millennium is not here. Hard facts are here; war is here; war is the outgrowth, indicator and relic of barbarism. Civilization alone will do away with it, and scarcely a quarter of the earth is yet civilized, and that quarter not beyond the possibilities of war. It is a long step yet to permanent peace. . . . Friends, was it accident, or was it Providence, which made it one of the last acts of James A. Garfield, while in health, to pledge himself to urge upon the representatives of his in Congress assembled this great national step for the relief and care of wounded men? Living or dying, it was his act and wish, and no member of that honored, considerate, and humane body but will feel himself in some manner holden to see it carried out."

Among the first who became champions in her cause for the Red Cross were Senators Conger of Michigan, William Windom of Minnesota, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and who was the first to investigate, and take the matter up, as a member of President Garfield's Cabinet. Senator E. G. Lapham, of New York, "who spared neither time nor thought, patience nor labor, in his legal investigations of the whole matter;" Senators Morgan of Alabama, Edmonds of Vermont, Hawley of Connecticut, Anthony of Rhode Island, Hoar of Massachusetts, "all accorded to it their willing interest and aid." And also she had the support of the eminent Secretary of

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE RED CROSS (in 1898)

Resolved: That this conference declares that in obtaining the accession of the United States of America to the Convention of Geneva, Miss Clara Barton has well merited the gratitude of the world.—INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF THE RED CROSS, Geneva, Switzerland, 1884.

State James G. Blaine, Presidents Garfield and Arthur, as well as many other statesmen of whose services on this measure there has been left no official record.

Early Red Cross history reads like a tale of romance from some long ago past century, the leading woman character inspirited by a power superhuman. Was Clara Barton the Founder of the American Red Cross? Of the millions of Americans who would esteem such honor, no one else so much as lays claim to it. In appreciation, Monsieur Moynier, President of the International Red Cross Committee, in an address delivered in Europe on September 2, 1882, on "The Foundation of the American Society of the Red Cross" in part said: "Its whole history is associated with a name already known to you—that of Miss Barton. Without the energy and perseverance of this remarkable woman we should probably not for a long time have had the pleasure of seeing the Red Cross revived in the United States. We will not repeat here what we have said elsewhere of the claims of Miss Barton to your gratitude;—we know that on the first of March she gained a complete victory."

Commenting on her struggles, and expressing her natural desire for the Red Cross, Clara Barton says: "A time will come when I shall lay down my work. Out of the many years I have given to it has grown one great, natural desire, a desire to leave my little immigrant of twenty-seven years ago a great National Institution, in the hands of the people, supported by the people, for their mutual help and strength in the face of disaster; and I would have those who take it up and

follow in our footsteps freed from the severity of toil, the anguish of perplexity, uncertainty, misunderstanding, and often privations, which have been ours in the past."

LXXVIII

War, although more tragic, is not the only evil that assails humanity. CLARA BARTON.

Do you know that more than 1,500,000 persons were killed or injured in automobile accidents in 1921? *Boston American,* May 16, 1922.

Not nearly all the sick and crippled are on the battlefield, nor is all the danger there. CLARA BARTON.

Peace has her battlefields, no less than war. CLARA BARTON.

Day by day men and women are being maimed and killed in our great industrial struggle, and in the rush and hurry of our strenuous life. It is in the mitigation of the horrors of this strife, and of this struggle, that the First Aid Department of the Red Cross is to find its mission and its work. E. HOWE, Superintendent of the First Aid Department, American National Red Cross (December 8, 1903).

The mission of the First Aid (National First Aid Association of America) is to preserve the name of Clara Barton all over the country. The work she accomplished during the Civil War placed her at the head of the women of the country at that time, and her name should stand forever before the American people. We all know how England is reverencing the name of Florence Nightingale, and it is for America to preserve the name of her Florence Nightingale in Clara Barton whose efforts have been so world-wide as to place her at the head of woman's work for humanity throughout the world. MRS. J. SEWALL REED, first Acting President, National First Aid Association of America (in address to 9th annual meeting of the association held May 7, 1914).

The work of the National First Aid Association of America, which was founded by the noble Clara Barton, continues to "Carry On" in the philanthropic spirit which it has inherited from her.

The association is practically a college for National First Aid work, offering one course of lectures, one textbook, one examination in kind, for all to follow. The handsome diploma which is only granted to students attaining 80 per cent., or over, upon a thorough examination is the prized possession of thousands of graduates all over the United States, Alaska, Panama, Canada and England. Thus do we honor our president, Clara Barton, in death—world honored as she was in life for her achievements for suffering humanity; for upon each diploma the association has placed these words—"Clara Barton, Founder and President." ROSCOE GREEN WELLS, present Acting President, National First Aid Association of America. October 15, 1921.

Clara Barton was a world worker for suffering humanity, and our first president. As a perpetual tribute to her memory the National First Aid Association of America has established her name as "President—In Memoriam." Clara Barton has passed on, but the noble spirit which lived within her continues to live in her last great national endeavor. MARY KENSEL WELLS, Secretary of the National First Aid Association of America. October 16, 1921.

The First Aid will become time-honored in America, for it has come to stay. Its character is broad and firm, its title clear; and although young its organization is complete. It has its own characteristics, in keeping with its motives,—neither ambition, self-seeking, nor vain-glory, but good-will, helpfulness, kindliness, the spirit of Him who gave his life for others, whose example we seek to follow, and whose blessed birth was God's great Christmas gift to the world. CLARA BARTON (Christmas, 1905), President, the National First Aid Association of America.

GREETINGS

To the Friends of these, and other, days:

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, Ay! Many New Years, each happier than the last.

The unerring records affirm that on Christmas day of 1821, 84 years ago, I commenced this earthly life; still, by the blessing of God I am strong and well, knowing neither illness nor fatigue, disability nor despondency, and take the privilege of bringing to you an outline of My Later Work (First Aid). * * * Work has always been a part of the best religion I had."

CLARA BARTON.
(In 1905.)

NATIONAL FIRST AID ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

(Clara Barton, President In Memoriam; and First Aid Department in the American National Red Cross)

On February 9, 1903, there was established in the American National Red Cross a department known as "First Aid to the Injured." Mr. Edward Howe, a member of the St. John Ambulance Association of London, England, was made the Superintendent of the department.

On December 8, 1903, Section 7 of the By-Laws to the Constitution was adopted and provided for its permanent operation—the formation of classes of instruction in first aid, methods of treatment of the injured and other necessary provisions. On December 8, 1903, Superintendent Howe made his first annual report, including the approval of thirty-five States of the Union, through the Governors respectively; also his report of its successful inception in Massachusetts. "The American Amendment" to the Red Cross Treaty of Geneva,

and relating to national disasters, was thus followed by the First Aid Department to the Red Cross.

> There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
> Where highways never ran;—
> But let me live by the side of the road
> And be a friend to man.

After Clara Barton's retirement from the Presidency of the Red Cross in 1904, the First Aid Department was discontinued, but was reëstablished January 2, 1910. Independent of the American National Red Cross Clara Barton organized the National First Aid Association of America. She was the President of the Association while she lived and, since her death, to perpetuate the Clara Barton spirit and to be a permanent Memorial to the Founder, Clara Barton is officially recognized as

"The President In Memoriam."

The National First Aid Association of America was the development of a little New England organization named The New England First Aid Association, and Clara Barton was the Chairman of its Advisory Board. When the work grew and calls came for classes from western and southern states, it was Clara Barton who suggested the value of national incorporation. Therefore, on April 18, 1905, The National First Aid Association of America was incorporated, under the laws of the District of Columbia, and Clara Barton accepted the Presidency.

"To Clara Barton's First Aid," thus addressed, are many letters which arrive at the headquarters of The National First Aid Association of America in Arling-

ton, Massachusetts. Although not the corporate name of the last great work of Clara Barton, it serves the purpose of demonstrating that First Aid and Clara Barton are inseparable.

The real tribute of Clara Barton to the organization, which is today paying tribute to her, lies in the following words of welcome which she delivered at the second annual meeting of The National First Aid Association of America in 1907, as its President. Opening her address by reading a letter from former field workers, she continued:—

"They are not with us, and I have given this soulful letter in their place.

"I have read it because it speaks the silent sentiment of a body of people, few of whom are here, and few of whom you know. From far off scattered homes they watch the flickering blaze of this new bonfire, with an anxious tender interest you little dream of. Below its sparkling flame they see the embers from which it springs. They live over again the terrible fields of woe where the sufferers suffered, and the dying died; where, in the moment of consternation paralyzing the whole land, they stood, the sudden vanguard of order and relief, till other help could reach—never asking for help—never shouting for aid nor money, but trusting to the great hearts of the people to render what they had to render, when they should understand the need. This, friends, was First Aid, and the people were the doctors. We held life in the injured till they could be reached.

"Did our method fail? Let the old friends answer. Was a more satisfactory relief record ever made? Let the swollen Ohio and Mississippi, Johnstown, the Sea

Islands, Armenia, and Galveston make reply. It was the foundation of knowledge through experience gained there and then that makes this work and this day possible. These are the smouldering embers watched from afar.

"But this, friends, is the giving, and the teaching of mere material aid for human suffering; all to be done over and over again to the end of time, and no one the wiser, no one knowing any better what to do than before. This was charity. Blessed be it for 'the greatest of these is charity.' Leave it to do its work in its own way.

"But out of this has come to us another feature of human beneficence, having its foundation in knowledge; when one shall know, not only how to give, but how to do, and possibly prevent; when every man may understand his wounded brother's need and how to meet it; when the mother shall know how to save her child in accident; when even the child shall be taught how to lessen the pain or to save the life of its playmate —then comes the real help.

"Think, friends, what it would be—yes, what it will be, when all the rough, sturdy men of danger, living every hour in the face of accident and death, shall know what to do in the moment for his writhing companion in toil; when the homes—the children in the streets and in the schools—shall all possess the knowledge which this method of human beneficence teaches—this is First Aid—this is what it stands for—the lessons which it inculcates and its faithful apostles teach.

"So young, so tiny, this beginning seems to you, scarcely meriting the attention or the aid of busy people.

"But, watch it, busy men and women, it will bear watching.

"We are here today to learn something of what it has accomplished in a year. . . . I am dumb with amazement. The very thought of the diligence—the tirelessness—the cheerful alacrity—the bravery with which obstacles have been attacked—the courage with which they have been overcome—the single handedness—the small means and the great results astonish, and gratify me. So much for so little. Let me step aside and give place to the report which will tell us all."

The association is today what its name implies—The National Association of First Aid in America. It is to the American people what the St. John Ambulance Association is to England, and the St. Andrews Ambulance Association is to Scotland. It is a college of National First Aid instruction—offering one textbook, one course of lectures, one examination, one diploma in kind for all.

For the past nine years, since the death of the Founder, it has given service the Clara Barton way—promptly, efficiently, thoroughly—and its classes send forth each year hundreds of National First Aid graduates who are capable men and women, and who wear the little medallion of National First Aid service (which only a graduate may purchase and wear), out into a world of suffering humanity. Word of their activities comes back to national headquarters from many fields—even from far off India, South America, and the Hawaiian Islands. One graduate sent back word from the Soudan, Africa, "What would we have done without National First Aid when there is only one medical doctor to every 500,000 natives?"

Clara Barton said of The National First Aid Association of America: "Another work reaches out its hands to me and I have taken them. The humane and far sighted are pressing to its standard—the standard of organized First Aid to the Injured."

The true history of Clara Barton should not leave out the work of The National First Aid Association of America, Clara Barton's last work. If so, the history of the great philanthropist becomes an unfinished record. The association stands today as a working memorial to Clara Barton. It continues to serve the American people under her name. Without ostentation it continues its humane service, making friends, sending forth efficient graduates, and carrying systematic and organized First Aid instruction to every part of the country.

By a leading cosmopolitan newspaper: "It is said that every year more than 11,000,000 persons, about one-tenth of the total population of the United States, fall downstairs, get run over, drown, lean too far out of the window or peer into a gun they 'didn't think was loaded,' meeting death or injury in these and kindred ways. Statisticians say that, when war claims a victim, accident takes four victims."

It is estimated that 100,000 fatal accidents occur annually in the United States, and 500,000 accidents occur that render the victims incapable of earning their own living. Hundreds of thousands are being trained in first aid classes; and likewise many hundreds of thousands of victims of accidents on the railways, in the factories, and on the farms, are receiving the benefits of first aid assistance. The First Aid Division of the American Red Cross is affiliated with the Young Men's

Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Boy Scouts of America, the Girl Scouts of America, and also allied with many other humanitarian and patriotic associations.

"First Aid," therefore, is becoming hardly less important in war and peace than Red Cross Aid in war. Clara Barton's constructive humanitarian work in First Aid may yet be recognized by her country as even of greater humanitarian service than her Red Cross achievement, or that of the "American Amendment" to the International Red Cross. For seven years—from the inception of the "First Aid" in 1905 to 1912—Clara Barton was the unanimous choice of its members for President. To her co-workers in her latest national humanitarian association are the prophetic words of the "Mother of First Aid:"

"I believe the 'First Aid' to be the beginning of an organized movement that shall permeate more homes, carry useful knowledge to more men and women who would get it in no other way, assuage more suffering that nothing else could reach, awaken an interest in the welfare of his brother man in more rough toil-worn hearts unknown to it before, than lies in our power to estimate or our hopes to conceive."

LXXIX

Clara Barton worked for humanity, for whom she had a love unparalleled in history. ALICE HUBBARD—In *The Fra.*

My first endeavor has been to wipe from the scroll of my country's fame the stain of imputed lack of common humanity—to take her out of the rôle of barbarism. CLARA BARTON.

Alas! what a stony soil the Red Cross has sometimes found, and the seeds scattered by the wayside many a day. CLARA BARTON.

With what fidelity, wisdom and unanimity it has fulfilled its important and peaceful mission, its vast work of almost twenty years (1901) has conclusively shown. CLARA BARTON.

The whole civilized world acclaims the noble character and good work of Clara Barton. Portland (Oregon) *Union.*

The Clara Barton movement spanned the globe.

Springfield (Mo.) *Republican.*

Clara Barton is one of the greatest women that ever lived.

JULIA H. GULLIVER, President Rockford College.

I personally inspected the vouchers—In tracing the missing men Clara Barton expended $2,000 more than the government gave her for the expenses. U. S. SENATOR GRIMES, in a speech in the Senate.

Clara Barton expended from her own savings during the Civil War $1,000 each year ($4,000), receiving no pay nor salary, except her bare living expenses and these expenses she paid, herself, largely.

FRANCES B. GAGE.

Miss Barton has devoted her life and strength to Red Cross work in America and during which time she has not received, nor desired to receive, a penny for her services. It will be readily seen that she has made an investment in principal and interest for the benefit of her countrymen to the amount of another quarter of a million of dollars—half a million of dollars in all.

ELLEN SPENCER MUSSEY, Attorney for the Red Cross.

The life of Clara Barton ought to be taught in the public schools for the enlightenment of all pupils, boys and girls, that they may understand the work of the Red Cross and realize how great a task for humanity was undertaken, and accomplished by a weak woman.

Woonsocket (R. I.) *Call.*

Largely through Clara Barton's endeavors, the Red Cross became international, with the national power represented by the Stars and Stripes as one of its staunchest supporters. HON. JOHN M. ROSS, President of District of Columbia Board of Commissioners.

We question whether there has been any man or woman in the world's history who has been a greater blessing to mankind than the sweet-faced Clara Barton. *Topeka Daily Capital.*

HUMANITARIANISM, UNPARALLELED IN ALL HISTORY

Greater than the organization of the American Red Cross, and of far more reaching importance to the human race, was the securing of the so-called American Amendment to the original International Red Cross treaty. To secure this amendment, Clara Barton personally addressed the Governments through the "International Committee of Geneva," advocating the measure. This measure was seriously considered by the "Congress of Berne," and adopted by the powers. The

amendment is in force by every civilized nation in the world—wherever there is a Red Cross Society. Through their representatives, hundreds of millions of people are reaping continuing benefits of this humanitarian Clara Barton measure.

The amendment permits the Red Cross to do the work of alleviating distress in all national calamities, such as fire, flood, famine, cyclone and earthquake. Under this amendment, Clara Barton administered relief at Johnstown, Charleston, Carolina Islands—in all, in about twenty disasters—relief of untold benefits to hundreds of thousands of American people. No other woman in this country, nor in the history of civilization, has to her credit an achievement of such world-humanitarian influence.

Clara Barton, as President of the Red Cross, served for over twenty years and on every field of national disaster then occurring in the United States; and also served in Cuba through the Spanish-American War within that period of time. Through that period of over twenty years, not one dollar was drawn by her from the national treasury; with confidence in her, the people contributed what was necessary. And, further, unprecedented in all history was her self-sacrificing humanitarian spirit in this, and in all similar work. Clara Barton, in a personal letter, confides to her friend as follows: "In all my life, in its various humanitarian activities, *I have never received, nor have I desired, remuneration for my services;* and with the exception of the $15,000 (expended out of my private funds and returned to me by the 39th Congress), I have never received in all my life *anything in return for my personal expenditures.*"

"During the first nineteen years, to maintain the Red Cross Headquarters, to build up the Organization and carry on it's work," according to an official report made to the House of Representatives by the Red Cross Committee, "Clara Barton expended from her individual funds an average of $4,000 a year, or a total of $76,000. This does not include her expenses for the four years that followed while she was President of the Red Cross, nor for the five years spent in securing for this country the American Red Cross. Nor does this include the amount expended by Miss Barton, after retiring from the Red Cross—from 1905 to 1912—in organizing and carrying on the work of the National First Aid Association—this amount from her personal funds being about $5,000.

As through her fifty years of public services she continuously expended moneys from her personal funds, accepting no remuneration for her services, it has been estimated by an ex-secretary of the Red Cross that Clara Barton put the equivalent of a half million dollars in the Red Cross Society.

LXXX

The great good Christian woman—one of God's noblest creatures.

DOCTOR HENRY A. LATHROP, Author.

Clara Barton lives in deeds, and will be an inspiration to millions who shall come after her.

CHAPLAIN COUDON, Nat'l House of Representatives.

Clara Barton bequeathed to the world a glorious heritage.

Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald.*

Whatever the Red Cross accomplishes in the future; whatever it has accomplished in the past, to this one woman (Clara Barton) belongs the credit. It was her child, with which she blessed the race. 90,000 years will not blot out the mercies which Clara Barton set in motion. Springfield (Ill.) *News.*

Clara Barton,—founder of the most philanthropic movement of the age—an intrinsic part of world civilization. *Detroit Free Press.*

World-wide, Clara Barton will be remembered.

Holyoke (Mass.) *Telegram.*

At the mention of the name of Clara Barton the world stands with uncovered head. *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Clara Barton, worthy immortality. JANE ADDAMS.

Clara Barton did a world's work, and her name will be immortalized. WILLIAM SULZER, Governor of New York.

At all of our early fields the Red Cross went, and worked, alone.

CLARA BARTON.

For twenty years (1901) the Red Cross work so small at first—a mere speck—has grown up under our hands until its welcome

blaze has lightened the footsteps of relief for the entire and direful contest of nations. CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON'S PRAYER ANSWERED

In loud acclaim by the man whose arm had been cut off by order of the Queen, with the other arm upraised there came forth from the throat of the guiltless victim, "God Save Elizabeth." Although her strong arm, serving humanity for half a century, had been paralyzed by the tyrannous "Powers that Be," Clara Barton's daily prayer, from 1904 to the closing scene at Glen Echo in 1912, was "God Save the American Red Cross."

The Mother's prayer for the Red Cross has been gloriously answered; the Red Cross is safe and the spirit of Clara Barton still lives. Practically for 23 years Clara Barton was the Red Cross and the Red Cross was Clara Barton. The American people knew none other than Clara Barton. Through the confidence of the people in her, she received and distributed to the suffering, $2,557,000.00, in money and supplies. Through her Red Cross literature, her Red Cross talks from the rostrum and as the official representative of this nation at the International Red Cross Conferences in Europe, Clara Barton became widely known, and the Clara Barton spirit became the spirit of every humanity-loving household in America.

Tens of thousands of women who as girls learned to love her were proud in the World War to wear, as nurses, the Red Cross badge of distinction. Men of national fame were honored in accepting a position in the Red Cross Service. Men of wealth were glad of

the opportunity to finance such a worthy organization, and of such deservedly good name, in humanity's cause.

Through the reputation of Clara Barton, the adhesion of the Government to the "Treaty of Geneva" had been secured; by Congressional action and the signature of the President, a national charter had been granted; the American Government had given official recognition to the American Red Cross. The American people recognize that, when the Mother of the Red Cross retired from the Presidency, what she then said was true: "When I retired from the Red Cross, my little nursling (Red Cross) had grown to manhood. It was taken over with the highest reputation of any organization in the country—its methods settled, its organization unexceptional, its prestige assured at home and abroad, and a balance of funds subject to its call, and sufficient for all its needs."

A greater need arose; the call came and, Clara Barton's home people in Massachusetts leading all others in the Red Cross spirit, the American people responded. They responded, up to January 1, 1918, to the number of 21,000,000 in memberships, with 9,000,000 members additional of the Junior Red Cross. Besides, there were more than 8,000,000 volunteer Red Cross workers. The memberships, and volunteer enrollment workers, were made possible on the lines laid down by Clara Barton; "I would recommend the enrolling of the whole country under the banner of the Red Cross." In the first drive for funds, the Red Cross realized $110,000,000; in the second drive, $135,819,911.56; a total in the two drives of $245,818,911.56.

In less than eleven months the American people con-

tributed more than $300,000,000 to the Red Cross; through the World War up to February 18, 1919 $400,000,000. This enormous amount of money was used for the benefit of the millions of soldiers and others, of this country and of the allies. The foregoing memberships and financial strength have verified Clara Barton's conception of the Red Cross possibilities:

"The Red Cross is capable of becoming the largest organization in the United States and one of the most useful."

Of what she had done in her life-time, Governor W. R. Stubbs of Kansas said: "Looking over history as far back as Mary of Galilee, I cannot recall where God has chosen a maid servant—who has done more for humanity than Clara Barton." In prophecy of the future results of her life's work, Honorable George F. Hoar in the United States Senate said: "Known not only throughout our land, but throughout the whole civilized world, countless millions and uncounted generations will profit by the humanity of which Clara Barton has been largely the embodiment."

LXXXI

Clara Barton—America's foremost philanthropist.
Pasadena (Calif.) *News.*

Clara Barton—the usefulness of this extraordinary woman.
San Jose (Calif.) *Herald.*

Clara Barton—the most useful woman of her day.
Bangor (Me.) *News.*

Clara Barton's slogan: "People's Help for National Needs."

The American Red Cross (1896) never appeals for, nor solicits, aid for any purpose. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has received nothing from the Government. No fund has been created for it. CLARA BARTON.

Not a penny of tax, nor dues, has ever been asked for the expenses of the National Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

Every dollar and every pound that has been received by the Red Cross has been the free-will offering of the people, given for humanity without solicitation and disbursed without reward.
CLARA BARTON.

The greatest work performed by the Red Cross has consisted in the education of the peoples along the lines of humanity.
CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross was "her child," and Clara Barton naturally and willingly provided for it. *Heroines of Modern Progress.*

When the Government accepted the Red Cross, perhaps a bit arrogantly, I felt that my end was accomplished and I was ready to give it up. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross "opposes the arms of humanity to the arms of violence." CLARA BARTON.

Antagonistic to nothing the Red Cross can know neither jealousies nor rivalry. CLARA BARTON.

The future of the Red Cross will be worthy of the labors and sacrifices in which it originated. CLARA BARTON.

But for the never-ending kindly words that bade me strive on, I fear I should have been inclined to give up the fight.

CLARA BARTON.

For me I had few words of prayerful gratitude and many memories of the long years of patient watching that had brought the American Red Cross even up to the point it had attained.

CLARA BARTON.

NOT THE VALUE OF A POSTAGE STAMP

In 1902 a party of friends visited Clara Barton in her Glen Echo Red Cross home. In our party were two gentlemen from Mexico. One of the latter, an Englishman, had lived in the "Land of the Montezumas" for many years. He described to Miss Barton the people, their peculiar customs, their love of music and the other arts, their beautiful Moorish architecture, their lofty mountains and fertile valleys. Then he portrayed the characteristics of Pofirio Diaz, the then popular ruler of the Mexican Republic.

Miss Barton was much interested. She said that for some time she had been doing what she could to get the Mexican Government to organize, under the Geneva Convention, a Red Cross Society. With the tact of a diplomat and the strategy of a general she laid out her plan of campaign. She asserted that in no other

country could so much good be done by the Red Cross as in Mexico.

She wanted the influence of President Diaz. How could she get it? Through whom? And of what assistance could her Mexican guests be to her? That her guests might become interested in the Red Cross she described in detail her work, how she got the necessary funds, the supplies, and how they were distributed. She explained that whenever there was suffering from flood, fire, famine—suffering anywhere in the world from any cause—she would issue a call, setting forth the fact and needs. Immediately thereafter, the good people would respond with money, food, clothing. In some cases money and material were sent to her personally, and sometimes to her as President of the Red Cross.

Also she would send out an appeal for assistants who would serve without pay on any certain field of disaster. At that time the Government did nothing whatever for the Red Cross; had not contributed towards it so much even as the value of a postage stamp. Then the people were being educated along the lines of humanity, and which Clara Barton said was the most important work of the Red Cross Society. As the result of such education and of its then growing importance, she predicted that sometime it would be the largest organization in the United States. In fulfillment of this prediction, in the World War, the people on one occasion, in a few days, responded to a Red Cross call for $ 00,000,000.

CLARA BARTON

The President (now In Memoriam) of the National First Aid Association of America.

HARRIETTE L. REED

With statesmanlike ability Clara Barton directed the affairs of panic-stricken citizens paralyzed by the fearful calamities which had overtaken them and rendered them powerless.—HARRIETTE L. REED (Sister Harriette). Also known as Mrs. J. Sewall Reed, First Acting President of the National First Aid Association of America, June 6, 1912-April 2, 1920.

The historic pictures on this page were taken each on the occasion of the organization of the National First Aid Association of America, in Boston, in 1905.

See page 257.

LXXXII

In re a bill before Congress (1902) proposing an annuity of $5,000 for Clara Barton during life, in an official letter to Congress, she protested as follows: "Any grant of Government moneys, either in aid of this body (Red Cross) direct, or of myself as its President, would be subversive of its principles and methods, and not to be desired." THE AUTHOR.

If those now (1904) at variance with me on Red Cross matters will meet me in the same spirit by which I am animated, we cannot fail to adjust all difficulties to our mutual satisfaction, and to the advantage of the cause all should have at heart. CLARA BARTON.

Unless one is actually going down hill with a load, it is easier to stop than to go on. CLARA BARTON.

I have nothing to gain from the Red Cross, and never have had. CLARA BARTON.

In Red Cross work I have no ambitions to serve, and certainly no purposes. CLARA BARTON.

I am glad that after thirty years our country has been awakened to the thought that it could confer an honor on the Red Cross; and I wish you could know how entirely indifferent I am to the *personal* "honors" conferred. CLARA BARTON.

No private individual in the world's history has ever before been able to command through a long term of years, and a continuous succession of almost a score of great public disasters, the unlimited

confidence of the whole people, so that the response to each successive call has been instant and in generous amount.

Contributions in money and supplies have been received for the relief of the sufferers by these national calamities of more than $1,900,000.

The Officers and Members of the American National Red Cross (in 1903)—in a Memorial to Congress—From House Document No. 552, Volume 49, 58th Congress.

HONORARY PRESIDENCY FOR LIFE—PROPOSED ANNUITY

Miss Mabel T. Boardman, after the retirement of Clara Barton, became Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American Red Cross Society. In the following excerpts from letters in 1903, she certifies to the *integrity,* good name and fame, of Clara Barton, this being at the time the "MOTHER OF THE RED CROSS" was offered the Honorary Presidency for life, with an annuity of $2,500:

"The character of Miss Barton nobody has assailed.

"No such assault was made, nor intended, upon Miss Barton's character.

"No loss of confidence in Miss Barton's personal integrity is meant.

"A proposition of —— which I should not for a moment have thought of assenting to, if I had believed Miss Barton wanting in integrity.

"Believe me, there is no desire for one moment to humiliate Miss Barton nor to withdraw her from any honor due her for past services in the interest of humanity. The very fact of our trying to get up a fund for Miss Barton to place her in an honorable position—

is sufficient evidence that there was no purpose to attack Miss Barton personally.

"I feel that by accepting the position of Honorary President for life (with an annuity given as a token of appreciation of her past services) Miss Barton will be placed in a most dignified and honorable position.

"Mr. Foster, Mr. Glover, Mr. Chas. Bell, Mr. Walsh and my Father will act as guarantors of the annuity for the first year.

"As to the annuity;—five or six responsible gentlemen, such as Messrs. Bell, Glover, and others, would sign a letter guaranteeing to Miss Barton, for the first year, an annuity of $2,500, and pledging themselves to have set on foot a movement to raise a Red Cross fund, within a year, out of which should be paid to Miss Barton a similar annuity during life.

"People are continually urging that a complete investigation be made of Red Cross expenditures and methods, beginning with the Johnstown disaster, the Armenia disaster, Russian famine, Sea Islands, etc.; but we do not want to have to do this, and will not, if Miss Barton in the true interest of the Red Cross, and in the true interest of her own name and fame, will consent to take the distinguished position of Honorary President." (The foregoing are excerpts from a letter by Miss Mabel T. Boardman under date of February 20th, 1903, and found in Document 552, House Documents, Volume 49,—58th Congress.)

Under date of February 18, 1903, Honorable John W. Foster, of the Red Cross Society, the ex-Secretary of State, in a letter says: "We have canvassed the matter of a proper person to succeed Miss Barton as President (she accepting the place of Honorary Presi-

dent,) and the best fitted person for the position seems to be Admiral Van Reypen. . . . It is presumed he would be acceptable to Miss Barton. As to the annuity: five or six responsible gentlemen—will sign a letter guaranteeing to Miss Barton for the first year an annuity of $2,500 and pledging themselves to have set on foot a movement to raise a Red Cross fund, within a year, out of which should be paid to Miss Barton a similar annuity during life." (From House Document No. 552, Volume 49, 58th Congress.)

The official records show that the highest representative of a former Administration, the minority and majority in the so called "controversy" unanimously commended the name of Clara Barton; and in writing the minority, through Miss Mabel T. Boardman, unanimously solicited Clara Barton to become, and to remain for life, Honorary President of the Red Cross.

NOTE.—For reasons which seemed good to Clara Barton and her friends the foregoing named annuity and *honor* were declined. THE AUTHOR.

LXXXIII

Clara Barton's services in the Franco-German war, as a member of the Red Cross, were memorable throughout both continents.

Holyoke (Mass.) *Telegram.*

There are old soldiers, veterans of the German battlefield, who still live and tell with tear-dimmed eyes of Clara Barton's work among the wounded and the dying. Sioux Falls (S. D.) *Press.*

O, reputation! dearer far than life. SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

PROVERBS.

Good name, in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls. OTHELLO.

Why persecutest thou me? ACTS.

Those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

KING HENRY VIII.

Miss Barton witnessed the work of the Red Cross during 1870. MABEL T. BOARDMAN—In *"Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad."*

In 1870-71 Clara Barton attached herself by invitation to the foreign Red Cross, and in that relation was actually in the Red Cross work during the entire Franco-Prussian war.

Red Cross Committee.

My physical strength had long ceased to exist, but on the borrowed force of love and memory I strove with might and main—I walked its hospitals day and night; I served in its camps, and I marched with its men; and I know whereof I speak.

CLARA BARTON.

During the eighteen months of European experience I worked with the Red Cross on my arm. The horrors and sufferings of Weissenburg, Woerth, and Hagenau, Strasbourg, Metz, Sedan and Paris—poor twice shattered Paris—and every besieged and desolated city of France fell under my observation and shared the labor of my hands through eighteen hard and dreadful months.

CLARA BARTON, in public address at Cape May.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured; but, like the sun, only for a time. BOVEE.

Our dearly beloved and most honored Clara Barton! She understood fully the meaning of the Red Cross, and knew well how to put into action the great and beautiful, though difficult, duties of the Red Cross. How shall I forget what she was to us here in the year 1870, helping us during the time of war we had to go through with then! God grant her peace eternal! There where her beautiful soul will live in the glory of Christ.

LUISE, Grand Duchess of Baden (1912).

OMISSION OF, OR ACQUIESCENCE IN, THE TRAGEDY OF 1904

"PASSES THE BUCK"

It may be we shall let most of the period of the differences with the Red Cross remain in solution till the larger life and letters (by William E. Barton).

Reverend Percy H. Epler,
(In 1915)
One of the "Committee to Advise," and
Author of "The Life of Clara Barton."

"REFUSES TO ANTE"

If there was any lack of consideration for Clara Barton, it would do no good now to remember it.

Reverend William E. Barton,
(In 1922)
One of the "Committee to Advise," and
Author of "The Life of Clara Barton."

Years were to Clara Barton merely opportunities of service, not measures of life. This attitude prolonged her life and kept her young in spirit.

At ninety (1911) there was no mark of physical infirmity upon her nor was there any slightest slacking in the interest of the object for which she long had cared.

Senility was farther removed from her at ninety (1911) than from most women at sixty.

At the age of ninety-one (1912) there was not a physical lesion nor a diseased organ in the body.

She lived to enter her tenth decade, and when she died (1912) was still so normal in the soundness of her bodily organs and in the clarity of her mind and memory that it seemed she might easily have lived to see her hundredth birthday.

WILLIAM E. BARTON
"Her Cousin, the Author."
("William E. Barton is one of our third or fourth cousins.
Stephen E. Barton,")
Clara Barton's Nephew, and Dedicatee of
Barton's "Life of Clara Barton."

At no time in her life has Miss Barton been in sounder bodily or mental health or better able to continue the work to which her years of experience and natural endowments have preeminently fitted her. Moreover, the nation's confidence is Miss Barton's, and no hand can better guide its Red Cross work than hers.

Red Cross Committee, officially, to Congress.
Written report unanimously concurred in.
(In 1903.)

Year after year your President has framed and offered her resignation to the preceding Board and Committees. These have been resolutely met by appointment for life. CLARA BARTON.

Miss Barton has resigned three times before this time (May 14, 1904) but every time we have elected her again unanimously; and twice we have elected her for life and every member, 315 in number, voted for her. W. H. SEARS, Secretary for Clara Barton.

I certify that at the meeting of the American National Red Cross, held in Washington, D. C., December 9, 1902, on motion to elect Clara Barton President of the organization for life, a standing vote was taken, resulting as follows: Ayes 28, noes 3, the three negative votes being .....

S. W. BRIGGS, Secretary, Red Cross Committee.

It is the Red Cross, without the glamor of war or disaster, to attract your interest, that I bring to you to nourish and protect.

CLARA BARTON.

When the Government accepted the Red Cross, perhaps a bit arrogantly, I felt that my end was accomplished and that I was ready to give it up. CLARA BARTON.

It is a pride as well as a pleasure to hand to you an organization perfectly formed, thoroughly officered, with no debts and a sum of from $12,000 to $14,000 available to our treasury as a working fund. (Amount realized $15,541.89. The Author.) CLARA BARTON (on May 14, 1904, in offering her resignation as President).

It would be strange, if after so many years of earnest effort for the relief of human suffering, during which time I have always lived and moved in the full glare of the public gaze, I could not now safely trust my character and good name to the care of the American people. CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON'S RESIGNATION

At a meeting of the American National Red Cross, held December 10, 1901, President Clara Barton said: "at that meeting (July 10, 1900) I brought my armor,

MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN

Clara Barton is the greatest woman of this, or any other, age.—Mrs. John A. Logan, the Vice-President under Clara Barton; the President of the American Red Cross Society, May 14, 1904-June 16, 1904.

It is an unspeakable joy to me that the toil-worn, weary mantle, that drops from mine, falls upon the shoulders of my vice-president, the woman so cherished in our own country and honored and trusted in other countries.

Clara Barton.

worn and rusted, and reverently laid it at your feet with the request that I be released. You declined to permit me to retire. I again lay my armor before you, recommending the filling of this most eminent position in your gift by someone better fitted than I ever have been to assume its duties, and wear its honors." The Red Cross again refused to accept the resignation.

The so called "charges" against Miss Barton were made December 10, 1903. The case was heard before the Proctor Red Cross Committee on May 3, 1904. Only one witness testified and, as elsewhere stated, he refused to be cross examined whereupon his statements were discredited, the case summarily dismissed for want of evidence, and on motion of the committee itself. Miss Barton previously had been re-elected, almost unanimously, to succeed herself.

The "remonstrants" discredited, their "charges" found baseless, Miss Barton vindicated, on May 14, 1904, she again offered her resignation * of the Presidency, this time in favor of Mrs. General John A. Logan, and insisted on its acceptance. Her friends protested her resignation; insisted she should not resign but should hold the position for life. Miss Barton persisted in sacrificing herself for what she *then* thought would be in the interest of harmony, and the cause nearest her heart. The following is the personal explanation of her then attitude of mind.

"In initiating measures for the conciliation of opposing interests and views, it may seem to some of my

* Clara Barton resigned the presidency May 14, 1904. Mrs. John A. Logan succeeded to the presidency, holding the office until June 16, 1904. Mrs. Logan nominated W. H. Taft as her successor. Mr. Taft declining then to serve, Admiral W. K. Van Reypen, according to Red Cross official records, acted as president pro tem until January 8, 1905, when Mr. Taft accepted the presidency.

friends that I have overlooked just grounds of personal offence in imputations wantonly made upon my honor and integrity. I do so knowingly and willingly, and because the cause that the American Red Cross is meant to promote stands first in my affections and my desires. It would be strange if it did not—if the cause for which I have devoted myself for half a century were not deemed by me worthy of any possible sacrifice of personal pride or personal interest."

'Tis not the house and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner,
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her walls of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess,
The way she gets her dinner.

Had she entered the spider's web of the society "remonstrant"; had she accepted the proposed annuity —and proposed honor of Honorary President, and thrown her child to the sharks, Clara Barton's frail bark would have been towed into port, in peace. Instead, with her never failing courage she took to the life boat, on a stormy sea, and survived the storm to hand over her Red Cross child not to an unworthy, but to her Country and humanity.

LXXXIV

No cynic will find a flaw in what Miss Barton did.

Boston (Mass.) *Record.*

The spiteful factionist, to be found in every cause—even the cause of Christ himself—formed an opposition to Miss Barton.

Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegram.*

Truth hath a quiet breast. SHAKESPEARE.
Great souls suffer in silence. SCHILLER.
Silence is the Mother of Truth. EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

Come, let us have peace. U. S. GRANT.
Peace to the land forevermore. CLARA BARTON.
I never spoke a discordant word in my life, meaningly.

CLARA BARTON.

Like her Master, whom she followed, Clara Barton opened not her mouth. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

And when He was accused by the chief priests and elders He answered nothing. ST. MATTHEW.

NO RED CROSS CONTROVERSY

"There has been no Red Cross controversy," says Clara Barton, "as the sensational press has termed it, inasmuch as the Red Cross has taken no controversial part. It has only spoken when it *must,* and as little as possible, and its President not at all, nor ever will.

When it is necessary for me to defend myself before the *American people,* let me fall. I should not value

the defense thus gained, and I trust I shall never feel it needful."

In her later years the following was oft quoted by Clara Barton:

> The stars come nightly to the sky,
> The tidal wave unto the sea
> I'll rail no more 'gainst time or tide,
> For lo! my own shall come to me.

LXXXV

A Greek Red Cross on a field of white should tell any soldier of any country within the treaty that the wearer was his friend and could be trusted; and to any officer of any army that he was legitimately there, and not subject to capture. CLARA BARTON.

This is what the Red Cross means, not an order of knighthood, not a commandery of it, not a secret society, not a society at all by itself, but the powerful, peaceful sign and the reducing to practical usefulness of one of the broadest and most needed humanities the world has ever known. CLARA BARTON.

I hope that all the patriotic and humane men, women and children of the United States who are able to do so, will give it (the Red Cross) their support by becoming members of our national organization. EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I hereby commend the plan of the Red Cross to secure a large membership in this country. I hope the American people will prove as patriotic in this respect as are the people of other nations, so that we may be as well prepared as they to render relief in the misfortune of war or to mitigate the suffering caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods, mine explosions and other great disasters.

EX-PRESIDENT W. H. TAFT.

A large, well-organized and efficient Red Cross is essential. It is both a patriotic and humane service that is rendered by every citizen who becomes a member of the American Red Cross.

EX-PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

I perceive that in creating an institution that shall be National and of the people the foundations must be as broad and as solid as the whole nation. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has become well known and well beloved. Of all the great humanitarian institutions of this country the Red Cross is surely among the greatest. CLARA BARTON.

Though we may leave our task unaccomplished, the task may be glorious in design if not in completion, and speak of us sincerely and with more fitting substance than words could ever compass or suggest. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross is the Big Brother of the Fighting Man.
GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

The Red Cross is the most generally recognized humanitarian movement in the known world. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has awakened the senses, and attuned the public ear to the cry of distress wherever emanating. CLARA BARTON.

The Treaty of Geneva takes its powers from the common consent of the United Governments of the civilized world.
CLARA BARTON.

Human intelligence has devised the provisions of the Red Cross, and it is peculiarly adapted to popular favor. CLARA BARTON.

It is probable that no sign nor figure in the secular world is sacred to so many people as is the Red Cross of Geneva. CLARA BARTON.

The insignia, which has given its name to the Treaty of Geneva, has become universally known and respected. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross never leads, but follows, in all military matters.
CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has given rise to most valuable inventions and, under its humane impulses, sanitary science has made rapid progress.
CLARA BARTON.

Inspired by the love of humanity and the world-wide motto of the Red Cross: "In time of peace and prosperity, prepare for war and calamity." CLARA BARTON.

© *Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.*

AMBASSADOR BAKHMETEFF

The veneration in which Russians of every class hold the name of Clara Barton.—Russian Ambassador Boris Bakemeteff (in Boston in 1917).

The Ambassador requested me to transmit to you the expression of every loyal Russian appreciation for the splendid work done by the American Red Cross during the last war, and especially for its assistance to the needy in Russia.—G. Gagarine, First Secretary to the Embassy (in Washington in 1920).

Some forty nations are in the Red Cross treaty, and from every military hospital in every one of these nations floats the same flag.

CLARA BARTON.

Of all existing organizations, there is possibly not one that has causes for sentiment of higher devotion and more prayerful gratitude than the Red Cross, which owes its very life to pity and help for the woes of the world. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross means not national aid for the needs of the people, but the people's aid for the needs of the nation.

CLARA BARTON.

History records the wonderful achievements of the Red Cross, greatest of relief organizations, though it cannot record the untold suffering which has been averted by it. CLARA BARTON.

I desire to enroll all to whom this message may come as subscribing, or sustaining, members of the Red Cross; and I wish this idea to spread and grow until it develops into a great National Red Cross movement. Then my hope will be realized. And when the call shall come I can lay the burden of my work tenderly and lovingly into the lap of the whole people, with whom I have labored so many years, and who will keep and cherish it always because it is the sacred cause of humanity they hold. CLARA BARTON.

In France recently there was found in the mails an unstamped postcard addressed, "Clara Barton, Heaven," and on the card was written, "You certainly founded a wonderful institution," and signed "A Soldier." *Press Dispatch.*

No country is more liable than our own to great overmastering calamities, various, widespread and terrible. CLARA BARTON.

Seldom a year passes that the nation, from sea to sea, is not by the shock of some sudden, unforeseen disaster, brought to utter consternation and stands shivering like a ship in a gale, powerless, terrified and despairing. CLARA BARTON.

Through Clara Barton's influence the International Congress of Berne adopted the "American Amendment."

MARY R. PARKMAN, Author.

Although the original purpose and object of the Red Cross was indeed to heal the wounds and sickness incident to warfare, there will remain the work under the "American Amendment," in which the Red Cross goes forth to heal other great ills of life.

CLARA BARTON.

INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS—AMERICAN RED CROSS—AMERICAN AMENDMENT

The International Treaty of Geneva—Red Cross—dates from August 23rd, 1864. The Red Cross is a Confederation of Societies in different countries for the amelioration of the condition of wounded soldiers in arms, in campaigns on land and sea. The World Society originated with Henri Dunant of Switzerland, after seeing the condition from neglect of the wounded at the battle of Solferino, Italy, on June 24, 1859. Gustave Moynier, also of Switzerland, called a meeting at Geneva, Switzerland, and the organization followed—August 23, 1864.

France was the first nation to adopt the treaty, this being September 23, 1864. The United States was the thirtieth in the list of nations adopting the treaty, this being on March 1, 1882. Up to the present time 49 nations have acceded to the Treaty of Geneva. In this list are the following possessing a National Red Cross Society:

1. Wurtemberg
2. Belgium
3. Prussia
4. Denmark
5. France
6. Italy
7. Spain
8. Hessie (Grand Duchy)
9. Portugal
10. Sweden
11. Norway
12. United States
13. Saxony
14. Baden
15. Switzerland
16. Russia
17. Austria
18. Netherlands
19. Bavaria
20. Turkey
21. Great Britain
22. Montenegro
23. Serbia
24. Roumania
25. Greece
26. Peru
27. Argentine
28. Hungary
29. Bulgaria
30. Japan
31. Congo
32. Venezuela
33. Uruguay

The following are governments that have signed the Geneva convention but have not Red Cross Chapters recognized by the International Committee:

34. Bolivia
35. Brazil
36. Chili
37. Colombia
38. Cuba
39. Ecuador
40. Guatemala
41. Haiti
42. Panama
43. Siam
44. Luxembourg
45. Mexico
46. Persia
47. Honduras
48. Nicaragua
49. China

Anticipating the adoption of the treaty by the United States, in July 1881 the American Association of the Red Cross was organized, seventy-five persons present with Clara Barton the President. The United States Senate having acceded to the Treaty of Geneva, its ratification was proclaimed by President Arthur July 26, 1882. This association was incorporated April 17, 1883, under the name American National Red Cross; reincorporated by Act of Congress, the charter signed by President McKinley June 6, 1900. That charter was repealed and a new charter substituted, the same being adopted by an Act of Congress and approved by President Roosevelt January 5, 1905. Under the new

charter the name continued to be The American National Red Cross. Section 4 of this Act was amended by an Act of Congress, and approved by President Taft June 23, 1910. This amendment relates to the collection of moneys by authorized agents, the use of the Red Cross emblem or any other insignia colored, and similar matters. A second amendment was adopted by Congress and approved by the President December 12, 1912, and relates to the time of the annual meeting.

The American National Association of Red Cross (organized in July 1881) was independent of the Treaty of Geneva; it was a private association, but Miss Barton was constantly urging this Government's adhesion to the Red Cross Treaty of Nations. In compliment to Clara Barton, she was invited to address a meeting at Dansville, New York. As a result there was formed on August 2, 1881, the first local Society of the Red Cross in the United States of America.

In September 1881, the Michigan forest fires occurred. This became the first test of the merits of the Red Cross work in America. Miss Barton was at this time also invited to make an address on this subject to the citizens of Syracuse, New York. A proposition to organize an auxiliary in that city was made at the close of the meeting. The amount there raised for the relief of the Michigan sufferers was $3,807.28, the new Red Cross Auxiliary Society numbering 250 members. This, in brief, is the history of the inception of the Red Cross and the two auxiliaries in America.

Of the Michigan forest fires Clara Barton said: "So sweeping has been the destruction that there is not

ELUTHEROS K. VENIZELOS

Although I never met Miss Barton, her achievement in establishing the American Red Cross is such as to win for her the lasting gratitude of many millions of people all over the world.

Greece, in particular, will never forget the noble work accomplished here by the American Red Cross. Its aid has been invaluable during the world war and I am therefore glad to be given this opportunity to pay this small tribute to the founder and first President of this splendid organization.

ELUTHEROS K. VENIZELOS,
The Ex-Premier of Greece.

food enough left in its wake for a rabbit to eat, and indeed there is no rabbit, if there were food."

In the spring of 1882 for hundreds of miles there overflowed the raging waters of the Mississippi, destroying homes and causing great suffering. Again the new association responded to the cries of distress. While the National Association was in session, devising ways and means for extending relief, a messenger came from the U. S. Senate announcing that the United States had acceded to the Treaty of Geneva. "Through all the past years, during which the Red Cross has sought recognition, protection and cooperation of the Government," says Clara Barton, "it has been but for one purpose—to be ready." The relief of suffering in national disasters, hitherto unknown in the history of the world through Miss Barton had become popular among the American people.

The ratifying powers at Berne accepted the National American Red Cross with the proposed Clara Barton amendment, generally known as the American Amendment. The system for relief work in national disasters, made popular in the United States through Clara Barton, was later approved and adopted by the International Red Cross Committee of the Treaty of Geneva. It has therefore become a part of the Red Cross system of all Treaty nations. These nations, representing a population of more than one billion of human beings, or four-fifths of the human race, are now enjoying the beneficence of the constructive genius of Clara Barton.

LXXXVI

Clara Barton—one of God's noblest. Augusta (Ga.) *Journal.*
One of the world's greatest.
Sacramento (Cal.) *Record-Union.*
Honored in three continents. St. Paul (Minn.) *Dispatch.*
Her movement spanned the globe.
Springfield (Mo.) *Republican.*

The preferring of charges against Clara Barton, and her subsequent investigation, is one of the rankest instances of injustice in the history of this country. Unfounded charges, political spite and the hope of remuneration,—the charges were refuted and the schemers were discredited, but politics had triumphed and Miss Barton was cast aside. Los Angeles (Cal.) *Examiner.*

It was demanded of Clara Barton that she give an accounting of goods and food distributed to dying and wounded on the battlefield. The unspeakable Turk never did anything as bad as this.—But that investigation was only an exigency, an excrescence, a malformation, a wart on the nose. *The Fra,* East Aurora, N. Y.

Squint-eyed slander. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
Slanderous as Satan. SHAKESPEARE.
Slander expires at a good woman's door. EWALD.

'Twas slander filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin.
POLLOCK—*Course of Time.*

Slander, meanest spawn of Hell—
And woman's slander is the worst.
TENNYSON—*The Letters.*

'Tis slander "whose breath
Rides on posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. CYMBELINE.

If the end brings me out all right what is said against me won't amount to anything. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Truth is generally the best vindication against slander.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Speak not evil of the dead. CHILO.

They that slander the dead are like envious dogs that bark, and bite, at bones. ZENO.

A poor lone woman. SHAKESPEARE.
Done to death by slanderous tongues. SHAKESPEARE.
Speak me fair in death. SHAKESPEARE.
And thereby hangs a tale. SHAKESPEARE

The greater the truth the greater the libel. LORD MANSFIELD.

The greatest friend of truth is Time. COLTON-LACON.
Truth is the daughter of Time. MAZZINI.
Truth is Truth. TENNYSON.

There is nothing so powerful as truth. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Truth pierces the clouds; it shines like the sun and, like it, is imperishable. NAPOLEON.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.
GEORGE ELIOT.

All error, false hate, malice, evil company and their kindred, are sure to find their true value, and though apparently successful are doomed to die at last. CLARA BARTON.

The Almighty has his own purposes. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We never know the uses the Master will put us to. His designs are known only to himself. CLARA BARTON.

When you come to the certain conclusion that only truth and justice are eternal, you will find it easy to wait and let the Heavens rule. CLARA BARTON.

Nothing but truth lives. CLARA BARTON.

My Lord will help me. JOAN OF ARC.

God shows me the way I shall go. JOAN OF ARC.

We are all lost! We have burned a saint.
TRESSART, Secretary to Henry VI.

Would that my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman is. JOHN ALESPIE,
PETER MAURICE.
(Two of the judges that condemned Joan of Arc.)

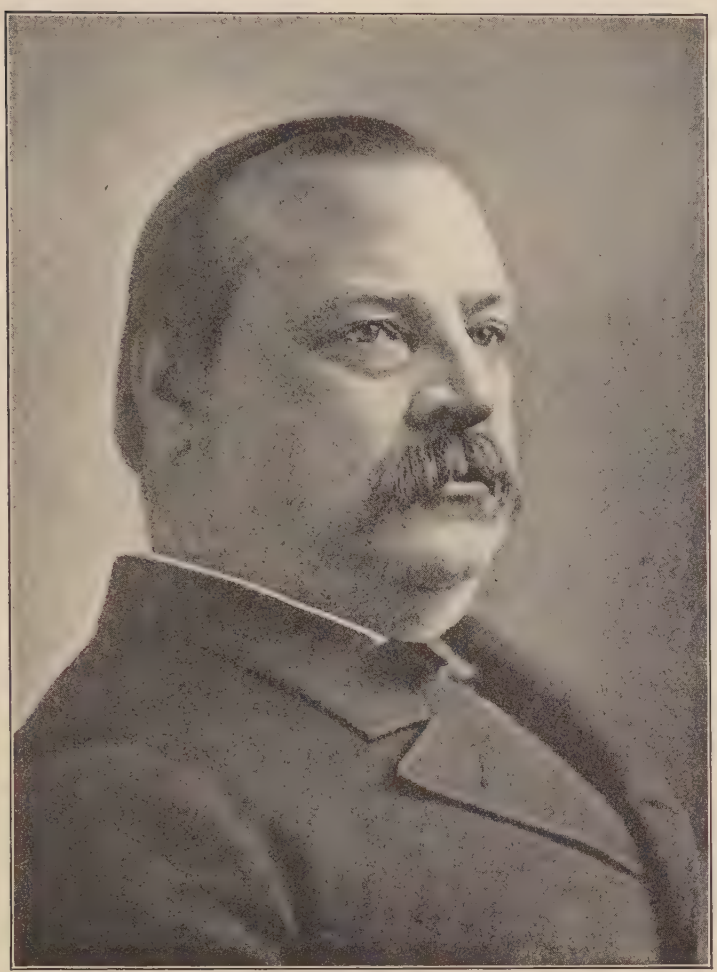
First in the list of American great women is Clara Barton; first in her ideals; first in her achievements. In America, she ranks with Jeanne d'Arc, of France, to whom the English are now (1818) placing a monument in Manchester.

CORRA BACON-FOSTER, Author, *Clara Barton, Humanitarian.*

Joan of Arc was rather tall, well shaped, dark, with a look of composure, animation and gentleness. GUIZOT.

It is not true, I think, that Miss Barton has ever done anything to disentitle her to a conspicuous recognition in the Red Cross Building. EX-SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD OLNEY (in 1917). (The eminent American selected by the "Remonstrants" in 1903, and unanimously approved by the Red Cross, to name the members of the Red Cross Proctor Committee—to investigate the "charges.")

There is, and can be, no foundation for such a charge. . . . During all the twenty-five years that Miss Barton has devoted herself



GROVER CLEVELAND

The President, March 4, 1885-March 4, 1889; March 4, 1893-March 4, 1897

Miss Barton, I want you to represent the United States at the International Red Cross Conference at Carlsruhe, Germany.

FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN (in 1887),
Secretary of State, under Grover Cleveland.

I thank you, Mr. Secretary, but I cannot do so; I am ill.—CLARA BARTON.

Miss Barton, all the country knows what you have done, and are more than satisfied. Regarding your illness, you have had too much fresh water, Miss Barton, I recommend salt.—FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN.

to the Red Cross work she has been in receipt of an individual income which it has been her pleasure to use in defraying her own expenses and for such helpers as the extensive correspondence compelled. (Signed Red Cross Committee

By WALTER P. PHILLIPS Chairman,
SAMUEL M. JARVIS,
J. B. HUBBELL.

(In a Memorial to Congress, March 3, 1903—from House Document No. 552, Vol. 49, 58th Cong.)

Wherein ..... was removed from his position, under Miss Barton, he said: "I can stand a great deal of cuffing, but then my time will come, so help me God I will not humbly submit to all I am having to bear." ..... was brought to Washington from a distant State ..... principal witness for the "Remonstrants." Mr. Stebbins and I were convinced that .....'s object was blackmail.

W. H. SEARS, Attorney for Red Cross.

..... conspired to supplant Miss Barton by destroying her name and fame. Miss Barton resigned in my favor. Hoping to secure justice for Miss Barton I accepted the Presidency, but finding that I would be unable to assume the onerous duties as her successor, with Miss .....'s insatiable desire to be at the head of the Red Cross, I resigned in favor of a party Miss ..... dared not oppose. Affidavit by MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN. (From a book of 177 pages by General W. H. Sears, in a report to the Library Committee of Congress, in 1916.)

. . . not one of whom ("remonstrants") ever went to a field nor gave a dollar, above fees; and half of whom were never known as members until now they appear in protest against the management. CLARA BARTON (1903).

As to the threat of an investigation, if there be any, Miss Barton cannot assent that it be suppressed by any act of hers. Red Cross Committee, 1903. From House Document No. 552, Vol. 49th, 58th Congress.

The Red Cross up to this time, 1898, had kept clear of political rings, and uncontaminated. Miss Barton was the acknowledged chief in authority. The Society had begun to win the most enviable reputation; it was growing to be a power; and politicians who had hogged everything else, from a cross-roads postoffice to a foreign minister, had begun to lay plans for displacing Miss Barton with a wife, niece, or daughter of a Washington politician. Miss Barton was probably not aware of this unholy scheme at this time. Perhaps, even if she had been, it would not have disturbed the serenity of her countenance for she was working for God and humanity. *Under the Red Cross; or the Spanish-American War* (Page No. 154, book published 1898; Author, Doctor Henry M. Lathrop; Editor, John R. Musick.)

BLACKMAIL ALLEGED—"CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION"—TRUTH OF HISTORY

Joan of Arc was born in 1410; Clara Barton in 1821—411 years later. The former became the leader of the armies of France; the latter, the leader of humanitarianism in America. Each was a patriot—self-sacrificing—serving not for self-glory, but for a great cause. The little clique of politicians and military aristocracy plied Joan of Arc for five months with "catch questions" on "trumped-up" charges, then condemned her to be burned at the stake. The little clique of politicians and social aristocracy plied Clara Barton with "catch questions" on "trumped-up" charges, then tried to condemn her to eternal ignominy. General Leonard Wood, humanity's friend and chivalric, with whom Clara Barton served in the camp, the hospital, and on the battlefield, says: "There is a call for women actuated by the same spirit of service as a Deborah, a Joan of Arc, a Molly Pitcher—women who will carry

forward the work begun by Clara Barton and Florence Nightingale."

> Let the ends thou aimest at be thy country's
> Thy God's and Truth.

Clara Barton met her fate in the Nation's Capital, Says *The Fra:* "The clique went before Congress and secured an amended charter to the Red Cross, which included none of Miss Barton's friends. Because the name of Clara Barton headed the list, the bill was passed; the members of Congress supposed it was a bill that Miss Barton wanted. This was done without Miss Barton's knowledge or consent. However, Miss Barton was ignored by the new organization. Her name has never been mentioned in their reports or publications; she has never been invited to attend any meeting of the Society which she had created, and established in this country."

The Red Cross then was non politics, non society, non salary, non graft. President Clara Barton was obdurate, non pliable. She could not *be used.* Her virtues became her undoing. She was retired. From Europe, for inspiration in America, was brought the English heroine;—suppressed or belittled, the American Red Cross Mother in semi-official literature, "At Home and Abroad." The *coup* won—the conspiracy completely triumphed. And how the official records disclose.

Washington is the rendezvous of "in full dress" criminals—character-assassins,—"that strange bedlam composed largely of social climbers and official poseurs." They carry a stiletto, half truth, but in desperate cases make use of slander, of forty-five calibre.

Their prospective victims range from rich Uncle Sam down to a poor lone woman, of charity. They ply their vocations sometimes, through envy, for self-glorification; sometimes, through ambition, for self-exaltation. While Washington was having the *honor* of dishonoring the great American philanthropist, a western town was offering as a present to her a fifty thousand dollar home, just to have the honor of her presence there. Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Miss Barton's three co-spirits and co-workers for humanity, met their fate while guarded by detectives; under certain customs prevailing in the West and South, as there is no protection from slander against a woman, "Chivalry" would have come to the rescue of defenseless Clara Barton.

There is an official Red Cross report to Congress, made in 1903, said report on file in House Document No. 552, Vol. 49, 58th Congress, statements of historic interest relating to the status of Red Cross affairs about that time. *In re* the proposed annuity of $2,500 and the Honorary Presidency for Life, should Clara Barton consent to permit the minority membership *thereafter to control the Red Cross,* and other matters relating thereto, appear the following in that report:

Since the filing of their (the remonstrants) Memorial in Congress, at least two thousand newspapers, in the country and out of it, have openly published these damaging statements, without the slightest knowledge of the facts.

. . . . . .

The memorial includes an ex parte statement.—It is greatly to be regretted that such action should have been taken—without giving a hearing to the majority of the organization, or to Miss Barton herself.

. . . . . .

From a photograph taken at St. Petersburg, Russia, July, 1902, at the time the Decoration of the Red Cross was conferred on Clara Barton by the Czar and Empress Dowager.

From a photograph taken in 1904, at the time when occurred the so-called "investigation" of Clara Barton, at Washington, D. C.

From a photograph taken in Washington, D. C., in 1878.

From a photograph taken in 1897, just before leaving the United States for her work among the Reconcentrados in Cuba.

From a photograph taken in 1882, just after Clara Barton had completed the organization of the American Red Cross.

While there were seven States represented by members actually present (at the meeting), the entire list of signers to the Memorial (by the remonstrants), with one exception, were residents of Washington, D. C.

. . . . . .

With one exception, not one of the twenty-five members has ever taken part in Red Cross Field work for a single day;—and she valuing her services, however, at $50.00 per week for two weeks, making a sum of $100, which was allowed and paid by the board; nor were there any records to show that, aside from their membership fees aggregating about $160, they have ever contributed to the funds of the Red Cross, while individual signers of this Memorial have drawn from it more than $2500, in aggregate amount.

. . . . . .

Clara Barton has never been a pensioner on the Red Cross Society, and certainly could not assent to be placed in that relation. We may, too, reasonably ask how these sticklers for correct form in all proceedings can find authority, being only a small minority of the membership, to offer such terms; and how can they undertake to barter its offices, privileges, and funds for a compliance with their demands? They admit they can stop the proceedings in Congress—for a consideration—thereby indirectly admitting the purpose of their movement from the beginning. The mere statement of the situation will suggest its difficulties. The majority in control of the body is at a loss to know where and how, under the charter or any of its bylaws, past or present, there can be authority for such proceedings.

"That it was physically withstood," says Clara Barton after her retirement, "was beyond either the expectation or the intention;" "still stamping on me;" "so long as I am *personally* unharmed I expect nothing more." Fortunately for her country her life was spared, by her "enemies," eight years more; for in that eight years she did a work many times more difficult than to have kept running her perfected and well-oiled Red Cross machinery. She brought into existence a

new organization, of possible greater benefit to the American people than the Red Cross, an organization with headquarters in Boston and branch societies everywhere from Maine to California.

And why should she not have done so? About the time of her retirement (in 1903) there was filed with Congress by a committee of the Red Cross an official report, unanimously concurred in by the committee, in which report appears the following: "At no time in her life has Miss Barton been in sounder bodily or mental health, or better able to continue the work to which her years of experience and natural endowments have preëminently fitted her. Moreover, the nation's confidence is Miss Barton's, and no hand can better guide its Red Cross work than hers. While every right minded person will deplore the mental suffering, anxiety, and personal humiliation inflicted upon one of the noblest women that ever lived, it cannot be supposed that she will abandon her life work on such a demand as this, or that she will retire from the office to which she has been almost unanimously elected, while under fire; nor would her friends permit it if she were so disposed.—We find nothing in the opposition except malice, resentment, and the jealousy of a few people whose ambition has been thwarted."

> Tis eminence that makes envy rise;
> As fairest fruit attract the flies.

Successful with her new organization, the Red Cross a few years later (in 1910) formed in its society a department to carry on relief as then carried on in Miss Barton's new organization, the department being of like name—The First Aid Division. In her new field

of humane service, Clara Barton expended from her personal funds about $5,000, besides five years of hard work, before she achieved success.

She was herself again; she was on the "firing line"; she had the support of her former Red Cross field forces,—not one had deserted her. She didn't flee her "enemies" to Mexico, but to the "Hub";—where, and in which vicinity, she had enjoyed social amenities with the Julia Ward Howes, the Wendel Phillips', the George Bancrofts, the John B. Goughs, the Louisa M. Alcotts, the Lucy Larcoms, the Mary Baker Eddys, the Henry Wilsons, the Charles Sumners, the George F. Hoars. Either among such then living or their friends, she had lost none of her prestige because she had been attacked in the "Den of Character-Assassins."

> Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
> Thou shalt not escape calumny.

On her "First Aid" Advisory Board were Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles and ex-Governor John L. Bates, of Massachusetts; Dr. Eugene Underhill, of Pennsylvania; Dr. Charles R. Dickson, of Canada; Dr. Joseph Gardner, of Indiana. Associated with her in various other capacities, also, were persons of national fame and widely-known humanitarianism. She was unanimously elected and re-elected, while she lived, the Active President of the organization—the organization known as the National First Aid Association of America; now she is the President *In Memoriam.*

In the House Records of 1903 and 1904 there is found the following: "They (Remonstrants) suggest that Miss Barton is a party to loose and improper ar-

rangements for securing the needed accountability for supervision of disbursements for money furnished in demand of exigency of the Red Cross by the charitable public." In 1916, a letter signed by a leading Red Cross official was mailed to the members of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives. In that letter, among many other "charges," was the following: "I think I have given sufficient evidence to show why the dishonest appropriation of relief funds for the personal use of Miss Barton makes the officials of the Red Cross strongly opposed to having the memorial of such a woman placed in a building that stands in remembrance of the noblest, finest, and most self-sacrificing womanhood of America."

It is inexcusable, on the part of a member of the present management of the Red Cross, to make public "accusation" of Clara Barton's book-records without certification to that effect by an expert accountant, in an official capacity, and then only confidentially to the organization itself for some good purpose; and in no case to the public in defamation, to support the position taken by an "enemy." Similar conduct, on the part of an employé in a well-ordered private corporation would subject the guilty, probably, to dismissal in disgrace from the service. If in the interest of public policy such information should be made public, and become of record, it should be made officially public, and through the President of the society.

In what has been done, *pro bono publico* has had no consideration. In publicly attacking the Red Cross Founder's book-records before the members of the National Legislature, there should also have been considered that conditions now are not as were the condi-

tions a score of years ago. Then the President-Vice - President - Chairman - Vice - Chairman - Comptroller - General Manager received no salary; *now* (in 1919) the annual salary of four Red Cross officers is $41,400; $15,000 and $10,000 respectively, for Chairman and Vice-Chairman; $8,000 and $8,400 respectively, for Comptroller and General Manager. *In re* the attitude of the "Remonstrants" towards her, Clara Barton said: "I am still unanimously bidden to work on for life; bear the burden of an organization; meet its cost myself—and now threatened with the expenses of the 'investigation.'"

In consonance with her sentiment, and statement, "The foundation on which all good government rests is conformity to its laws," Clara Barton in 1904 turned over to the new management all Red Cross books, official papers, official records, public funds—all Red Cross matters of whatsoever kind or nature. If there were evidence of defalcation, or "dishonest appropriation of relief funds for the personal use of Miss Barton," then was the time to have made the charges, and in the criminal court. Instead, the *post mortem* charges were made twelve years after Clara Barton's resignation of the Red Cross Presidency, and four years after her death."

> Kings, queens and states,
> Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
> This vituperous slander enters.

Under the laws of this country the accuser was estopped from making "charges" in 1916; or at any other time, except in a court of competent jurisdiction. Were it not for this wise provision the reputation of no

man nor woman, alive or dead, could have adequate protection from "enemies," in ambush. By what code of ethics, legal or moral, is such *personal* judgment against the dead rendered? And where is the record-verdict of the "crime"? In five or six years of the investigation, I have been unable to find any record that such "crime," as is alleged against Miss Barton, was committed. Nor do I find that a criminal charge of any kind against her is of record in the criminal court, the only institution under the laws of this country where a person should be adjudged guilty of crime. I do find from the records, however, that the Red Cross official making these charges was one of the "Remonstrants" of 1903-4, and who then certified to Miss Barton's *"integrity";* and also over her own signature proposed that Miss Barton accept the Honorary Presidency of the Red Cross as a tribute to her *"integrity."*

"Loose and improper arrangements for securing the needed accountability"; "such a woman"; "dishonest appropriation of relief funds for the personal use of Clara Barton!" Says *The Fra,* then under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard, "Such accusation is not only the blunder of boors but it is crime and sacrilege." If such unproved, unfounded charges against a woman, with immunity to their author, can get into the government record, into the hands of the people's representatives at Washington, passing without governmental protest through the mails, perilous the adventure of the women of America to enter upon a career of public service.

And has the cause of Clara Barton grown? Yes, gloriously, to the infinite credit of Clara Barton in laying the foundation in conformity to her statement,

"To be efficient, the Red Cross must have government recognition, must bear the stamp of national individuality, and be constructed according to the spirit, habits, and needs of the country it represents;—in contemplating the possible realization of my hope and all it would entail and involve, I have been looking carefully and anxiously to the plans of the foundations of the structure we are hoping to build; and I perceive in creating an Institution that shall be National and of the people, the foundations must be as broad and as solid as the whole nation."

To the credit of the Clara Barton management, and of the succeeding management, of the Red Cross; to the credit of the American people that for twenty-three years previous to the "accusation," and thereafter notwithstanding, the world has held in highest regard the Red Cross Founder and Red Cross integrity. What of financial support, *for reasons* that have been withheld, (probably millions) has not been reported. What of financial and moral support accorded to the Red Cross brings a flush of pride to the face of every true American; what of seeming policy toward the Founder also brings a flush,—but not of pride. A public policy, not in harmony with public sentiment, has brought on national disasters—a world disaster.

Mere growth, of itself, is not a virtue; for the upas tree grows, with spreading branches. The best prosperity is that prosperity whose foundation is secure, whose record-history is untarnished. The best philanthropy is that philanthropy which lives in the best atmosphere, breathes of the purest, gives of the soul's best. To her latest breath Clara Barton breathed love, breathed purest Red Cross philanthropy,—but prayed

justice for herself. She had never spoken a discordant word in her life, meaningly; her "enemies" monopolized the discordant words. So far as known, she never made an enemy; her "enemies" were self-made—their self-made record, on the books, reported "in the red."

Wearing a "political helmet," those who attacked a helpless woman took possession of her reputation and prospered. At no time in her life has it been shown that in her chosen field, with years of successful experience, Clara Barton was not a good businesss manager; her "enemies" assumed themselves, *without experience,* to be good in business and took charge of her affairs;—but under *proper* political protection.

> Slander—it is a coward in a coat of mail
> That wages war against the brave and wise.

Her "enemies," shielded behind "charges," made accusation against her,—*without self-sacrifice;* she exposed herself to attacks of every character known to womankind, and made self-sacrifices for the Red Cross and for country. What is inscribed over the portals of the cell, near Brussels, of Edith Cavell, must be inscribed on history's tablets, of Clara Barton: "She sacrificed herself for the Red Cross; she sacrificed herself for the country."

> Slander
> I saw it tread upon a lily fair—
> A maid of whom the world could say no harm;
> And when sunk beneath the mortal wound,
> It broke into the sacred sepulchre
> And dragged its victim from the hallowed grave
> For public eyes to gaze upon.
> . . . . . .

> Yea, I have seen this accursed child of envy
> Breathe mildew on the sacred fame of her
> Who once had been her country's benefactor.

Human nature hasn't changed since he, who became the first American President, suffered through the "Conway Cabal," a cabal not dissimilar in the motives, the charges and the execution, to that through which suffered the first Red Cross President. But George Washington was a fighter; Clara Barton, a woman of peace. The Red Cross President was as patient as was the first martyred American President, under persecution, and who then said "I am nothing, but truth is everything." She was as innocent and unsuspecting as was our last martyred American President, who said "I have never done any man wrong, and I believe no man will do me one."

Man, political, cowardly- man constructed the apparatus;—the tongue of woman, the sender; the ear of woman, the receiver. Of all the God-given good of earth, one woman is the best; TWO WOMEN, the worst. The only serious charge in history that will stand against Clara Barton is that she WAS A WOMAN; her most serious "misappropriation," that of her confidence in *another woman.*

> Away the fair detractors went
> And gave by turns their censures vent.

Elected for life? Yes. Then resigned? She was not a "war-woman,"—she had never filled a swiveled-chair;—yes, she resigned in the interest of peace and *harmony.* And from the facts, distorted, and the motives, impugned, as to why she resigned were taken the

bundle of faggots to add fuel to the flames of her torture.

> Slander never wants for material;
> Virtue itself provides it with weapons.

As for safety, the ancient criminal fled to the Temple of the Gods, so America's modern character-assassin fled to the Temple of the Red Cross, and implored silence; for then to recite the historic facts of the martyrdom might cause vibrations that would have shaken to earth the pillars of that sacred temple. President Clara Barton of the Red Cross said: "Its President has spoken not at all, and never will." Silence reigned. The truth was withheld at the Red Cross receiving station, while untruth sped wireless—and all the world wondered.

The Red Cross! No, the recent Red Cross officials don't know the facts,—the reputation of the Mother is the child's richest heritage. The Mother loved the Red Cross child; the child, the Mother—the slander of the Mother, dead, is by the individual, not by the Red Cross. The slander having coiled itself in Red Cross official circles there it lives, and will live, until scotched by the Red Cross or the American people.

> For slander lives upon succession;
> Forever housed, where it gets possession.

The so-called "investigation of charges" against Clara Barton in 1904 was before the Red Cross Proctor Committee. The "Remonstrants" demanded an investigation, and suggested that Honorable Richard Olney name the committee. The Red Cross unanimously approved the selection. The great Ex-Secretary of State named as that committee: U. S. Senator Redfield

Proctor of Vermont; William Alden Smith of Michigan, then a member of the House and later a member of the Senate; General Fred C. Ainsworth, of the United States Army, of Washington, D. C. This in fact was a Red Cross Committee and not, as so-called, a Congressional Committee. "Congressional Committee to investigate" was a threat to frighten a timid woman.

In the so-called "remonstrance" (of record) there is by the "remonstrants," of whom the "post-mortem accuser" was one, a disclaimer of

(a) "Any dishonesty on the part of Miss Barton in the administration of the affairs of the Red Cross.

(b) "Any charge of misappropriation of any property or any money by Miss Barton; or

(c) "Any improper act or conduct of any kind which involved in the slightest degree any element of moral turpitude."

Had there been an official charge at that time of "misappropriation of any property or any money," or any other charge involving "in the slightest degree any element of moral turpitude," on the part of the Red Cross Founder, charities would have thenceforward ceased to flow into Red Cross coffers, the Red Cross would have collapsed, and the "remonstrants" making such accusation haled into court, on a charge of criminal libel. The "remonstrants" foresaw that the good name of the Founder was the one hope of the Red Cross. The disclaimer was prerequisite to the attainment of the "remonstrant's" ultimate object, namely: the coming into possession of a popular organization that carried political and social prestige.

Mrs. Logan, the Vice-President, threatened court

proceedings unless her name was removed from Red Cross literature, and in consequence it was removed. Not so, Miss Barton. She at all times wished it removed, at one time threatened court action, but she dared not risk the possibly fatal consequences to the Red Cross. She suffered, in heart-aches, because of such conscienceless fraud on the American people, as she often said, that the Red Cross might survive. Thus to the very day of her death, through silent acquiescence in the fraudulent use of her name to secure legislation and the people's confidence for the new management, she was being terrorized, lest by her own word or act her Red Cross child might come to grief. The *post-mortem* charges are camouflage, a shield to protect the actors in the "tragedy of 1904;" the game as of the cuttle-fish in making the waters murky, when being chased by a superior force;—in this case, that of Truth.

The charges made were:

(a) "That proper books of account were not at all times kept;

(b) "That the property and funds of the Red Cross were not at all times distributed upon the order of the Treasurer of the Society, as alleged to be required by the by-laws of the Society; and

(c) "That a certain tract of land in Lawrence County, Indiana, had been donated to the Society by one Joseph Gardner; that the Society was re-incorporated after such donation, and that such donation was never reported to the new corporation."

It was shown at the investigation that no Red Cross money had been invested in the tract of land referred to; that for reasons the proposed deal was not consummated, and the title lapsed; that proper books of

account had been kept, and receipts taken for material and money, but not individual receipts from the sick, the wounded and the dying on fields of disaster—a system of red-tape impossible consistent with good service; that also the by-laws had been complied with in making disbursements through the Treasurer except, —when that too was impossible—during the stress of active relief work in the field. As her every field worker, then living that had at any time served under President Barton, approved her methods in Red Cross work; as the Washington "Society Remonstrants" had no experience in field work, manifesting pitiful ignorance as to what was required, the "charges" of *incompetency* on the part of the accused received no consideration at the hands of the Committee.

L. A. Stebbins, of Chicago, Illinois, ex-attorney for the Red Cross, in July, 1916, in a written report to the Library Committee of the House, and to which report he makes affidavit, refers to the charges of 1903 and 1904 in words such as follow: "The *only witness* ever produced to give testimony;—testimony was wholly unworthy of credit—false and untrue;—for blackmailing purposes;—clearly indicating blackmail."

On February 20, 1903, as elsewhere stated, the "remonstrants" certified in writing (certification of record) as to the "integrity, good name and fame of Clara Barton." At the investigation held in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee Room on April 12, 1904, *in re* the terrifying twenty-four page "remonstrance" before the Proctor Red Cross Committee, General John M. Wilson, himself a "remonstrant" and representing the "remonstrants" on that occasion, among

other things said "We do not charge that anybody has been guilty of malfeasance," in Red Cross affairs.

Referring to this very occasion, Major-General W. R. Shafter, Commander of the American Army in the Spanish-American War, in 1904 while the case was pending, said: "If the charges made against Clara Barton were true, no gentleman could afford to be mixed up in the affair, but not one word uttered against her *is* true." Clara Barton, in 1911, referring to that now historic event, said: "The harvest is not what the reapers expected, and I suspect if it were all to be done over again in the light of their newly-gained experience, it would not be done."

To the credit of man's respect for historic truth in official decisions, and his innate American chivalry, since the exoneration in 1904 there is not, at least of record, by any man an adverse criticism of the Red Cross Founder. *The perversion of the truth of history, however, by woman is as injurious to the public weal as such perversion by man, and through no ingenuous excuse of chivalry for a live woman, and against a dead woman, should untruth have countenance.* The investigation, for want of evidence, was *summarily dismissed,* on motion of the Committee itself. It thus became a mere farcical episode in American history.

The written certification of the Founder's "integrity," by the "remonstrants" in 1903; the oral disclaimer by the "remonstrants" of *any* Red Cross malfeasance in office officially proclaimed at the investigation in 1904, followed by a unanimous decision adverse to the "remonstrants," the incident then should have been closed. The "accusation," however, of even worse

import than that originally in the *indictment,* by the "remonstrants" of 1903 and of 1904, again comes to the attention of the public in a semi-official way, from the same "lone woman accuser," and is still a living factor in Red Cross policy,—still coming—still going—never ending—

> All slander
> Must still be strangled in its birth; as time
> Will soon conspire to make it strong enough
> To overcome truth.

A certain letter by a Red Cross official, assuming to represent the Red Cross Society, was mailed from the Washington Red Cross headquarters to the members of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives. Said letter was written to be used, and was used, as the basis of an argument against the record and fame of Clara Barton before the Library Committee of Congress. On the letter-head was the following:

> The American Red Cross
> Pointe-au-Pie
> Province of Quebec,
> Canada. July 29, 1916.

The letter was signed ..... (unofficially).

From that long letter, certain to be in American annals of peculiar interest as an epistolary curio, are taken the following excerpts:

"Her father died in 1862, leaving property valued at a little more than $1,000, of which she received a few hundred."

"I may say individually that previous to the war Miss Barton appears, according to her statement to have taught school at Bordentown, New Jersey, where a teacher's salary was $300 per year. A little later the records show that she and some other woman occasionally did copying in the Interior Department."

"She obtained from Congress in 1866, $15,000 which she said she had expended of her own money in tracing the missing soldiers.

It is difficult to understand where she obtained this money and also upon what her income depended in future years, as she stated she never received any salary or income from the Red Cross and yet she had no other remunerative occupation that we know of."

"In the 126 volumes of the War Department records of the Civil War no mention is made of Miss Barton's name or services except in a single letter from her asking information as to prisoners at Annapolis."

"We have a printed diary of ..... This diary was published in 1863. Though the names of a number of efficient women like Miss Dix and others connected with the Sanitary Commission are mentioned in a laudatory way, Miss Barton is never referred to."

"In many published accounts of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, Miss Barton is not mentioned, though hundreds of other devoted women are given."

"Just after the Civil War, several gentlemen who had been connected with the Sanitary Commission organized the first American Red Cross Society, but as the Senate had not at that time ratified the treaty of Geneva, this body could hold no official status and shortly went out of existence."

"In 1881 Miss Barton who, previously when visiting in Vienna, had learned of the treaty of Geneva and the Red Cross societies, with a number of others organized the American Red Cross."

"The International Committee of Geneva transmitted through her a letter to the President of the United States requesting the ratification of the Treaty."

"Mr. Blaine interested himself in the matter and in 1882 the Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate."

"From 1881 until 1904 Miss Barton remained the President of this small American Red Cross, and sometimes acted also as its treasurer."

"Financial statements were not made public and it is impossible to say what funds were received and expended during the 23 years of its existence."

"I don't care to take your time in stating many evidences of the misuse of the Red Cross relief funds under Miss Barton, but I desire to mention two or three incidents."

"She advertised in the Worcester papers for contributions for relief among the soldiers, but no record was made of what she received or expended during the Civil War."

"Certain letters we have seem to show that she occasionally had some of the contributed funds invested in the West."

"It is difficult to obtain data regarding the receipts and expenditure of funds."

"At the time of the Russian famine in 1892 ..... no financial report was made."

"Shortly after this time Miss Barton bought real estate in Washington and Glen Echo. . . ."

"I think I have given, however, sufficient evidence to show why dishonest appropriation of relief funds for the personal use of Miss Barton makes the officials of the American Red Cross strongly opposed to having the memorial of such a woman placed in a building that stands in remembrance of the noblest, finest and most self-sacrificing womanhood of America. Should your committee desire me to go to Washington and lay before it the evidence I have given and more in our possession, I would be willing to do so."

> . . . would well become
> A woman's story at a winter's fire,
> *Authorized* by her grandam.

The "charges," including detractions, innuendoes and suspicions (of which the foregoing are only in part), take a wide range, extending from the time Clara Barton taught her first school at Bordentown in 1836 (80 years previous), down to the Sea Islands hurricane

in 1893 (22 years previous). These "charges" were segregated by a friend of Clara Barton for the Library Committee. In that form they consist of thirty-one "charges," including the accuser's *personal verdict,* "the dishonest appropriation of relief funds." In history the "accusation" will be referred to as *"The Thirty-One Charges Without a Charge In It."* In legal circles such affirmations are known as "stale charges," or by a worse name; but, even if presented immediately, such "charges" would have no standing in any court of equity in this country. The "charges" are further negatived by the admissions of the accuser, "It is difficult to obtain data regarding the receipts and expenditures;" "It is impossible to say what funds were received and expended."

Also, inexcusable ignorance was shown on the part of the accuser of Clara Barton as to her methods in Red Cross affairs. It is certified to by the Red Cross (and of official record) that Clara Barton made her report at the close of every disaster, and in every instance the report was approved by the Red Cross, and was satisfactory to her government and the American people. Besides besmirching the history and good name of the Red Cross and her country, thus to impeach the integrity of the Founder of the Red Cross and for more than a score of years its President, is to impeach also her various boards of officers and her hundreds of other associates, including American Presidents,—all of whom uniformly approved her methods, her reports and the results achieved, while "she remained the President of this small American Red Cross and sometimes acted also as its Treasurer."

If what the "lone accuser" asserts be true, that "we (Red Cross) have letters that seem to show that she occasionally had some of the contributed funds invested in the West," they are letters, among other Red Cross effects, that came officially into the possession of the Red Cross, in 1904, through the pleasure and free-will offering of the conscientious-and-honest-to-a-fault-concealing-nothing Clara Barton. And for which also she received a *clearance card,* a "receipt in full." As an American citizen and a member of the Red Cross I protest the legal right, or the moral right, of the Red Cross "accuser" now to incriminate her whose lips are sealed, or longer to approve of record, *upon what seems to show. . . .* The facts *not only seem to show, but do show,* that if Clara Barton had not accepted as a present from the twin brothers, Edwin and Edward Baltzley of Glen Echo, Chautauqua, her Glen Echo real estate, and for a house thereon as a present, the wreckage lumber from the people of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889, there would have been no free-of-rent home for the Red Cross for the last fifteen years of her Red Cross administration and that of other philanthropies; that, while the accuser was living in a palace and "rolling in wealth," the accused would have been homeless and penniless, living on charity.

The "lone accuser" has no "letters that seem to show," save and except such letters be interpreted by an "enemy," and for an ulterior purpose. There is no truth in cynicism, or but half truth, which is more untruth than no truth. There is no truth in "we (Red Cross) have others in our possession" which the "lone accuser" pretended to have in her *post-mortem cruise,* in 1916, while trying to thwart the will of the people as to the

proposed Clara Barton memorial tablet in the American Red Cross Building; and, still worse, trying to blot out forever the name of the Red Cross Founder. As the sentiment of all the people, but said by the people of Johnstown just after the flood, in 1889: "Try to describe the sunshine. Try to describe the starlight. Picture the sunlight and the starlight, and then try to say good bye to Clara Barton."

Truth will come to sight.

In re Memorial to Clara Barton in 1916, the Library Committee of the House of Representatives, having before them all charges of whatsoever nature against Clara Barton, but especially those certain *post mortem* "charges," wholly ignored each charge, and all "charges," made by the "remonstrants" of 1902–4, in their memorial to Congress at that time. The report of the Library Committee in 1916 was favorable to Miss Barton, and as disastrous to the cause of the "remonstrants" as was that of the Red Cross Proctor Committee, in 1904.

From the House Records, in the unanimously approved report by the Library Committee, are the following excerpts:

"Miss Barton's life was given up to the work of relieving the distress in Europe and America, and her place in the affection of her friends and admirers is secure. None of them is willing to admit that she needs any special tablet, or stone, or that either is required to keep alive her memory as a benefactor of all distressed mankind. As one of the women of the Civil War, and a distinguished one, she also is memorialized in the Red Cross Building."

RICHARD OLNEY

I have always believed in Miss Barton's merits as a patriot and disinterested worker in aid of suffering humanity. RICHARD OLNEY, in 1916.

ATTORNEYS FOR THE AMERICAN RED CROSS SOCIETY UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF CLARA BARTON

LEWIS A. STEBBINS

Clara Barton is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of humanitarians of recent times.
LEWIS A. STEBBINS, in 1922.

WILLIAM H. SEARS

Measured by her achievements, Clara Barton is the greatest woman the world has yet produced.
WILLIAM H. SEARS.

The memorial tablet * was not placed in the Red Cross Building, as requested by the friends of Clara Barton, backed by one and one-half millions of petitioners to have it so placed, the most forceful argument being that one of the largest contributors to the cost of the building—and a friend of the accuser—made objection.

The foregoing is the authentic record presented to Congress in 1916, and a complete statement of facts—all the important recorded facts—relating to the "charges" of 1903–1904, with no official charges succeeding that date. Nor have I found in many months of examination in the Library of Congress, consisting of 2,800,000 volumes, or anywhere else of record, any detraction of early American Red Cross history or the slightest intimation that the Red Cross Founder was dishonest or a malfeasant in office, except from the pen of this "lone accuser."

Every officer, under oath sworn to conduct his office to the best of his ability, that knowingly conceals "dishonest appropriation" of public funds becomes *particeps criminis,* in the dishonest transaction. If true, therefore, as the "lone accuser" asserts over her signature in her letter to the Members of Congress, that "we (i. e., Red Cross) have letters that seem to show"—"dishonest appropriation of relief funds" then, inasmuch as no effort was made to recover from her or her

* As a substitute for the proposed memorial tablet in the Red Cross building, the statue of Clara Barton, representing American philanthropy, should be placed in the "Hall of Fame" in the National Capitol, alongside that of Frances Willard, representing temperance; and the name of the Red Cross Founder also should be recognized as President *In Memoriam* of the American Red Cross, as her name is now recognized by The National First Aid Association of America.

estate these alleged losses, Clara Barton's successors as Red Cross executives, in their capacity as trustees of a public trust, Mrs. John A. Logan, W. H. Taft and Woodrow Wilson become involved.

"CHARGES"? YES, REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

If not true, what could have been the object hoped for by the accusing Red Cross official, in her perversion of Red Cross history? Was it that she might dictate to one hundred millions of people the sentiment of a government building, known as The American Red Cross Building? It is somewhat significant that a few months later the United States put four millions of soldiers in the field, to make "The World Safe for Democracy."

Since this chapter was written and in type, there came into the possession of the author a letter, unsolicited, and relating to the possible motive. The letter was written by the Honorable Francis Atwater, the well-known Journalist and Ex-State Senator of Connecticut, and who for 40 years was Clara Barton's co-worker and financial adviser. The letter, sworn to, follows:

October 14, 1921.

Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins,
359 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mrs. Wilkins:

Miss Andrews informs me that ———— has been in communication with you in regard to Miss Barton. I would like to say a few words about ————. About 1900 she became interested as a member of the American Red Cross. Miss Barton,

some fifteen years previous, had founded the association after years of effort. She furnished the funds for the purpose, as she did for many years afterward for its support. It became a very popular institution. Miss Barton was honored by the world as no other woman had ever been.

———————— having great wealth and connected with the social elements of Washington, coveted Miss Barton's position and honors. She used her every endeavor to accomplish this purpose. She visited me in my office at Meriden, Conn., knowing I had great influence with Miss Barton, and offered, if I would get her to become honorary president of the Red Cross, to raise a million dollars for a Red Cross temple to be built in Washington and Miss Barton could have any sum she chose as an annuity, expecting, of course, to succeed Miss Barton as president. If we did not accept her offer she insinuated we would be sorry. Her proposition was spurned.

From that day she hounded and persecuted Miss Barton until her wicked design was completed. Since Miss Barton's death ———————— has made the most damaging, slanderous statements, well knowing there is no law to which she is amenable. If there was we would avenge Miss Barton's memory quickly.

I will say that Miss Barton when she died was several thousand dollars poorer than when she established the Red Cross. She had the friendship and confidence of every president from Lincoln to McKinley, also Gen. B. F. Butler, Vice-President Wilson, Charles Sumner, Senator Hoar and Richard Olney of Massachusetts, the most influential men of the country, and the crowned heads of the world. Many, like myself, gave years of our time and paid our own expenses, not for the Red Cross, but for Miss Barton and humanity. With friends of great wealth who offered and sent her checks for large amounts to her individual order to be used as she pleased (I opened many such letters) could any one imagine that Miss Barton would stoop to steal a few paltry dollars?

If ———————— persists in vilifying Miss Barton's character, I wish you would ask her to make her statements in my presence.

Our Saviour was crucified, but has been remembered affectionately ever since.

———————— is down and out in the Red Cross, which since her removal has printed much in Miss Barton's favor.

———————— seems obsessed with only one idea, to besmirch the

memory of Clara Barton but, like Abraham Lincoln, who in life was so sadly traduced, Miss Barton's name will be blessed more and more as the years pass by, while ———————— will pass away practically unknown and unmourned.

Yours truly,

(Signed) FRANCIS ATWATER.

AFFIDAVIT

Personally appeared before me Francis Atwater, and made oath that the facts set forth in the above statement are true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

(Signed) *Edward B. Whitney.*

Meriden, Conn., Oct. 21, 1921. Notary Public.

The probable motive of the "lone accuser" was the subject of much comment on Capitol Hill. Soon after the defamatory letter reached the Members of the National Legislature there came a near-explosion in the House that promised to rival that of the Petersburg mine explosion of Civil War days; and to which scene, in the blackness of night, midst thunder and lightning and blinding storm, and on her horse with one attendant taking her life in her hands, Clara Barton rushed to the scene of death and mangled bodies, to save the lives of her country's patriots. Accompanying the near-explosion, there also was predicted a tidal-wave as destructive to the Red Cross management as was that at Galveston in 1900 to her stricken people; and hard-following which, from what was then thought to be her death-bed, Clara Barton was on that storm-swept coast, in charge of the life rescue station.

Especially tense was the consternation on the part of the members from fifteen or twenty states whose peoples respectively (from 1881 to 1900), had been the beneficiaries to the extent of thousands of lives saved and untold sufferings assuaged, at the hands of that

"small American Red Cross." What really quieted the five hundred legislators on Capitol Hill was the rumor that the sensation came from a luxurious summer resort in Canada, where there had been summering merely a harmless phenomenon—an incinerator with a "continuous performance" furnace-flame, containing no heat units. But just what happened, and why, at the Nation's Capital with threats, impendent, of a criminal suit and in the "jungle of intrigue" following, is a story for the novelist, not a subject for this pen picture.

One patriot-Congressman, however, for days kept revolving in his mind the many awful scenes, in which Clara Barton was her country's "Angel of Mercy"; of the Michigan forest fires of 1881; of the two Mississippi River floods of 1882 and 1883; of the Ohio and Mississippi River flood of 1884, in which Clara Barton came near losing her life; of the Charleston earthquake of 1886; of the Mt. Vernon cyclone of 1886; of the Florida Yellow Fever scourge of 1888; of the Johnstown flood of 1889; of the Cuban scourge of famine and war of 1898, where "The Angel of Mercy" again lay at death's door; nor could he forget the many other national, and international, disasters in which the woman-patriot served her country.

Her fitful days of war were over; in far-away New England, she was sleeping her sleep of harmless peace; her character was being assailed in the very Capitol Building where fifty-five years before she had cared for the unfortunate boys of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who had fallen in service to country. In all the world was there ever such tragedy? But the "assassin" lives to a purpose; he serves to perpetuate to posterity the virtues of his victim; in contrast, his victim

seems the more glorious. In such atmosphere of near-treason, as did many other Congressmen, "Fighting Joe," of Kansas, tried to be "reasonable," but his "Fighting Irish" got the best of him. He was too chivalric to give his pent-up feelings vent to a woman; but he was less considerate of one of the most distinguished of his men compatriots, as is shown in the following letter (letter of record in "Sears' Report to the Library Committee of Congress"—page 139, but text given by Taggart from memory):

September 6, 1916.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U.S.A., Retired,
American Red Cross Society,
Washington, D. C.

My Dear General:

After a careful perusal of the enclosure on the subject of a tablet for Miss Clara Barton, I find it my duty to say to you that I am profoundly astonished that an officer of your rank would lend himself to the publication of such an unseemly screed against one who is esteemed the greatest of American women.

As one who served as a soldier in the least of capacities, I am astonished that a distinguished soldier should have a shame in belittling and accusing the dead—not simply the ordinary and common dead, but a glorious woman who has departed.

To my mind, Miss Clara Barton gave expression to the sympathy and tenderness of all the hearts of all the women in the world. If she was overwrought, and did more than she might have done, who will say that it was a fault? The whole world knew and loved her; and I daresay that her own dear land, that she served with such unremitting devotion as an angel of mercy, is the only place under all the stars where harsh words were ever written or said about her.

General, I know you are not responsible for the inscrutable jealousy that gnaws at the hearts of women. You did not write the article. I have no commission to defend Miss Barton, except what I trust is the best impulse of an American citizen. Her name should

THE LIST OF NAMES OF TRIBUTES IN THE WAY OF BADGES, MEDALS, DECORATIONS AND OTHER EVIDENCES OF ESTEEM PRESENTED TO CLARA BARTON.

No. 1. *Masonic Emblem.* Given to Clara Barton by her father, and worn by her through the Civil War, 1861-1865.

No. 2. *The German Official Red Cross Field Badge.* Presented by the Grand Duchess of Baden, and worn by Clara Barton through the Franco-German War, 1870-1871.

No. 3. *The Iron Cross of Germany.* Conferred by Emperor William I and Empress Augusta, 1871, in recognition of Clara Barton's services for humanity in the Franco-German War.

No. 4. *The Gold Cross of Remembrance.* Conferred by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, Germany, 1871.

No. 5. *Royal Brooch.* Presented by the Grand Duchess of Baden, Germany, 1897. When presenting this brooch to Clara Barton, the Grand Duchess said: "An unbroken friendship of 26 years deserves to be tied by a knot of gold."

No. 6. *The Official Medal of the International Red Cross.* Presented by The International Committee of Geneva to Clara Barton when, through her efforts, the Congress of the United States adopted the Treaty of Geneva in 1882.

No. 7. *Servian Decoration.* Conferred by Queen Nathalie of Servia, 1883, in recognition of Clara Barton's services for humanity.

No. 8. *Gold Badge.* Presented by the National Woman's Relief Corps to Clara Barton, the sole Honorary Member of the Relief Corps, 1883.

No. 9. *Silver Medal.* Conferred by Augusta, Empress of Germany, 1884.

No. 10. *The Gold Badge of the "Waffengenosen."* German soldiers in America, who took part in the Franco-German War 1870-1871, presented to their Honorary Member, Clara Barton, 1885.

No. 11. *Silver Medal.* Of the Mass. Charitable Mechanics Institution. Presented 1887.

No. 12. *Turkish Decoration.* Conferred by the Sultan Abdul-Hamid 1897, through the State Dept., with the request that if America desired to send further relief to his domains please send back the missionaries of humanity they sent before.

No. 13. *Gold Badge of "Sorosis," N. Y.* Presented to Clara Barton, their Honorary Member, 1890.

No. 14. *Red Cross Insignia.* In Commemoration of the Armenian Relief Field, 1896. Presented by Clara Barton's Assistants on the field, in memory of the same.

No. 15. *Gold Brooch and Locket.* Presented by the Ladies of Johnstown, Pa., at the close of the Relief Work of the Johnstown Flood, 1889.

No. 16. *Amethyst Pendant—Royal jewel.* Given by the Grand Duchess of Baden and constantly worn by Clara Barton.

No. 17. *Royal Jewel—Smoky Topaz surrounded by perfectly matched pearls.* Presented by the Grand Duchess of Baden, 1884.

No. 18. *Royal jewel—Topaz brooch with Red Cross.* Presented by Augusta, Empress of Germany, 1887.

No. 19. *Belgian Decoration.* Conferred by the Red Cross of Belgium, in 1892.

No. 20. *Spanish Decoration of Honor.* Conferred by the Spanish Government in 1898.

No. 21. *Gold Badge of "The Clara Barton Lodge of the Sisters of the G. A. R. of Gloucester, Mass."* Presented to Clara Barton, their Honorary Member, 1890.

No. 22. *Armenian Decoration.* Conferred by the Armenian Prince Guy Lusignan, 1896, in recognition of services in relief of the Armenian Massacres.

No. 23. *Russian Decoration.* Conferred by the Czar Nicholas and the Dowager Empress Dagmar, 1892.

No. 24. *Gold Medal of the Vanderbilt Benevolent Association of South Carolina.* Presented to Clara Barton, their Honorary President, 1894.

In addition to the above pictured decorations, the original collection as arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe G. Wells for exhibition at the first annual meeting of The National First Aid Association of America contained

Gold Badge of the War Veterans and Sons Association, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Presented to their Honorary Member, Clara Barton, April, 1899.

Badge of the Loyal Legion of Women of Washington, D. C. Presented to their Honorary Member, Clara Barton, 1893.

American Red Cross Pin. Presented by a Friend.

Silver Ink Stand. Presented to Clara Barton on her departure for Armenia, 1896, by Mr. Spencer Trask.

Ivory Sealing Wax Set with Gold Trimmings. Presented to Clara Barton on her departure for Armenia in Relief of the Sufferers of the Massacres in 1896 by Mrs. Charles Raymond, President Red Cross Hospital.

Top.—Picture of Clara Barton taken in Paris in 1871.

Clara Barton was also the recipient of many diplomas of honor, resolutions, votes of thanks and commendations from rulers of nations, legislative bodies, relief Committees and distinguished or titled personages. In her home at Glen Echo the visitor could see many of these, together with great flags of foreign nations which had been presented to her as tributes to, and testimonials of, Clara Barton's great work for humanity.

BADGES, MEDALS, DECORATIONS

not perish and no one should listen with patience to an attack upon her record, much less her character.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOSEPH TAGGART, M.C. 2nd Kansas District.

The unintentionally offending official, on receiving the foregoing letter, forthwith resigned his position in the Society; but the author of the "unseemly screed" continues "full of honors"—a *shining* Red Cross light to the youth of this country, while the "screed" remains of record as a blot on the fair name of the Red Cross Founder.

Contrasting Patriotic West towards the memory of the Father of his Country and Political Washington towards the memory of the Mother of the Red Cross, about this time there appeared the following pertinent-to-the-occasion Associated Press dispatch:

JAIL WASHINGTON'S LIBELER

Tacoma Man Must Serve 4 Months for Attack on First President.

Olympia, Wash., Dec. 29.—As a libeler of George Washington's memory, Paul Haffer, of Tacoma, must serve four months in the county jail, the Washington supreme court today upholding the conviction of Haffer on a criminal libel charge.

Haffer published an article accusing the first President of the United States of drunkenness and other irregularities.

Washington Post, Dec. 30, 1916.

It might be of interest, both to the friends and "enemies" of Clara Barton, by way of contrast to this pathetic picture of her closing years and of the more recent years, to know that three years before her passing she deeded her "Glen Echo Red Cross Home," the gift to her by friends, to Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, who had served her cause for more than thirty years without

compensation, but with the expressed wish that eventually it should revert to the American Red Cross. It can, therefore, be said of Clara Barton and the Red Cross as similarly it was said of that bond of "love eternal" between Theodosius and Constantia, "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

At no time in her life did Clara Barton seek preferment;—she said, "I wish you could know how entirely indifferent I am to *personal* honors conferred." She did not seek the Red Cross Presidency; she accepted it, under protest, from President Garfield. Resigning the position several times, she still continued to hold it because no one else acceptable to the Society was found to take her place. She appealed to no jurist nor politician to protect her, for *she had always lived and moved in the full glare of the public gaze and could safely trust her character and good name to the care of the American people.* She entrusted her all—her Red Cross and her good name—to the Government she had *"loyally tried to serve;"* and so long as the Red Cross banner is held sacred as the emblem of America's humanity God have mercy on her country and ours, if that trust of woman shall have been misplaced.

The records, in the "reign of *terrorizing,"* show that the so-called "charges" before the Library Committee were made by *one* person, unofficially, not by the Red Cross; by the *same* person, of record in 1903, who made similar "charges" before the Red Cross Committee, the accuser by the Committee discredited; by the *same* person who appeared before the Red Cross Proctor Committee, and there unceremoniously "turned down"; by the *same* person referred to by Clara Barton's successor

to the Red Cross Presidency, as to the motive of the accuser in the affidavit herein presented; by the *same* person whom Clara Barton refused to support as her successor; by the *same* person who has taken the rostrum since Clara Barton's death to traduce the country's benefactor; by the *same* "enemy" who has relentlessly persecuted Clara Barton and traduced her memory for nearly twenty years; by the *same* person whom Clara Barton received in her Red Cross household, and in her personal household, as her friend; by the *same* person who, on February 20, 1903, wrote to their mutual *"friend,"* Mrs. General John A. Logan (letter of record): "Miss Barton is in town. . . . I know you will use all your influence to have her accept the position of Honorary Presidency for Life, with an annuity."

The affidavit by Clara Barton's immediate successor to the Red Cross Presidency, Mrs. John A. Logan, as to the conspiracy and the object hoped for, in the persecution; the statement by the "remonstrants" themselves in 1903 as to the *"integrity"* of Clara Barton; the statement of ex-Secretary of State Richard Olney; the summary dismissal by the Proctor Red Cross Committee, and on motion of the Committee itself, of the investigation of all "charges" whatsoever made by the "remonstrants"; the unchallenged sworn statement by Attorney L. A. Stebbins; the unchallenged signed statement by Attorney W. H. Sears; the official statement by the American Red Cross that "There was no foundation for such a "charge"; the exceeding high compliment by the Library Committee of Congress;—all these facts of public record make officially conclusive the *vindication* (no, the spotless record), of Clara Barton. As her

reputation has been three times in jeopardy, Clara Barton has been thrice-*vindicated,* thrice officially complimented, every time unanimously.

> Truth is truth
> To the end of the reckoning.

Previous to the date of the so-called "charges" in 1904, as tributes unsolicited and graciously tendered, Clara Barton had received twenty-seven decoratons and other official honors; had received tributes from nine American presidents, nine foreign rulers; also by eleven foreign nations and several of our American States and Cities, through official resolutions. Since 1904, the year in which the conspiracy occurred, Clara Barton has been commended by two American Presidents, at the laying of the corner stone of The Red Cross Building at Washington by the U. S. Government through the then Acting Secretary of War; by the Commander of the largest American army ever mobilized; by at least three thousand American newspapers, not one newspaper in the country commenting on the "charges" with approval; by America's great statesmen; by America's great women; by a memorial representing a million and one-half of American citizens; by the Civil War veterans, North and South; by the United Spanish War Veterans; by the Sons of Veterans; by the Legion of Loyal Women; by the National Woman's Relief Corps; by the National Army Nurses; by the National Woman Suffrage Association; by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; by the Protestant, Catholic and other religious organizations; and by all other public and private institutions whose attention has been called to this matter of national interest.

Whether in art, literature or philanthropy the pride of a nation is in the realized ideal. That which must live longest and best serve the race is the highest ideal, realized. American philanthropy, the realized ideal obtained through "a movement the most philanthropic of the age and an intrinsic part of world-civilization," is the nation's chiefest moral asset. A decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that the memorial tributes to the Founder and petitions by the people be heeded,—the schemers discredited officially—that *the record of untruth* may not stand against this nation through envy of "one of God's noblest."

Justice is the end of government, womanhood the crown of American civilization,—and the spirit of the woman "whose movement spanned the globe," a heritage to this nation priceless. That spirit through wars and national disasters should be the saving spirit in untold suffering among "the countless millions and uncounted generations throughout the civilized world." "Unfounded charges," inhumanity's foul blot, *must be and will be* removed from the scroll of The American Red Cross, off the escutcheon of the American nation—that the name of humanity's luminary may shine throughout time as the guiding star in American philanthropy.

LXXXVII

Andersonville * was not the gateway of hell; it was hell itself.

CLARA BARTON.

He (President Lincoln) said, "I will help you." He smoothed the way and made it possible, assisting me until the work was done.

CLARA BARTON.

Only in the Great Book of Life is it written what Clara Barton did for the homes of this land, after the Civil War was over.

SARAH A. SPENCER.

In a Memorial to U. S. Congress, Clara Barton said that in doing this work referred to, as per itemized bill, she reported that she had expended from her private funds as a contribution to the cause $1,759.33, and further said: "My own time and services have been cheerfully given." THE AUTHOR.

I remembered our prisons crowded with starving men whom all the powers and pities of the world could not reach with a bit of bread. I thought of the widows' weeds still fresh and dark through all the land, north and south, from the pine to the palm, the shadows on the hearths and hearts over all my country—sore, broken hearts; ruined, desolate homes. CLARA BARTON.

The path of this work was opened for her through records kept by Dorence Atwater, a Connecticut boy-prisoner at Andersonville, who had been detailed to keep a record for the prison officials of

* Without honoring the request of the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, to take an expedition to Andersonville to mark the graves of the missing soldiers, there could have been no cemetery at Andersonville. The cemetery which the Government now so worthily owns is a gift from our active corps of women.—Clara Barton.

DORENCE ATWATER

For the record of your dead you are indebted to the forethought, courage and perseverance of Dorence Atwater, a young man not twenty-one years of age.—(Signed) CLARA BARTON, in an official report to the people of the United States of America, in 1865.

This memorial will stand as a silent reminder of the untiring and loyal devotion of one whose memory will live while time endures.—IDA S. MCBRIDE, Chairman Memorial Committee.

DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL TO CLARA BARTON AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA, MAY 31, 1915

Erected by the Woman's Relief Corps Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Left to right: Mrs. Emma E. Grinnell, P. Dept., Pres. Wisc. W. R. C.; William Grinnell, P. Dept. Com. G. A. R., Wisc.; Mrs. Ida S. McBride, P. Natl. Pres. W. R. C.; Miss Agnes Hitt, P. Natl. Pres., W. R. C.; Hon. Washington Gardner, P. Com.-in-Chief, G. A. R.; Mrs. Mary A. North, P. Natl. Jun. Vice-Pres., W. R. C.

the dead, and their burial. He kept a secret duplicate record, with location of graves. He saw a notice asking for information signed "Clara Barton," when he at once wrote to her. Together they went to Andersonville and with his aid she succeeded with the identification of 19,920 graves and placing headstones above them, while 400 of these were marked "unknown."

Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror.*

Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And the names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb—
There's grandeur in graves, there's glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night looms the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne;
And earth's single wreck in the war path of night
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

FATHER RYAN.

OF GRAVES, OF WORMS, OF EPITAPHS

After the Civil War Clara Barton engaged in a sad mission. Of the Federal soldiers, there were 80,000 missing. Letters from the sorrowing were coming to the President and the Secretary of War, for information. To obtain the names of the missing, how died, where buried, and other information about loved ones, was a tremendous undertaking,—it was Clara Barton's mission. Many of her personal friends said it was impossible, but President Lincoln gave her encouragement. She also received her Commission from the President, who had published the following:

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE MISSING PRISONERS:

Miss Clara Barton has kindly offered to search for the missing prisoners of war. Please address her at Annapolis, Maryland, giving the name, regiment, and company, of any missing prisoner.

A. LINCOLN.

For four long years she carried in her heart the sorrows of scores of thousands, in unhappy homes. She took the lecture platform and, in public halls, churches and school-houses, she said to the people "let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs."

> She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
> Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
> And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
> Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

Few of the obscure dead had even head-boards at their graves. In the absence of head-boards, the information was obtained through an ex-federal prisoner, who had kept the necessary data. Tens of thousands of letters were exchanged. Through correspondence, private information, personal contact with friends of the missing, and an inspection in the cemetery, the remains of 19,920 of the missing were found, the remains sent home, or the grave marked. The whole expense of this work was about $17,000, the amount advanced by Miss Barton. Later, the Government reimbursed her to the extent of $15,000. So stupendous, so philanthropic, and so successful, was this work that this one mission of love, of itself, would have given Clara Barton eternal fame.

> Sad wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat
> For the loved sound of unreturning feet

And when the oaks their banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

FRANK L. STANTON.

If all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice, for their conduct during the war. God bless the women of America. A. LINCOLN.

I feel how weak and fruitless would be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming; but I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

A. LINCOLN (in his letter to Mrs. Bixby).

Mothers—wives—and maidens, would there were some testimonials grand enough for you—some tablet that could show to the world the sacrifice of American womanhood and American motherhood in the Civil War! Sacrifices so nobly and so firmly—but so gently and so beautifully,—made. CLARA BARTON.

In the crowded yards of every prison ground, in the dark ravines of the tangled forests, in the miry, poison swamps, where the slimy serpent crawls by day and the will-o'-the-wisp dances vigil at night, in the beds of the mighty rivers, under the waves of the salt sea, in the drifting sands of the desert islands, on the lonely picket line, and by the roadside, where the weary soldier laid down with his knapsack and his gun, and his march of life was ended; there in their strange beds they sleep till the morning of the great reveille.

CLARA BARTON.

To show the sentiment then existing among the people, and the appreciation of the services rendered,—of the thousands of letters received by Miss Barton are appended the following:

GRATITUDE OF A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER

"Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Michigan,
July the 5th, 1865.

"MISS CLARA BARTON,

"*Dear Madam:*—Seeing a notice in the paper of the effort you are making to ascertain the fate of missing soldiers from Michigan, I hasten to address you in regard to my son. His name is Eugene P. Osborne. He was a private in the 13th Michigan Regiment, Co. H Infantry; was in Sherman's Army; left Atlanta last November with the Regiment, became lame soon after leaving there, and fell out the first day of December, near Louisville, Georgia. Since that time we have never been able to learn anything of him, or what has become of him. Those that went with him from this place, and were in the Company with him, have returned, but they know not what has become of him, or what his fate may be. We have endeavored to learn something of him by writing to various persons and places, but as yet we have heard nothing reliable.

"Will you, Oh! will you, aid me in the search for my loved but unfortunate son; if so, the prayers and gratitude of a heartbroken Mother shall be yours. Please answer without delay and tell me if you know aught concerning him, for this cruel suspense is dreadful. "Respectfully yours,

"Address

"Mrs. C. A. OSBORNE,

"Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Michigan."

I never for a moment lose sight of the mothers and sisters and white-haired fathers, and children moving quietly about, and dropping the unseen, silent tear in those far-away saddened homes.

CLARA BARTON.

THANK YOU FROM MY VERY HEART, HIS POOR HEART-BROKEN MOTHER

"MISS BARTON:

"*Dear Angel of Love and Mercy:*—I address these few lines to you hoping to get some information in regard to my son's remains. He died in August in the dreadful prison pen at Andersonville. I think it was about the ninth day of the month. Did you find when you were there on the list the name of Edward H. Walton, Co. H, 57th Regt. Massachusetts Volunteers? If so, you will confer a great kindness on me, his poor heartbroken Mother, by giving me what information you can. He went from Worcester, Mass.

"Please let me know if you think I could obtain his remains if I should send for them, as I am very anxious to get them. I shall ever remember your great kindness and labor in thus giving me the comfort that you have seen the remains of the poor murdered ones decently buried. I thank you from my very heart and may heaven bless you while you live and when you have done on earth may the richest of heaven's blessings be yours through that never ending eternity for which thousands of mothers will pray.

"Very respectfully,
"Your humble servant,
(Signed) "MRS. DOLLY WALTON,
"Worcester, Mass.

"Mother of Edward H. Walton, Co. H, Fifty-seventh Regt. Mass. Vol., died at Andersonville Prison in August, '64."

Nor has morbid sympathy been all; out amid the smoke and fire of our guns, with only the murky canopy above and the bloody ground beneath, I have not lost sight of those saddened homes.

CLARA BARTON.

MAY GOD BLESS YOU

"LaFayette, Ind., March 30, 1866.

"DEAR MISS BARTON:—

"Will you please excuse a bereaved Mother again addressing you. I have seen by the papers that you have visited Andersonville. Can you give me any information respecting my dear lost son, my poor boy, as you have visited the graves of the precious dead; did you find the name of John Newton Strain? Oh! it would be a satisfaction, although a melancholy one, to know where his dear remains rest and oh! if I could only have them brought home, my noble boy, no better son a Mother ever had. If he had died on the field of battle it would not have been so hard. He belonged to the New York 2nd Cavalry Co. I. Dear Miss, if you can give me any information it will be most thankfully received and the best I can say is, may God bless you and be your great reward.

"From your afflicted friend,

(Signed) "ELIZA FORESMAN.

"Lafayette, Ind."

"Please answer."

I have too often wiped the gathering damp from pale anxious brows and caught from a shy quivering lip the last faint whispers of home, not to realize the terrible cost of these separations.

CLARA BARTON.

The history of Andersonville is the most sad, and at the same time the most discouraging to our confidence in man's inhumanity to man, of all the episodes of the Civil War.—*Harper's Weekly,* Oct. 7, 1865.

The name of Clara Barton will be held in grateful remembrance whenever and wherever human needs are weighed in the scales of human want.—*Washington Gardner.*

By permission of "Harper's Weekly."

CEMETERY AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA

The Department of Georgia, Grand Army of the Republic, early secured title to the Andersonville stockade, which it later transferred to the National organization, Woman's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. This body, after having purchased very considerable additions and improved and beautified the whole through a period of sixteen years, deeded the entire property to the United States Government which, together with the cemetery, will be held in trust perpetually as the most tragic and hallowed plot of ground under the flag. WASHINGTON GARDNER, Post Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., in his memorial address, May 31, 1915.

The number of graves marked is 19,920. Scattered among the thickly designated graves stand four hundred tablets, bearing only the number and the touching inscription "Unknown Union Soldiers."—(Signed) CLARA BARTON, in an official report to the people of the United States of America, in 1865.

The winds will blow, the skies will weep,
Where fair Columbia's heroes sleep,
And Clara Barton's name is known
Where waves our flag or stands a throne;
The work she did fills every heart
Wherein affection hath a part;
A woman to her country true,
She marked the graves where sleep the Blue.

—From the dedicatory poem *Clara Barton,* by T. C. Harbaugh.

MY PRAYERS FOR YOU

"Miss Clara Barton:

"Please give me some information, if you can, of Frank Pearson of the U. S. Str. *Mackinaw,* North Atlantic Squadron. He was from New York State. I have not heard from him since the last of March. They were then on the Appomattox River and I suppose he fell when Petersburg was captured. I wrote to him the first of April, and not getting any word from him I wrote to his Captain but never heard from him. I had given up all hopes of ever hearing what has happened my *best friend.* When I saw your name, that you were trying to find our lost friends, I took courage, but whether I will have any better luck to hear just a word about *Poor Frank.* Three years and a half on the *Blockade.* Oh! how fast the time was passing; only six months from April until he would have been once more free. I would have willingly died for him, but God has ordered it otherwise and I am not the only one that is mourning for a *Dear Friend.*

"If you can find anything about him please let me know as soon as you can conveniently. My prayers for you. Oh! how lonely! how sad I feel all alone in this cold world. 'Would that I were resting too!'

"Pardon me and excuse the writing. My eyes are dim. Please answer soon. I am

"Your friend,

(Signed) "MATTIE C. BEATTY,

"Coal Bluff, Washington County, Penna."

LXXXVIII

Clara Barton is Clara Barton. Dr. Samuel Woodward.

Clara Barton went to Russia, in 1892, to carry food to the famine sufferers there;—the most widely known American of today.

Central Christian Advocate.

The total value of contributions from America to Russia in 1892 was estimated at about $800,000. Through all sources, here and in Europe, upwards of 35,000 people were saved from starvation.

Percy H. Epler, Author.

Clara Barton gave to the world a greater influence than Catherine of Russia with her millions of subjects—her name will be remembered when that of Catherine shall have been forgotten.

Parsons (Kan.) *Sunday.*

The sign of the Red Cross, in crimson red, had come nearer its true significance under Clara Barton's direction than it ever did before, whether by Constantine, named, or borne by crusader bands in assaults upon the Crescent. Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram.*

When stricken Armenia called for help in 1896, it was Clara Barton who led the relief corps of salvation and sustenance.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Herald.*

Resolved, That we regard Miss Barton the highest representative and purest embodiment of the Christian humanitarian spirit in America. The Church of Martyrs (Armenian Congregational Church). Worcester, Mass.

They knew, in Turkey, we had taken our lives in our hands to come to them, with no thought of ourselves. Clara Barton.

No American will hereafter in foreign lands feel any less security since the American National Red Cross has been before them in Russia and Armenia. Clara Barton.

When the cry came from Turkey, what man was there in all this land brave enough to lead where Clara Barton went, like an Angel of Mercy? The boundless love of that woman's heart! God bless Clara Barton! MRS. ELLEN SPENCER MUSSEY.

When the wail of the Armenians and downtrodden of the Oriental World was heard, Clara Barton was among the first to raise the banner of the Red Cross, like the crusader of old and push forward to the scenes of anguish and carnage.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

The work Clara Barton did in Asia Minor, and which Col. Hinton designated as the Statesmanship of Philanthropy, was similar to the work along this line she did at the Sea Islands flood, in the Carolinas. THE AUTHOR.

Clara Barton, in Asia Minor, has done a splendid work, sensibly and economically managed. HENRY C. DWIGHT, D.D., American Board of Foreign Missions at Constantinople.

The difficulties of the work in Asia Minor, the perils and discomforts would surely have appalled a less courageous heart than Clara Barton's. JOS. K. GREENE, Resident Missionary in Armenia.

To Turkey and Armenia—a mission so difficult and perilous that all the world wondered, watched, waited, hoped and prayed for her success, and her safe return to her native land. W. H. SEARS.

To us who have seen so much and worked so long and so hard, it would seem that the Red Cross movement has some "significance" —some connection with philanthropy. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross flag has no Christian sense that many suppose. It is broader than Christianity itself, because it has neither prejudice nor bounds; Christian, Mohammedan and pagan are the same in the eyes of the Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

The principal nations of earth are bound together by the bands of the highest international law that must make war in the future less barbarous than it has been in the past. CLARA BARTON.

Bakashish is the substitute for our "tip" system. To make any headway in Turkey with a hoard of beggars, two words must be mastered: "Yok"—No; and "Hide-git"—Be off with you.

GEORGE H. PULLMAN, Secretary to Clara Barton in Turkey.

The moral support given in Asia Minor was far beyond any valuation. At such a money valuation then, the aggregate value of the relief distribution is nearly $350,000. GEO. H. PULLMAN.

Reticent, constant and efficient, Clara Barton has won the confidence of every government under whose flag she has labored—as in the land of the Crescent and Scimitar—and has done honor to her native land. B. H. WARNER.

No matter how far from home, how lone and desolate, the soldier knows the Red Cross for his own; the glazing eye can discern it and next to God or "Allah" it is his Saviour, the American Annie Laurie of the wounded soldier. CLARA BARTON.

There is, we are happy to believe, a warmth and an appreciation of the Red Cross that brings added honor to the country.

CLARA BARTON.

TURKEY—STATESMANSHIP OF PHILANTHROPY—ARMENIA

"Alone, bereft, forsaken, sick and heartbroken, without food, raiment or shelter, on the snow-piled mountain sides and along the smiling valleys they wander and linger and perish. By scores, by hundreds, they die; no help, no medicine, no skill, little food and, as if common woes were not enough, the Angel of Disease flaps his black wings like a pall." Such the condition,

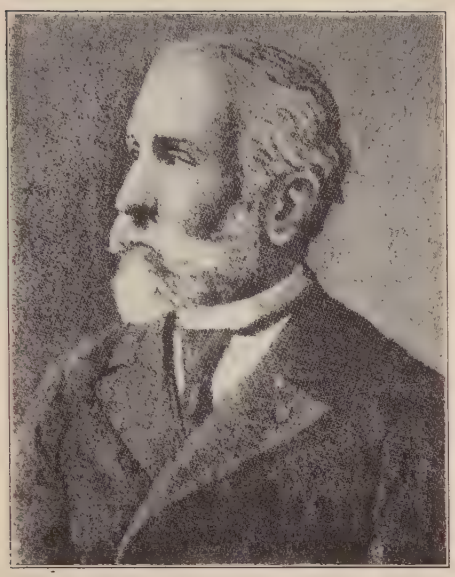
DR. G. PASDERMADJIAN

THE DEMOCRACY OF ARMENIA

Armenian Legation,
January 17, 1922.

After the great massacre of 1895, thanks to the personal testimony of Clara Barton, we came to learn of another Christian Power, a nation dedicated to the lofty principles of our common religion, a champion of liberty and justice, and a helpful friend to all oppressed and suffering peoples. We are indebted to Clara Barton in the sense that she was the first among other Americans to inspire us with this faith.

DR. G. PASDERMADJIAN,
Minister from Armenia to United States.



I. H. R. PRINCE GUY DE LUSIGNAN
Last of the Royal Line

THE ROYALTY OF ARMENIA

The Armenian Decoration

I have received a decoration, officially described as follows:

Brevet of Chevalier of the Royal Order of Melusine, founded in 1186, by Sibylle, Queen and spouse of King Guy of Jerusalem, and reinstituted several years since by Marie, Princess of Lusignan. The Order is conferred for humanitarian, scientific and other services of distinction, but especially when such services are rendered to the House of Lusignan, and particularly to the Armenian nation. The Order is worn by a number of reigning sovereigns, and is highly prized by the recipients because of its rare bestowal and its beauty. This decoration is bestowed by His Royal Highness, Guy of Lusignan, Prince of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.—CLARA BARTON.

See pages between 326-7; decoration No. 22.

says Clara Barton, in Asia Minor in 1896; and "Help or we perish," the cry of the people.

To enter Turkey at this time was an undertaking *too great* for man; this must be the work of woman. There was one woman equal to the emergency, and she seventy-five years of age. All eyes were turned toward that woman. She was chosen unanimously. Her assistants were to be men but she stood sponsor for man's conduct, a responsibility the greatest in life woman ever assumes. The deference paid to this woman—*Mirabile dictu*—was some years before a woman was regarded even capable of sitting as member of the American House of Representatives or as Member in the English House of Commons. Did she accept? Nothing too hazardous for her to undertake; she ever was seeking for something to do that no one else would do, no one else could do.

Florence Nightingale sailed for Crimea "under the strong support of England's military head and England's gracious Queen;" Clara Barton set sail for Turkey, "prohibited, unsustained either by governmental or other authority,"—destined to a port five thousand miles away, from approach to which even the powers of the world shrank in fear. As Clara Barton, with her four assistants, left New York City, on the S. S. *New York,* "crowded were the piers, wild the hurrahs, white the scene with the parting salutes, hearts beating with exultation and expectation;" longing the anxious eyes that followed far out to sea that band of five fearless American crusaders, on humanity's mission.

Would she reach Constantinople? The Turkish Minister, resident at Washington, forbade her and her

Red Cross band to enter the land of the Moslem. Her Christian presence there was not desired; would not be permitted. Unperturbed, she proceeded on her way. She arrived at Constantinople. She stopped at Pera Palace hotel. She asked for an audience with Tewfik Pasha, Minister of State. She explained; she begged the privilege of self-sacrifice. The High Official listened attentively, then said: We know you, Miss Barton; have long known you and your work. And you shall have it. We know your position, and your wishes shall be respected. Such aid and protection as we are able to render, we will cheerfully render you. I speak for my government. I extend to you my cordial good wishes in your work among our distressed people.

At the interview Clara Barton thus assured Tewfik Pasha: "We have no newspaper correspondent, and I promise you I will not write a book on Turkey. What we see and hear will be confidential—not repeated." But she didn't keep faith with the Government—she reported on the dogs. Dogs in Constantinople are held sacred, but not because decorated with a brassard they serve in Red Cross work or otherwise are useful. The streets and plazas day and night are filled with dogs, colonies of dogs. Fond of dogs, she enjoyed telling this story. About to be overpowered by other dogs the Turkish dog flops over on his back, his feet in air to serve as the dog's Red Cross flag, over a hospital. In the "hospital" he remains until there is an opportunity of escape when, without so much as "by your leave," he invalids himself home.

The British Legation had a blooded rat terrier, also *sacred*. By chance the terrier slipped out of the yard.

Unsuspecting he was "ambushed" and, not knowing Turkish dog strategy, was foully slain. The secretary, in righteous wrath, forthwith imported from England "Bull Brindle," of a famous fighting breed. The British "warrior" also strolled out on the plaza, *but not by chance.* A colony of several hundred dogs, with confused noises as terrifying as of a "pack of coyotes" hunting prey, massed an attack on the lone "Britisher." Victory this time was not with the largest battalions. Bull terrier was killing mongrels without mercy or shame, and with as much ease as the terrier had killed rats, and so continuing until four score or more lay dead on the field.

> As ranged
> Achilles in his fury through the field
> From side to side, and everywhere o'ertook
> His victims, and earth was dark with blood.

By chance, through an opening in the walled fence of the embassy, the secretary was an eye-witness. The natives in numbers, aroused, watched the uneven contest but no one dared to lay hands on the "achilles." Alarmed over the possible consequences to himself, the secretary rushed to the scene, grabbed Brindle by the collar, led him to the embassy, chained him. A diplomat, the secretary returned to the plaza—explained—expressed regrets—almost *heartbroken,* apologized, but to Miss Barton he confidentially said: "That's one time I got even with the unspeakable Turk."

Aghast and horrified had stood the world over the news of the then recent terrible massacres; of the contagious diseases that windswept Asia Minor, leaving thousands and tens of thousands dead and dying in its wake. But proud was America. Her heroine was at

the Moslem Capital, the foreign representative of the one country there on guard for humanity. This, her picture of the trip to Killis, the scene of one of the many terrible massacres: "Our security, the official order, 'Go and we protect,'—camels heavy-laden not with ivory and jewels, gold in the ingots and silk in the bales, but food and raiment for the starving, the sick, the dying. Onward toward dread Killis—the wild tribes' knives before, the Moslem troops behind—till at length the spires of Aintab rise in view. Weary the camels and weary the men." In fear that the means might not be at hand to do all she would, in anguish of soul Clara Barton writes to her friend Frances Willard: "My heart would grow faint and words fail to tell the people of the woes here and the needs. In the name of your God and my God, tell them not to be discouraged in the good work they have undertaken."

She was then on the site of Ancient Byzantium whose history reaches back six hundred years before the Christian Era, a city with its successor Constantinople, the rival of Athens and Rome and Jerusalem, in service to civilization. She might have said, as did the proud Roman General, "I have come, I have seen, I have conquered." But no word then,—neither before nor since—escaped her lips. She was there, having taken her life in her hands, not thinking of self, knowing no race, no creed, no religion, no nationality; there to distribute to the needy in such a way as an American President said she only knew how.

Strange and startling must have been the sensation to the Moslem as, on an eventful reunion of the Crusaders, through the open windows of * Red Cross headquar-

* Red Cross work in Turkey is under the name of Red Crescent.

Permission D. Appleton & Co.

ABDUL-HAMID
1876-1899

Some months after returning home I received through our State Department at Washington, the Sultan's decoration of Shefacat and its accompanying diploma in Turkish. The translation is here given: "As Miss Barton, American citizen, possesses many great and distinguished qualities and as recompense is due to her, I am pleased, therefore, to accord to her the second class of my decorations of Shefacat." CLARA BARTON (in 1897).

See pages between 326-7; decoration No. 12.

ters there came from his foreign benefactors, in chorus, strains of sweetest music: "Home, Sweet Home," of which the native was merely dreaming; "Sweet Land of Liberty," of which he had only read; "Nearer My God to Thee," which was wholly foreign to his religious teachings. It was on the patriotic Fourth at Constantinople, at the time of her carrying a message to the Turkish people, that in a poem entitled "Marmora," of her own country Clara Barton sung:

MARMORA

It was twenty and a hundred years, oh blue and rolling sea,
A thousand in the onward march of human liberty,
Since on its sunlit bosom, wind tossed and sails unfurled,
Atlantic's mighty billows bore a message to the world.

And weary eyes grew brighter then, and fainting hearts
grew strong,
And hope was mingled in the cry, "How long, oh Lord,
how long?"
The seething millions turn and stir and struggle towards
the light;
The free flag streams, and morning gleams where erst
was hopeless night.

Four expeditions through Turkey, Armenia and other parts of Asia Minor were planned and successfully carried out. Coasting boats were used to reach the interior, as were caravans of camels over the deserts and other almost waste places—the expeditions supplying the destitute with food, medicine, clothing, seed and farming implements. For this, the greatest undertaking of its kind in history, she was decorated by the Sultan of Turkey, by the Prince of Armenia, and from

each of these rulers also she received a Diploma of Merit.

She was then in the hey-day of her popularity. Abdul-Hamid was on the throne of Turkey. Twelve years later the Sultan was dethroned and by his people put into prison. Oh! the irony of fate! About that time she draws this picture: "The Sultan was locked in and I locked out, but my whole country seemed my prison and I struggled to free myself of it." Unfair the comparison! The "Young Turks" (a political party), representing the people, had dethroned, then imprisoned, Abdul-Hamid. Not so Clara Barton, by her people.

She was dethroned by methods that would shame a Turkish brigand; her prison-keeper was not the people, but

> Man, proud man!
> Drest in a little brief authority.

On her return from Turkey Clara Barton was accorded a most wonderful reception at the nation's Capital, and was acclaimed a world-heroine by the whole American people.

LXXXIX

Clara Barton, friend and counselor of Abraham Lincoln. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

Already the pale messenger waits at the gate, and his weird shadow falleth near. CLARA BARTON.

Treason must be made odious. ANDREW JOHNSON.
Treason is ever odious. J. HALL.
Treason doth never prosper. SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.
Treason is one of the greatest crimes possible. T. DWIGHT.
Treason seldom dwells with courage. W. SCOTT.
Treason always operates, if possible, by surprise. W. H. SEWARD.
Treason and murder ever kept together as two yoke-devils, sworn to either's purposes. HENRY IV.

Washington brought the United States of America into being; Lincoln made that being immortal. GEORGE H. SMYTHE, JR.
The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by young or old. DAVID SWING.
His biography is written in blood and tears.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.
Lincoln—not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul!
HENRY WARD BEECHER.
Lincoln now belongs to the ages. EDWIN M. STANTON.

TREASON—LINCOLN ASSASSINATED—GRANT PROTECTS CLARA BARTON

On the evening of the 14th of April, 1865, Clara Barton was at 488½ Seventh Street, Washington, D. C.

She saw two men on the opposite side of the street, talking, and then excited men and women running up and down the street. Not long afterwards she heard the footsteps of a man pacing up and down the hall outside of her door, on the third floor. She cautiously opened the door to see who it was. In the hall she saw a sentinel, with his gun, passing—she wanted to know what it was all about. He said that he had been sent there to guard her, but could only tell her that a general massacre was feared. The sentinel stood guard there all night.

The news came sometime in the night that Lincoln had been assassinated, and that there was a plot to assassinate W. H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, U. S. Grant, and Andrew Johnson; that they were protecting her because they felt sure that she was also to be attacked, as she was close to Lincoln. She did not close her eyes in sleep, but paced the floor until morning. In the morning she opened the door and saw another sentinel outside the door. This other sentinel said it would not be safe for her to leave her room; that if she would give him her order for breakfast he would see that it was served; that if she had any letters to mail to pass them out, but she must remain a prisoner for the present.

The first person that came to see her in the morning was a messenger from General Grant—to see if she were all right. Soon after this she heard that Lincoln had died,—another messenger brought her the news. Describing the terrible events of the saddest of all nights at the Capital, Miss Barton said: "I heard a great commotion in the street and looking out the window I saw strong men standing everywhere, crying." The people still feared there was going to be a general mas-

sacre. At the end of three days Miss Barton was told she might leave her room. The body of Lincoln was taken to Philadelphia to lie in state at the old State House, Sixth and Chestnut streets. Miss Barton received a letter from General Grant, asking her to go to Philadelphia. The General sent a companion to accompany her on the trip. Clara Barton attended the memorial in the "City of Brotherly Love," and there paid her last tribute of respect to her friend, the immortal Lincoln.

XC

It is a wise benevolence that makes preparation in the hour of peace for assuaging the ills that are sure to accompany war.

CLARA BARTON.

The thoughtful mind will readily perceive that these responsibilities incurred by relief societies involve constant vigilance and effort, during periods of peace. CLARA BARTON.

The Red Cross has stood, unrecognized in the shades of obscurity, all the eighteen years of its existence among us, waiting for sure, alas, too sure the touch of war to light up its dark figure, and set in motion the springs of action. CLARA BARTON.

The fundamental principle of good citizenship is willing acquiescence. CLARA BARTON.

It will be history by and by to whom Cuba belongs and, while one has to study to learn past history, it is not worth while to let slip that which is all the time making history in our day and generation. CLARA BARTON, in 1874.

With funds, or without, the Red Cross has been first on every field of disaster. CLARA BARTON.

The cause the American Red Cross is meant to promote stands first in my affections and desires. CLARA BARTON.

The Cuban field gave the first opportunity to test the co-operation between the Government and its supplemental hand-maiden, the Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

Thirty years of peace had made it strange to all save the veterans, with their gray beards, and silver-haired matrons of the days of the old war long since passed into history. Could it be possible that men were to learn anew (in Cuba)? Were men again to fall and women to weep? CLARA BARTON.

The able and experienced leadership of the President of the Society, Miss Clara Barton, on the fields of battle and at the hospital at the front in Cuba. PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY SENDS CLARA BARTON TO CUBA

President McKinley personally had subscribed $1,000 to a fund to relieve the starving Cubans. He issued an appeal to the American people; the people responded with barely $50,000. Discouraged, he sent for Clara Barton. Not knowing the President's desire to see her, Private Secretary Pruden told her that the President was very busy, and probably would not be able to see her until the next day. As she was about to leave Major Pruden said: "Wait a minute, Miss Barton, I'll take your card in." Returning, Major Pruden said: "Miss Barton, the President wants very much to see you." Entering, Miss Barton found the President in conference with Secretary of State Day on the very matter of sending her to Cuba, to take charge of furnishing relief to the starving reconcentrados. The conference, which was to have been held next day, was held at once. At this conference Miss Barton outlined a complete plan of action. The plan was approved by the President, but provided only that Miss Barton herself should go to Cuba to take charge of the relief work. The President, in highest appreciation of her, said: "My dear Miss Barton, this is your work; go to the starving Cubans, if you can with your relief ship, and distribute as only you know how."

In Red Cross relief work through Clara Barton, under her slogan "People's Help for National Needs," the

uniform policy was *not to sell,* but *to distribute.* In Cuba when "Teddy the Rough Rider," with money in his pocket and a gunny sack over his shoulders, in behalf of his soldiers ill and in distress, appeared at the door of her tent *to buy,* Clara Barton said: "Colonel, we have nothing to sell. What do your boys need? We have food and clothing to give away." Recently commenting on that policy, an editorial writer says: "That its members should know neither friend nor foe, but serve all alike in fields of war and in camps of sickness, was the essence and spirit of the Red Cross which Clara Barton founded."

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WILLIAM R. DAY

In the troublesome times preceding and following the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, I learned to know how valuable the services of Clara Barton have been to her country.—WILLIAM R. DAY, Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court; the Secretary of State under President McKinley.

XCI

Everything Clara Barton did was performed in a masterly and businesslike way. *New York Examiner.*

Clara Barton possessed rare executive ability.

Boston (Mass.) *Journal.*

Clara Barton—her strong and capable hands—her clear and logical brain—her systematic methods. Boston (Mass.) *Globe.*

Is it not the finest kind of glory that when the American Red Cross is seen the name of Clara Barton comes to the mind like a benediction. New York (N. Y.) *Sun.*

The world lost in Clara Barton a great lawyer when it gained a whole-souled philanthropist. Ellen Spencer Mussey, Attorney for American Red Cross.

Had Clara Barton belonged to the other sex, she would have been a merchant prince, a great general, or a trusted political leader.

Dr. Henry W. Bellows.

Clara Barton's herculean work was done with means that most men would scorn as too trivial to begin a work with.

Alice Hubbard—In *The Fra.*

Our methods are based upon strict business principles.

Clara Barton, President Red Cross.

No donor to, nor recipient of, Red Cross relief ever criticised Clara Barton's bookkeeping. Corra Bacon-Foster, Author.

After each event a financial statement has been prepared showing in full detail both receipts and expenditures. Every donation of

money sent to the field and every one of the supplies, so far as could be identified, has had individual acknowledgment.

Red Cross Committee,
By Walter P. Phillips, *Chairman.*
Samuel L. Jarvis,
J. B. Hubbell,
House Document, No. 552, Vol. 49, 58th Congress.

In re Clara Barton's business methods,—although the exigencies of the situation rendered the distribution one of great difficulty, it has been done so wisely, prudently and effectively, as not only to accomplish its purpose but to excite the admiration of all who are personally conversant with it. Red Cross Committee, in Official Communication to Congress, House Document, No. 552, Vol. 49, 58th Congress.

The Red Cross has set in motion the wheels of relief at a moment's warning over the whole land. Clara Barton.

It has been my custom, as the head of the organization which has grown up around me, to reach a field of great disaster in the shortest possible time, regarding neither weather, night, nor Sunday.
Clara Barton.

IN DETAILS—CLARA BARTON, A BUSINESS MANAGER—WORLD'S RECORD

On Christmas Eve, 1899, there arrived for Clara Barton at her Glen Echo home, besides letters, more than a bushel basket full of presents. These presents were from various parts of the world. One of them from Cuba was a large cocoanut with her name and address burned with a hot iron, the cocoanut plastered with postage stamps. The other presents were in packages. From these her secretary commenced to cut the strings. "Don't do that, General; untie the strings. I

save all the strings; we may need them." Following her custom the General then untied the strings, looped the ends together in every case and so continuing until each bunch was about six inches long; then he tied the bunches respectively with a loose bow-knot. All the bunches so arranged were then taken upstairs into one of the small rooms of the house and there hung on nails for future use. Red, white, and blue strings to the number of perhaps thousands were thus hung on the row of nails on the wall, the whole length of the room. Whenever a string of a certain length was wanted she would take from the nail a bunch of the length needed at that particular time.

Equally methodical was she with wrapping paper. She ironed out the paper and folded it, placing the papers respectively on shelves; the papers likewise were classified as to size, and this including corrugated paper. She would remind her assistants that it is not the value of the strings and the paper but the certain need of them; and being saved and thus classified, time would be saved when the need came. Spools of thread, needles, thimbles, hosiery, garments, shoes, or whatever else used by her in her work, were in like manner classified and through a system as nearly perfect as in the best arranged store in the world.

In 1893 occurred the Sea Islands Hurricane and Tidal Wave Disaster. Thirty thousand people were homeless in consequence. Clara Barton, with her four Red Cross assistants, was in charge. Admiral Beardslee, of the U. S. Navy, volunteered as a "helper." He made notes, and later a report, on the Red Cross work there. He reported that for a desk Clara Barton had a dry goods box; for a bed, a cot; that she had systematic

and businesslike methods; that books were kept and every penny, or penny's worth, were accounted for;—that what had been contributed by the people was honestly and intelligently placed where it would do most good.

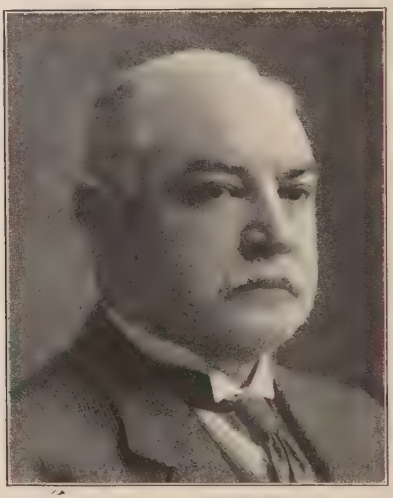
General Leonard F. Ross, of Civil War record and of large affairs, was in Cuba at the sinking of the "Maine." Clara Barton accepted his proffered services as superintendent of the warehouse. The General said Miss Barton had a perfect business system—such a system as he had not seen equalled. General W. R. Shafter, in charge of the American forces in the Spanish-American War, commending Clara Barton, said that in relieving distress and saving life no Governmental red tape system could possibly be as effective as Clara Barton's sensible, business methods, in Cuba. United States Senator Redfield Proctor was not only a statesman but also a business man, handling successfully millions of dollars in business annually. He was chairman of the Senate Committee, to make investigations in Cuba. In his official report, in his speech to the Senate, he eulogized Clara Barton in highest terms. The Senator told the Senate that Clara Barton could give him points in business; that she needed no commendation from him; that he found in her conduct of the business affairs of the Red Cross there was nothing to criticise, but everything to commend her to the American people.

The storm and tidal wave had struck Galveston. Clara Barton received the news in the evening. A moment's warning was all that was necessary. At once she took counsel with her secretary. "General, what are we going to?"

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER

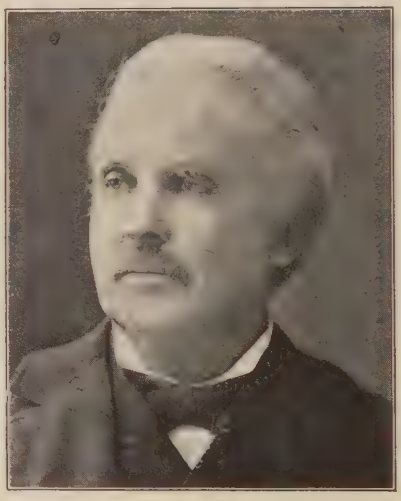
There has been inaugurated by Clara Barton a system of economy that will save ten thousand dollars, within a year of her administration.—BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Governor of Massachusetts, 1881-1882; Major-General Civil War; U. S. Congress, 1867-1875; 1877-1879. See pages 359; 364.

HER BUSINESS RECORD



FRANCIS ATWATER

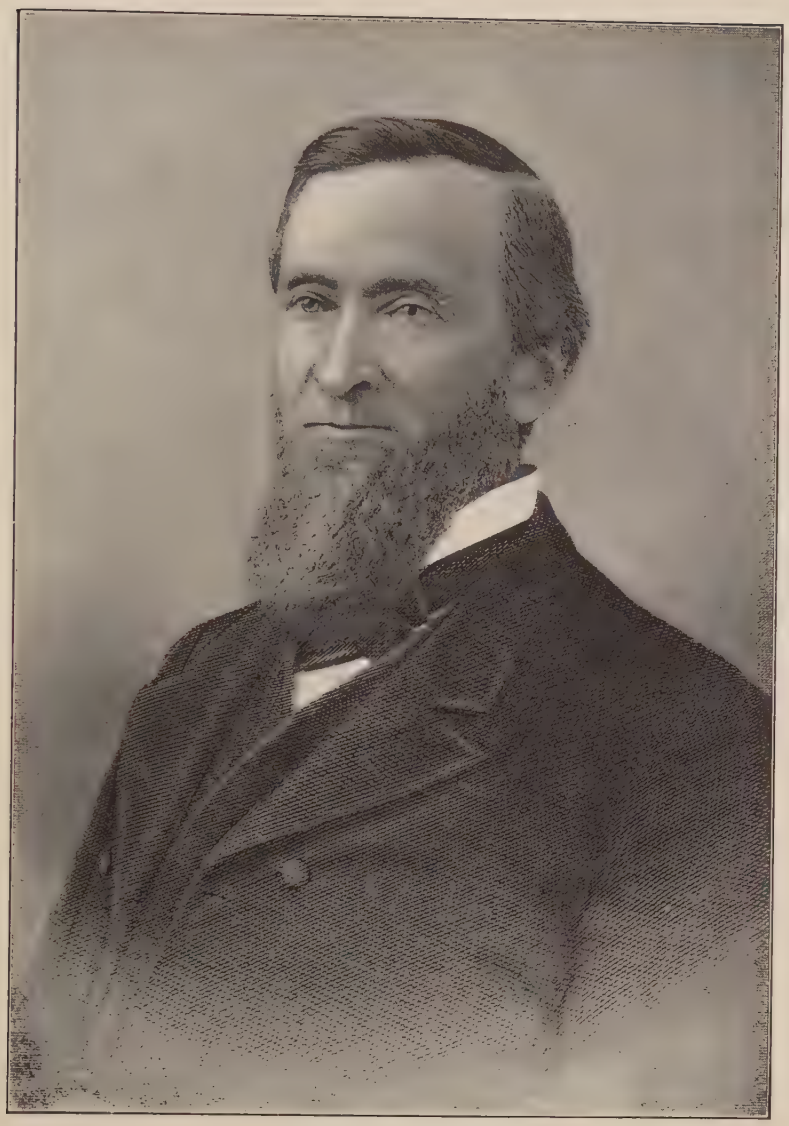
Clara Barton had rare business qualifications. No person existed more scrupulously honest, as I know from having been her financial adviser for nearly forty years. There was no time in her life when she was not doing good. A wonderful woman!—FRANCIS ATWATER, State Senator in 1906, Connecticut; Journalist. See pages 323; 359.



LEONARD F. ROSS

In Cuba, Clara Barton had a perfect business system, such as I have never seen equalled.—LEONARD F. ROSS, Brigadier-General, Civil War; Superintendent of Red Cross Warehouse in Cuba, 1898, under Clara Barton.

General Ross is one of the most gracious, courteous gentlemen I have ever known.—CLARA BARTON. See page 359.



REDFIELD PROCTOR

I especially looked into Clara Barton's business methods, as to system, waste and extravagance. I found nothing to criticise, but everything to commend. She could teach me on these points.—REDFIELD PROCTOR, Colonel in the Civil War; Governor of Vermont; member of the U. S. Senate, 1891-1908; Chairman Red Cross Proctor Committee to "investigate" Clara Barton.

See page 359.

Secretary: "Well, Miss Barton, we are going to an awful scene of death and destruction."

Miss Barton: "Yes, but what are we going to; we are going to nothing, aren't we?"

Secretary: "I suppose we are, Miss Barton."

Miss Barton: "Why, at Johnstown I hunted a half day and couldn't find a thimble with which to do some sewing. Here, General, take these keys and go through the house and whenever you find anything that can be used *where there is nothing,* you pack it up."

The secretary took the keys, went through the house of thirty-eight rooms and seventy-six closets. He found carefully stored away supplies of every description. He found packing-chests, trunks, valises and telescopes all ready for use—everything imaginable at hand. Miss Barton and her secretary worked all night. The next morning two great dray-loads of goods were *en route* to the railway station, and Galveston. Arriving at Galveston she asked: "Mr. Mayor, have ward committees been organized?"

Mayor Jones: "No, Miss Barton."

Miss Barton: "How many wards are there in the city?"

Mayor Jones: "Twelve."

Miss Barton: "Do go at once and organize strong committees in every ward; provide ward headquarters, and a store-room where every ward committee can take charge of supplies furnished. Have your ward committees canvass every ward thoroughly and get the name of every person and what he needs—the food necessary and in case of clothing the exact size of the clothing. Then have your committees make requisition for what is needed on the Red Cross at its headquarters. My

corps of helpers will see that these requisitions are promptly filled, and the goods sent to ward headquarters for distribution."

Miss Barton then said to her helpers: *"Now we must work!* Mr. Lewis, you go at once and secure a good saddle-horse, and direct the organization of Mayor Jones' ward committees. General Sears, you go into the city and secure a headquarters building for the Red Cross. Mr. Talmage, you go to Houston and stay there until every delayed Red Cross car is forwarded to Galveston. Major McDowell, you go to the headquarters to take charge of the unpacking, the classifying, and the issuing of the supplies. Mr. Ward, you will go with Major McDowell to open up an office at the headquarters. Keep a careful book account of the receipts of all supplies and moneys. Mr. Marsh, you will go with Mr. Ward, to be his assistant. Mrs. Ward, you will stay by me to take such directions as I may have to give you from time to time. Miss Coombs, you are to be my stenographer and typewriter —you'll find plenty to do to keep busy. Miss Spradling (a trained nurse), you arrange proper space for the opening up of an orphanage at headquarters building, then gather up all the homeless, uncared-for orphans in the city and take care of them. Every person in charge of work is expected to report to me daily, and hourly if necessary." In less time than it takes the military commander to get his columns into action the woman, who had "the command of a general," had humanity's forces on the "firing line."

Clara Barton possessed in the highest degree the elements necessary to succeed in business. She had the mental grasp of a great enterprise; she had executive

ability; she inspired confidence in those serving with her; she was methodical in attention to details—without a superior in the business world; she was economical in her personal expenditures, exacting like economy on the part of her assistants;—ever anticipating the future by making wise provision. When much was at stake, and means necessary to accomplish her purposes, she was without limit as to expenditures. These elements, combined in her, gave to her the power she swayed as the business head of a great corporation.

The measure of success is the measure of the capacity for achievement. It was on her nursing record in the Civil War that she made her national reputation; on her business record, her world reputation. She was not a Hetty Green in a bank account, for she invested in the field of humanity, not of finance; but her genius shone in handling, unerringly, a great business enterprise, her record far surpassing that of the woman-wizard of Wall Street. By American Presidents, by commanders of armies, by statesmen, by financiers, by her co-workers, without an exception who were with her on fields of war and disaster, she was commended for her business acumen, business methods, and in the results obtained. From previous knowledge, from personal observation at the Galveston flood, from having, within the past five years, spent many months in her Glen Echo Red Cross home, with the accountants who were going through her business records and assisting myself in the work, I speak what I do know.

She did not come into the business world panoplied as from the head of a Jupiter, her record was not temporary camouflage; it is a record of years; nor was it solely through the heart, for other women have hearts.

Clara Barton had genius, "the power of meeting and overcoming the unexpected;" had genius for work, and through work comes genius. Her business record is as firmly established as is that of her heart record; as is that of the great "captains of industry" and, as theirs, is based on *methods and success,* the only known data for such determination. In the use of her approved methods in continuous service for twenty-three years, she was without one record-failure, achieving success under varied and most trying conditions.

It is said of her by one writer, "a woman of great force of character;" by another, from the results accomplished and without prejudice toward womankind in the business world, "one of the world's greatest personages, for greatness knows no sex;" by another, as shown in her capacity to do things, "she must be classed as a genius, for genius is the intuitive capacity for overcoming insurmountable difficulties."

Clara Barton's twenty-three years as the Executive Head of the Red Cross; her collection and distribution of two and one-half millions of money and material; her unanimous election three times to the Red Cross presidency for life, on her business record, is without precedent. She might have been a *Merchant Prince;* she could teach one of America's most successful business men on *business points;* she excited *the admiration of all who were acquainted with her business methods.* Some day some man or woman may appear as her rival on the horizon of the business world but, up to the present time as an unpaid executive with unpaid helpers, Clara Barton holds the world's record as Business Manager, in public service.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dedicated to the Heroic Women of the Civil War.

Cost $800,000.00—$400,000 by Congress; $400,000 by Friends of the Red Cross (Mrs. Russell Sage, $150,000, Rockefeller Foundation, $100,000, James A. Scrymser, $100,000, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, $50,000).

One and one-half million of names were represented on the petition memorializing the 65th Congress to place a Clara Barton tablet in the new Red Cross Building at Washington, D. C.—CORRA BACON-FOSTER, author of *Clara Barton, Humanitarian.*

Clara Barton, "Her character eternally crystallized at the base of an enduring foundation and an immortal American destiny—the greatest an American woman has yet produced."—HON. HENRY BRECKENRIDGE, Acting Secretary of War, at the laying of the corner stone of the American Red Cross Building at Washington, D. C., March 15, 1915.

XCII

Honor any requisition Clara Barton makes; she outranks me.
GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

The Jury passing on the prisoner's life may in the sworn twelve have a thief or two guiltier than him they try. SHAKESPEARE.

A felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell. WHITTIER.

Prison—the living grave of Crime. JOAQUIN MILLER.
Prison—Young Crime's finishing school. MRS. BULFOUR.
Every penitentiary should be a real reformatory—the discipline of the average prison hardens and degrades—the criminal should be treated with kindness. R. G. INGERSOLL.

Even the most obstinate yields to the rule of kindness, firmly and steadily administered. CLARA BARTON.

SUPERINTENDENT OF WOMAN'S PRISON

There is a woman's prison, supported by the state at Sherborn, Massachusetts. Its condition had been unsatisfactory. Governor Ben F. Butler * sent for Miss Barton, and begged her to accept its superintendency.

* At a public reception in honor of Miss Barton a few years after the Civil War, the wife of a Massachusetts Congressman, addressing General Benjamin F. Butler, said: "How wonderfully well Miss Barton looks in her evening dress! What beautiful arms and shoulders she has!" General Butler replied: "Yes, I have seen those arms red with human blood to the shoulders."

He said: "I ask it as a personal favor." "But, if I accept, Governor, what would be required of me?" "Well, it will be necessary first for you to put up a ten thousand dollar bond." "Would you accept a cash bond, Governor?" "Of course," he replied. And she put up the bond.

The ten thousand dollars was not in the "coin of the realm"; it was in railroad bonds, then above par. The governor had enemies who at no time closed their eyes to his faults, real or imaginary; but he also had adherents, who were his "friends to a fault." It was reported that the governor had accepted her personal bond. His enemies adversely criticized the waiving of the requirements of the law in her case. His friends justified the official conduct of the executive, protesting that Miss Barton's personal bond was good anywhere. While the agitation of the public mind over the bond was at its height, the governor paid an official visit at the prison. On the issue pending the governor to Miss Barton made this comment: "If the good Lord would only protect me from my 'fool friends,' I could take care of my enemies myself."

Her executive ability and methodical work soon showed results. Discipline and economy had transformed the prison. Instead of insubordination, there was obedience; instead of wastage, there was frugality. The Governor and his Council paid the institution an official visit. In a public address delivered shortly after this at Springfield, the Governor said: "I'll tell you that the *Prison Is In a Thorough Condition,* and there has been inaugurated there a system of economy that will save $10,000 within a year of her administration."

XCIII

America's foremost woman. Houghton (Mich.) *Gazette.*

Clara Barton's, a career which has no parallel in American history. Cleveland (Ohio) *Plain Dealer.*

Clara Barton—in citizenship, the memory of her career must remain a rich heritage to the people of this country.

Portland (Ore.) *Telegram.*

Clara Barton's Red Cross achievements are monumental, and because of the corner-stone she laid the present superstructure will endure. Her name is the synonym for the American Red Cross as it was, and as it is. B. F. TILLINGHAST, Delegate to the International Red Cross Conference at St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1902.

Destiny is the decree of God. A. CUNNINGHAM.
Destiny cannot be avoided. G. COWPAY.
Destiny bears us to our lot. DISRAELI.

Who can turn the stream of destiny? SPENCER.
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars. COLERIDGE.

How circumscribed is woman's destiny. GOETHE.

Let a woman steer straight onward to the fulfillment of her own destiny. MRS. EMMA R. COLE.

Clara Barton—one of the immortals. *Brooklyn Citizen.*

Quaff immortality. JOHN MILTON.
Born of immortality. WORDSWORTH.
This longing after immortality. ADDISON.

I have an immortal longing in me. SHAKESPEARE.

Immortality! We bow before the very term, Immortality!
GEORGE DOUGLAS.

'Tis immortality to die aspiring. CHAPMAN.

No one could meet death for his country without the hope of immortality. CICERO.

Clara Barton—she earned immortality.
Boston (Mass.) *Herald.*

She passes through the portals of immortality.
Joplin (Mo.) *Globe.*

Rest thee among the immortal names that were not born to die.
Rutland (Vermont) *Herald.*

He is truly great that is great in charity.
THOMAS À KEMPIS.

The most useful is the greatest. THEODORE PARKER.

Great names stand not alone for great deeds. HENRY GILES.

He who does the most good is the greatest. BISHOP JARTIN.

He only is great at heart who floods the world with a great affection. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

As the stars are the glory of the sky, so great men are the glory of their country; yea, of the whole earth. HEINE.

Greatness is nothing unless it is lasting. NAPOLEON.

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly. STEPHEN HARVEY.

To reproach is a concomitant to greatness, as satire and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.
JOSEPH ADDISON.

Such is the destiny of great men that their superior genius always exposes them to the butt of the envenomed darts of calumny and envy. VOLTAIRE.

America has her Washingtons, Jeffersons, Lees, and others whose names are written down in the hearts of all Americans, but Clara Barton accomplished a work compared with which the career of generals fade in the distance as a shadow.

Pensacola (Fla.) *Journal.*

GREATNESS—AN IMMORTAL AMERICAN DESTINY—IMMORTALITY

From a speech by Honorable Henry Breckenridge, Acting Secretary of War, representing the United States Government, at the laying of the corner-stone of the American Red Cross Building, at Washington, D. C., March 27, 1915.

To every soldier who fought in the Union Army, and survived the war, the name of Clara Barton was known. And as long as the American Red Cross endures or its name is remembered the memory of Clara Barton will be cherished. Her sympathies were universal, her zeal unflagging. She nursed the wounded of two wars on the continents, in our Civil War and in the Franco-Prussian War. She directed the work of her association to the calamities of peace, as well as the stricken fields of war. She was in Cuba before the Spanish War—was on the "Maine" the day before it was blown up, and tended the wounded survivors in the hospital ashore. Wherever humanity called for help—in the Balkans or in Strassburg—in Cuba or in Galveston—in Paris or on the American battlefields of the sixties—there came the ministering hand of Clara Barton.

To take an historical perspective, disfavor with a temporary and passing administration means nothing in the end to a name as great and a career as long as Clara Barton's, as this estimate shows. For a while it may

mean on both sides much misconstruction and suffering, but in the end this is forgotten and the fame remains undimmed.

Florence Nightingale, at the Crimea, England's great introducer into the world of the system of women hospital nurses, was actually so ignored by a subsequent English ministry that, though a poor invalid, she was ousted from her minor position in a Governmental office. It caused her intense pain, and although a chronic sufferer from her many labors, she saw herself ignominiously thrown out by new political leaders who, great as they were, could not understand her. But when she became an octogenarian, all this became a buried incident, and all England a few years ago bent to do her homage, when the Lord Mayor of London granted her the freedom of the city, and the Golden Casket, England's highest of honors. Now, since her death, a monument is being erected and nothing is considered too good to let Great Britain make her memory green in the British Isles.

Thus will perish the temporary unhappy misunderstanding and misconstruction of 1902–1904, through which Clara Barton suffered. In the atoning stream that swallows time's ticking seconds of little troubles, its unessentials will be dissolved. Indeed, as demonstrated in nearly 3000 American newspapers in 1912, they have already been dissolved, leaving her character and career eternally crystallized at the base of an enduring national foundation and an immortal American destiny—the greatest an American woman has yet produced.

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HENRY BRECKENRIDGE

So long as the American Red Cross endures, and its name is remembered, the memory of Clara Barton will be cherished.—HENRY BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky. Orator of the Day, Assistant Secretary of War, representing the U. S. Government at the laying of the corner stone of the Red Cross Building at Washington, D. C., March 17, 1915; Lieutenant-Colonel World War.

See page 368.

XCIV

Clara Barton has built an imperishable monument for herself in the hearts of the people of all creeds. Dallas (Texas) *Herald.*

Clara Barton—her deeds lend honor to her country's fame. *The Outlook.*

Clara Barton—the embodiment of one vital principle of all creeds, the love of humanity. *Detroit Free Press.*

Before her gentle assault the steel walls of religious prejudice and race hatred melted like a mist. Leadville (Colo.) *Herald.*

Put your Creed in your Deed. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Souls in Heaven are placed by their deeds. ROBERT GREENE.

Things of today? Deeds which are honest, for eternity. EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Truly does the Hindoo say, with averted face: "God only is great." CLARA BARTON.

Without guile, and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God. A. LINCOLN.

Each of the great religions of the world seems to have some good in it. BISHOP W. F. MCDOWELL.

God bless all the Churches. A. LINCOLN.

I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. A. LINCOLN.

There are few people who have memories of harder Church work and better Church love than I. CLARA BARTON.

In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift that God has given to man. A. LINCOLN.

What sensations can possess the mind but wonder and adoration for the power of Almighty God, and a humble gratitude that no words can speak. CLARA BARTON.

You believe that God is a Divine Immanence; you believe that God is now communicating himself to humanity and that his loving Presence is here now as ever. Why, then, can't you call up a direct relationship, rather than going around to the uncertain allusions of Theodore Parker? CLARA BARTON.

In the Universalist Church at Oxford, where Clara Barton attended Church, there is carefully preserved the pulpit in which the famous Reverend Hosea Ballou was ordained in 1794.

THE AUTHOR.

Reverend Father Tyler, a memorable Universalist minister, who officiated at the funerals of Father and Mother Barton, on the occasion of her funeral pronounced also at the grave a memorial tribute to Clara. Among her religious friends also were Hosea Ballou, Phillips Brooks, Mary Baker Eddy, Archbishops Gibbons and Ireland. THE AUTHOR.

I firmly believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ, the Jesus of Nazareth, in His life and death, His suffering to save the world from sin, so far as in His power to do so. But it would be difficult for me to stop there, and believe that this spirit of divinity was accorded to none others of God's creation who, like the Master, took on the living form and, like Him, lived the human life.

CLARA BARTON.

Miss Barton does not wait and "wish to be an angel." She goes right about it. A visible, substantial, present angel she is—a "ministering spirit." W. H. ARMSTRONG.

Over all, spreading its Aegis like a benediction is the great mantle of Christianity, wrapping all in its beneficent folds.

CLARA BARTON.

WHAT WAS HER RELIGION?

Was Clara Barton a Church woman? Of herself she says: "There are few people who have memories of harder Church work and better Church love than I; I have never lost my love for the old Church of my Fathers, my family and my childhood."

Was she a Mormon? A friend of the Mormons, and one of the biggest receptions ever tendered to her was in the tabernacle at Salt Lake City, by the Mormons of Utah. Was she a Mohammedan? She was most cordially received by the Mohammedans, and decorated by the Sultan of Turkey. Was she a Spiritualist? She attended spiritualistic meetings, studied the cult, consulted mediums, and mingled with spiritualists. Commenting on the fact, claimed, that spiritual communications occur between those of this world and those of the other world, she said: "I am more and more filled with wonder how these things can be" but—"I hope so."

Was she a Catholic? She frequently attended the Catholic Church, and counted among her friends Sisters of Mercy, Priests, Bishops, and Archbishops. Was she a Congregationalist? She attended that Church at times. Several Congregational ministers officiated at the funeral, and a beautiful Clara Barton window is preserved in the Congregational Church at Oxford. Was she a Methodist? She attended the Methodist Church, and the Methodists now use Clara Barton leaflets, and other Clara Barton literature, in their Sunday Schools throughout the country.

Was she a Christian Scientist? She said: "I do not know enough to be one, nor to understand it," but she

also said: "I cannot see why Universalists should not become Christian Scientists." She attended the Christian Science Church for three years, but a leading scientist editor said: "We do not claim her, nor do I think any other Church can claim her." Was she a Universalist? She was reared a Universalist, and in her youth attended the Universalist Church where the famous divine, Hosea Ballou, was pastor and she also requested a Universalist pastor to assist in officiating at her funeral.

She attended other Churches, and ministers of several denominations officiated at her funeral. Clara Barton says: "I am not what the world denominates a Church woman; I was born to liberal views, and have lived a liberal creed."

But really what was her religion? "Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds," Clara Barton, to the annoying question so often asked by the curious, answered: "I am a well disposed pagan."

XCV

I never had a mission and I don't know what I should do with one, if I had it. CLARA BARTON.

We all tumble over opportunities for being brave and good, at every step we take. Life is just made up of such opportunities.

CLARA BARTON.

Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged.

A. LINCOLN.

There are other altars than that of Venus on which to light your fires—work, incessant, hard, earnest work. SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

How much of the sweets of life one loses in the rush of it.

CLARA BARTON.

I lost two months entire, but the time went on and spun its web each day. CLARA BARTON.

The gray haired military chieftain, whom all would recognize were I to name him, was correct when he once said to me: "Strange as it may seem, the days of 'rest' at the field are the hardest days."

CLARA BARTON.

I always had a passion for service. CLARA BARTON.

Honest labor bears a lovely face. THOMAS DECKER.

Labor: All labor is noble and holy. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Work ye, and God will work. JOAN OF ARC.

Life is a great bundle of little things. O. W. HOLMES.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things. SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

Nothing is of greater value than a single day. GOETHE.

Life is but a day at most. BURNS.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day. HANNAH MOORE.

Living is doing. CLARA BARTON.

"Even while we say there is nothing we can do, we stumble over opportunities for service that we are passing by in our tear-blinded, self-pity." CLARA BARTON.

I have had more work than I could do lying *around my feet,* and try to get it out of my way so I can go on to the next.

CLARA BARTON.

There is but one method, and that is hard labor.

SIDNEY SMITH.

If God works, Madam, you can afford to work also.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Clara Barton was a worker from infancy. She gave to the world nearly a century of work, taking neither vacation nor recreation.

ALICE HUBBARD.

Women, always—as a rule—have worked harder than men.

CLARA BARTON.

I do hope I may live long enough to get the story of my life and my life's work in shape for publication. I am doing this ill in bed (at 90 years of age), sometimes working until two or three o'clock in the morning. CLARA BARTON.

ONE DAY WITH CLARA BARTON

How so much was accomplished in the lifetime of one woman may be understood by reading "One Day with Clara Barton," as described by herself in a personal letter to a friend:

"How shall I manage to be a woman of business, and act like a lady of leisure? How strangely odd it seemed to me when I read your pretty description of how your time was passed, that you could dress for breakfast, help do some little things about the house, get ready for tea and walk after it. When *did* I see

such days, or even *one* such day. If it would not take too long I could tell you something of how I pass a day. Let me try; and as one day is a fair sample of another, suppose I take yesterday as I remember it better than any other. Well, let me brush up my hair and try to think. First, I rose when I could see to dress, I suppose a little past four, went into my bath room, and bathed thoroughly in preparation for a scorching day and partly made my toilet; then read my chapter in the scriptures by *myself,* and offered my own prayer and thanksgiving (no family service to unite in like you, and I have too much of the dust of old Plymouth Rock sticking to me to omit it) ; then finished a hurried toilet, and sat down to a French lesson at half past six; went to my breakfast at seven, commenced my French recitation, lasted until eight; after this put my chamber and myself in order and started for the office; called on my dress-maker on my way and tried on a dress; called at the post office and found one business letter; and reached the office at nine; distance little over a mile, and then commenced the tug of war. I wrote until three o'clock P. M., took an omnibus home, took my writing, or a portion of it, along with me (don't tell; it's against the rule), reached home at three-thirty, took a hurried bath, went to dinner and at four-thirty was seated at my table writing for my life. Did not leave my room again, or scarce arose from my table until twelve o'clock, when I retired and slept as fast and hard as I could until daylight in preparation for a repetition of the same. Perhaps you wish, or are curious, to know how much I accomplished in all that time. Ten thousand words of bold round record which must live and be legible when the mound which once covered me

shall have become a hollow and the moss-covered headstone, with 'born' and 'died' no longer to be traced upon its time-worn front shall have buried itself beneath the kindred turf."

Working twenty hours out of the twenty-four would give almost any woman the reputation of being a *genius*. Thinking the woman who had done things held the secret of woman's success, a touring party of ambitious young ladies called on Clara Barton, in her later years, at Glen Echo. The following conversation took place:

Vassar Girl—Miss Barton, these other ladies and myself called to pay our respects. We have heard much of you since we were little girls. A few weeks ago, in the class of ——, we graduated from Vassar College. We, as you have done, wish to do some good in the world. We cannot decide what we should do; we want your advice.

Clara Barton—My dear young lady, do the first thing that comes to your hand. Do it well. Then do the next thing. Do that well. Then do the next thing, just so keep on doing——.

Clara Barton then pinned a Red Cross badge on each of these young ladies, the happiest visitors when leaving, says Miss Barton's secretary, that he had ever seen in that "house of rough hemlock boards."

XCVI

Finally Clara Barton was forced out of her position in May, 1904.

New York Examiner.

Clara Barton—antagonism she encountered. But in all of them she bore herself with a poise that lost for her no friends.

Utica (N. Y.) *Observer.*

I know there is a God, and he hates injustice. A. LINCOLN.

There were no heroes, there were no martyrs.

BULWER-LYTTON.

Great women belong to history and self-sacrifice.

LEIGH HUNT.

I am in the Garden of Gethsemane now, and my cup of bitterness is full to the overflowing. A. LINCOLN.

Let us have faith that right makes might. A. LINCOLN.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better, or equal, hope in the world? A. LINCOLN.

Beneficence breeds gratitude, gratitude admiration, admiration fame, and the world remembers its benefactors.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON.

To be great is to be misunderstood. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The people will never understand the motive, and of course cannot comprehend that it was necessary for the "aspirants" to re-

sort to "charges" in order to accomplish their purpose,—to gain possession of the Red Cross. CLARA BARTON.

What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and Crucifixions take deepest hold of humanity; the triumphs of might are transient, they pass and are forgotten; the sufferings of the right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.
FATHER RYAN.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief:
To vent my sorrows would be some relief. DRYDEN.

For the heart must speak when
The lips are dumb. KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

Clara Barton speaketh from the heart in eloquence pathetic and convincing; through her own words, written to Professor Charles Sumner Young at this time (1904), are "The most vital, and interesting of a wonderful life and a wonderful work, and few men hear of it without envy and emulation." *New York Sun.*

THE PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE—CLARA BARTON'S PROPOSED SELF-EXPATRIATION

Occurring in October, 1911, in the sick room at Oxford, was the following interview:

Mr. Young: Miss Barton, you once requested me to do a certain thing for you. I did not do it then and I won't do it now, so please don't ask it.

Miss Barton: What's that? I don't understand.

Mr. Young: You requested me to destroy a certain letter. I did not do it.

Miss Barton: Was that the letter in which I asked you to take me to Mexico? And why did you not destroy it as I requested?

Mr. Young: That's the letter. It is now in a safe deposit box in Los Angeles. I did not destroy it because, in my opinion, that letter would do more in your defense than any argument that could be put up by the greatest lawyers in America. What you wrote at the time of your persecution, in confidence to a friend with a request that the letter be destroyed, the American people would believe. No slander would stand for a moment against your heart's secrets, thus told to a friend. In case I should die before you do, I have arrangements with a mutual personal friend that in any event the letter will be published after you shall have passed.

Miss Barton: (Hesitatingly, then very frankly): Mr. Young, you are a very wise man; possibly you are right. Anyway, do what you please with that letter when I am gone. Now, Mr. Young, I meant it. For several months I was getting together my belongings and adjusting my affairs so that I could go. There were but two countries where the *Red Cross* did not exist; one was China, and the other Mexico. I did not want to go to China, but I did want to go to Mexico. Oh! Well, It's probably best that I did not go; if I had gone I might not be alive now.

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. SHAKESPEARE.

Have stooped my neck under your injuries, eating the bitter bread of banishment. SHAKESPEARE.

The letter referred to and similar correspondence follow:

THE WAIL OF AN ACHING HEART

Glen Echo, Maryland,
January 13, 1904.

My dear Mr. Young:

It is a blessing to your friends that you have a good memory. Otherwise, how should you have carried the recollection of poor me, all these weary months running into years and, through friends all unknown to me, sent such tribute of respect.

I waited, after receiving the notices from you, to be sure of the arrival. I have directed the acknowledgement to be made to Mr. and Mrs. Canfield, but words tell so little; you will, I am sure, thank them for me.

You will never know how many times I have thought of you, in this last, hard and dreadful year to me. I cannot tell you, I must *not,* and yet I *must.* So much of the time, under all the persecution it has seemed to me I *could* not remain in the *country,* and have sought the range of the world for *some* place among strangers and out of the way of people and mails—and longed for some one to *point* out a quiet place in some *other* land; my thoughts have fled to you, who would at least tell me a *road* to take, outside of America, and who would ask of the authorities of Mexico if a woman who could not live in her own country might find a home, or a resting place, in theirs.

This will all sound very strange to you—you will wonder if I am "out of my mind"—let me answer—no; and if you had only a glimpse of what is put upon me to endure, you would not wonder, and in the goodness

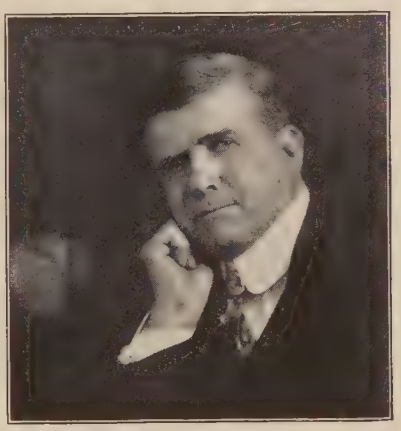
© Hartsook.

CHAMP CLARK

Clara Barton rendered her country and her kind great and noble service. —CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri. Congress, 1893-1895; 1897-1921; Speaker of the House, 1911-1921.

REPRESENTATIVE OF UNITED STATES CONGRESS

CHARLES F. CURRY



DENVER S. CHURCH

Clara Barton, one of the great characters of history; unselfish and altruistic in her service for humanity; an American, intensely patriotic, but with an international mind and sympathy that embraced all humanity.—CHARLES F. CURRY, of California. Congress 1913——.

I regard Clara Barton one of the greatest women that ever lived.—DENVER S. CHURCH, of California. Congress, 1913-1919.

of your heart, would hold the gate open to show me a mule-track to some little mountain nook, where I might escape and wait in peace. Don't think this is *common* talk with me, I have never said it to others; and yet I think they, who know me best, may *mistrust* that I cannot endure *everything* and will try in some way to relieve myself.

To think of sitting here through an *"investigation"* by the country I have tried to serve,—"in the interest of *harmony,"* they say, when I have never spoken a discordant word in my life, meaningly, but have worked on in *silence* under the fire of the entire press of the U. S. for twelve months,—forgiven all, offered friendship,—and am still to be "investigated," for "inharmony," "unbusinesslike methods," and too many years —all of these I cannot help. I am still unanimously bidden to work on for "life," bear the burden of an organization—meet its costs myself—and am now threatened with the expenses of an "investigation."

Can you wonder that I ask a bridle track? And that some other country might look inviting to me?

Mr. Young, this unhappy letter is a poor return to make for your friendly courtesy, but *so long* my dark thoughts have turned to you that I cannot find myself with the privilege of communicating with you without expressing them. I cannot think where I have found the courage to do it, but I *have.*

I know how unwise a thing it seems but if the pressure is too great the bands may break, that may be my case, and fearing that my better judgment might bid me put these sheets in the fire—I send them without once glancing over. You will glance them over and put them in the fire. Forgive me. You need not for-

get, but kindly *remember,* rather, that they are the wail of an aching heart and that is all. Nature has provided a sure and final rest for all the heart aches that mortals are called to endure.

If you are in the East again, and I am here, I pray you come to me.

Receive again my thanks and permit me to remain,

Your friend,

(Signed) CLARA BARTON.

Earth naught nobler knows
Than is the victim brave beneath his cross.
'Tis in the shadow that the dawn-light grows.

ARCHAG TCHOBANIAN.

SCHEMERS—DEFAMERS—PIRATES

Bakersfield Club,
Bakersfield, Cal., February 2, 1904.

My Dear Miss Barton:

Your favor of January 13 received, and read with exceeding interest. Mr. and Mrs. Canfield appreciate your letter to them personally, as well as your kind words sent through me, in recognition of their slight token of high regard for you. While here a day or two ago, Mrs. Canfield requested me to convey these sentiments to you.

Now, Miss Barton, why you have confided in obscure me is a mystery I cannot solve; such a compliment is more than I can hope to deserve. (Having written the above General W. R. Shafter came into the Library and sat beside me at the table. I stopped writing and we entered into a discussion of you and your affairs. He is exceedingly complimentary to you and of your

work. He especially requested me to extend to you his greetings and sincerest good wishes.)

I have known for several years more of the secret plottings than you think. From our mutual friends I have known also of your heart aches and the causes, and a thousand times have wished that I might say something, or do something, so that you might know that in my inmost heart I was in sympathy with you and your struggle against the coterie of schemers. I have also wished that I might have power long enough to show you in what esteem you are held by the households in America; what a charm attaches to your name wherever spoken,—such as neither royalty possesses nor money buys.

Your defamers no more represent the American people than pirates upon the high seas the country from which they spring.

The unanimous vote of confidence, last week by the Woman's Club of Bakersfield enthusiastically expressed by all present rising to their feet, was but one manifestation among tens of thousands of similar ones which would occur if the facts were known. I hope you will soon hear of similar evidence of love for you and fidelity of your friends from organizations elsewhere in California, including the State Federation of Women soon to convene in Sacramento.

My Uncle, General Ross, never told me of any event in his military career with so much pride as that of offering you his services, and acting as your lieutenant in the ware-house of the Red Cross at Havana. Likewise would I be proud of the distinction to serve you in the most humble capacity, either for the cause you represent or for yourself personally.

While I do not, and can not, take seriously even the remotest suggestion that you might seek retirement and seclusion, I would gladly volunteer to be your Kit Carson over any mountain trail leading to happiness. I don't think the American people will ever permit your forced retirement, but in the event you should voluntarily withdraw from public service, I would indeed be glad to suggest to some of my friends, who I am sure would esteem it an honor and privilege, to offer you a home in Los Angeles and a competence the rest of your life.

I expect to be in the East again soon and hope to have the honor of seeing you. I have in mind several things I would like to talk over with you, and thank you kindly for the invitation to call at your home in Glen Echo.

If in my humble way I can be of any service to you, you will please remember that you have but to command me.

Believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

(Signed) C. S. YOUNG.

To

Miss Clara Barton,
Glen Echo, Maryland.

Whispering tongues can poison truth.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The paths of charity are over roadways of ashes; and he who would travel them must be prepared to meet opposition, misconstruction, jealousy, and calumny. CLARA BARTON.

And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them what every man should take. ST. MARK.

SHE READ THE ACTORS LIKE A BOOK

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
6 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

July 11th, 1907.

Mr. C. S. Young,
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Mr. Young:

I wonder if I have ever said a word in reply to your comforting letter of May. If I have or have not said anything on paper I have in my heart answered it many times and bless both you and Mrs. Logan for your kindliness and trust. I have never in my life had a moment's doubt of the loyalty of Mrs. Logan. She stood the brunt of the battle while she could, and longer than I wished her to. She foresaw what was coming with her keen knowledge of human nature and thorough political training. She read the actors like a book. I well remember one night when she made this remark, and it was comparatively early in the game. Looking earnestly at me she said, calling me by name, "At first I called this prosecution, then I called it persecution, but now I name it crucifixion, and that is what they mean." I knew it too but there was no redress, no course but to wait the resurrection if it came.

The trust even of one's best friends, under the circumstances, and knowing nothing of the facts could not be expected to withstand it. That it was physically withstood was beyond either the expectation or the intention. But, my good friend, that is all passed. The press no longer turns its arrows upon me. The harvest

was not what the reapers expected, and I suspect if it were all to be done over again in the light of their newly gained experience it would not be done.

I would like to tell you some day of the newer work that occupies, and will take pleasure in sending you a report issued at our second annual meeting when it leaves the press. I am writing from Boston, where I am spending a few days at our headquarters, but return soon to Glen Echo, where I hope to see you whenever circumstances call you to the East.

Again thanking you most warmly for your letter, which brought me much satisfaction, and wishing the best of all good things for you I am, dear Mr. Young,

Most cordially yours,

(Signed) CLARA BARTON.

A TRIBUTE

And Marie of Logan; she went with them too,
A bride, scarcely more than a sweetheart, 'tis true,
Her young cheek grows pale when bold troopers ride
Where the "Black Eagle" soars she is close at his side.

CLARA BARTON.

The name of Clara Barton will forever shine among women who won deathless fame in the days of war that called for loyal effort.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD, Author.

For patriotism, for national honor, I would stand by that at all cost. CLARA BARTON.

If my life could have purchased the life of the patriot martyrs who fell for their country and mine, how cheerfully and quickly would the exchange have been made. CLARA BARTON.

What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
SHAKESPEARE.

The following are excerpts from letters written to the author:

LOVED AND LOYALLY TRIED TO SERVE

In April, 1909, she writes as follows:

"Does 'Mexico' recall to your mind a request I once made of you that you should see me across the border line of that strange country? However much I needed it and whether well or ill I never knew. I only know I did not go. But my own country seemed to me so hard that I thought I could not live it through.

The Government which I thought I loved and loyally tried to serve has shut every door in my face and stared at me insultingly through its windows. What wonder I want to leave?

The locks have never turned, the doors are rusted in their hinges. The old warders go out and the new ones come in, sworn faithfully to their charge, with no knowledge of why they are charged to do it; ignorant of every fact, simply enemies by transmission; and yet I stay represented as of 'doubtful integrity,' 'weak,' 'decrepit,' 'imbecile,' but yet, very 'dangerous.' "

* * * * * * *

She then draws a picture of a Sultan of Turkey who was made a prisoner.

"He was locked in and I locked out, but my whole country seemed my prison and I struggled to free my-

self of it. Pardon me, I never thought to recall the disagreeable subject again, but like the boy's whistle it 'blew itself.'

A time to keep silence, and a time to speak. ECCLESIASTES.

I am reminded of what Theodore Parker used to say so piteously of himself—'I can never talk but I talk too much.'

CLARA BARTON.

The following is an excerpt from a letter under date of Nov. 9, 1909:

THE STRICTEST SILENCE

* * * * * * *

"There has never been an occasion, nor a time, when I have so missed my old time privilege of speaking in behalf of a friend. I never before have so fully realized what a pleasure that privilege had been to me through half a century. It is a change to me, to come to feel that my only help must lie in the *strictest* silence; an expressed wish for any one would be fatal; not perhaps with President Taft *personally,* for *I* am of small importance to him, if he even knows me, but from the advice he would be sure to receive from those he does know. So I wait and hope. . . ."

Excerpts from letter written under date of Dec. 14, 1909:

OVER THE MEXICAN LINE

May 31st, the date runs, and I know I never answered that letter, for I never in my life could have

answered a letter like that, but still more, I never even tried to. Discouraged at the onset and gave up the encounter. A glimpse at the topics it handled were so far beyond any reply from the "likes o' me." "Great services unnoticed"—"Future remembrances when others are forgotten"—"To be told in story and sung in other lands"—poor little me who has never seen the present Ruler of her own country!

* * * * * * *

"Then let us hope, and although you may never escort me over the Mexican line, I have never lost sight of the darkness of the day when I proposed that you should."

If it were not my firm belief in an overruling Providence.

A. LINCOLN.

Excerpts from a letter under date of November 21, 1910:

A GREATER POWER AND A WISER MIND

* * * * * * *

"How well I remember when I once asked you to escort me over! and I never can understand *why* I failed to go; a Greater Power and a Wiser Mind were guiding me, no doubt——"

To God my life was an open page,
He knew what I would be;
He knew how the tyrant passions rage,
How wind swept was all my anchorage,
And why I would drift to sea.

He who hath a thousand friends hath none to spare.

ALI BEN ABOU TALEB.

I am never weary when meeting my friends. CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton's intellect was never keener, clearer nor more alert than it is now (1911). STEPHEN E. BARTON.

The report which went out that I was ill set the country, nay the world, by the ears and the letters came pouring in by the score, yes, and more. CLARA BARTON.

Such beautiful letters! I have read them through tears.

CLARA BARTON.

WRITE NONE—SEE ONLY THOSE I MUST *

Oxford, Sept. 21, 1911.

Prof. Young,

My Dear friend:

I am trying to speak to your letter of yesterday, myself, but it is from a very sick bed.

I write none—see only those I must.

I *must see you.* Come and see me though only a week. I had hoped to see you under better conditions.

I replied to your dispatch. Come when you will; all times are alike to me.

Yours sincerely and always,

(Signed) CLARA BARTON.

I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

. . . . . .

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory

* Her friends who were with her through her last illness say the letter of which the above is a copy is the last letter written by Clara Barton.

DATA AS TO THE TWENTY-FIRST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

	Number
Enlisted men leaving Worcester, August 23, 1861	1,001
Total enlisted men throughout the war	1,277

Number		Ages
1	Emery G. Wilson, Co. K	15 years
5		17 "
101		18 "
111		19 "
140		20 "
358	Total number under 21 years	
170	at the age of	21 "
574	between 22 years and 30 years	
120	" 30 " " 40 "	
50	" 40 " " 48 "	
2	at the age of	46 "
1	" " " "	47 "
2	" " " "	53 "
1277		

Of this number 560 were killed or wounded in battle. The regiment was a member of the ninth-army Corps under General Burnside, a corps that did not lose a color nor a gun.

Membership of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment Association August 23, 1921—61.

Carrie E. Cutter, Daughter, 1861-1862.
Clara Barton, Daughter, 1862-1912.
Flora S. Chapin, Secretary and Daughter, 1912——.

Miss Carrie E. Cutter, delicate and accomplished, was known as the Florence Nightingale of the Twenty-first. She was the daughter of Calvin E. Cutter, surgeon of the regiment; died in the service as nurse, March 24, 1862. Aged, nineteen years and eight months. Mrs. Flora S. Chapin is the daughter of Reverend Charles E. Simmons Hospital Steward in the Civil War, under Surgeons Calvin E. Cutter and James Oliver, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment. Clara Barton was the daughter of non-commissioned officer Stephen Barton. He enlisted in 1793, serving three years in the Indian wars (1793-97), and later was known by his friends as "Captain Barton."

Clara Barton, then a war nurse and nearly forty-one years of age, was made Daughter of the Regiment on the battlefield of Antietam, in October, 1862. This was a few days after President Lincoln had reviewed the Army of the Potomac, the review occurring October third. The army at that time numbered about 145,000 men. It was towards nightfall, and the regiment was on dress parade. "She made a little speech," says Comrade James Madison Stone, "and there was cemented a friendship begun under fire which was destined to last to the end of the lives of all the participants."

Says Captain Charles F. Walcott of the Twenty-first Regiment (afterward Brigadier-General), and the author of the history of the regiment: "Our true friend, Miss Barton, a Twenty-first woman to the backbone, was now permanently associated with the regiment and, with two four-mule covered wagons which by her untiring efforts she kept well supplied with delicacies in the way of food and articles of clothing, was a ministering angel to our sick. General Sturgis kindly ordered a detail from the regiment of drivers and assistants about her wagon. And this true, noble woman, never sparing herself nor failing in her devotion to our suffering men, always maintained her womanly dignity, and won the lasting respect and love of our officers and men."

Clara Barton's last message to the regiment was delivered forty-five years after the Civil War, through an address and original poem, she then being eighty-nine years of age. The occasion was the annual reunion of the regiment, the date August 23, 1910; the reunion held at Worcester, Massachusetts.

REUNION OF 21ST MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

Picture taken on the occasion of the annual reunion of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment Association—on August 23, 1921—Sixtieth anniversary of the day the Regiment left Worcester for the field.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

THEODORE O'HARA.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
'Til every sound appears a knell
And every spot a grave.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"I never made a secret of the fact that of all the glorious regiments that marched to the music of the Union and cooled their heated brows in the shadows of the Stars and Stripes, the Twenty-first Massachusetts was peculiarly my own—nearest in my thoughts, and deepest in my love, and there are many who know that more than once my heart went down in agony under the blood-stained soil with the lifeless forms of its bravest and its best. I would divide the last half of the last loaf with any soldier in that regiment, though I had never met him."—CLARA BARTON.

Top, left hand corner—Clara Barton.
Top, right hand corner—Carrie E. Cutter.
Lower row, center—Flora S. Chapin.

But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness when, at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be an eternal restless change,
Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

XCVII

CLOSING INCIDENTS—THE BIOGRAPHY —OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

I am so glad to see you; I was afraid you wouldn't get here in *time*. CLARA BARTON. From "Notes" at Oxford, Massachusetts, Oct. 2, 1911.

AUTHORIZED TO SPEAK FOR CLARA BARTON

Accompanying the letter under date of December 14, 1909, came data from Clara Barton to be used in her proposed biography, and which data the author had previously promised to make use of as soon as his private business would permit him to give the time necessary to do this literary work. Commenting on the author's final acceptance of her commission, in her letter she said: "Your talent to writing a biography of me—of me! Your talent and time for such as this! 'Why was this waste made'?" The object hoped for in her letter of September 21, 1911, wherein Clara Barton says *"I must see you"* and therein the "dispatch" referred to, was that she might consult the author on her biography and to make a final request that after her passing he would protect her good name which, continuously being assailed, she then thought to be in jeopardy.

Arriving at Oxford, Massachusetts, at the end of a special trip from California for the final consultation as to the facts and motives involved in her persecution,

on October 3, 1911, in the sick room and at the time when she thought that she had but a few hours to live, the author made the promise. The further object of the visit at Oxford, on the part of the author, was to try to stimulate her health, through a possible sea voyage. That there had been in anticipation for several months previous such sea voyage was well known in her household, and is personally indicated by her in her Easter Greetings for 1911. In this letter she writes: "And we may expect you in the East!! That is more than I *dared* hope. It would surely be a luxury to visit the old *old* countries of the world. I should indeed be glad to see them with you."

I may come to California this winter; will do so, if I am able.

CLARA BARTON.
From "Notes" of a visit in the sick room at
Glen Echo, Maryland, Oct. 20, 1911.

PROPOSED HOME IN CALIFORNIA

A few days after the consultation at Oxford she rallied, and on a Pullman was taken to her Glen Echo home. Seriously ill and thinking this would be her last ride, she expressed the wish to have for the party of three, consisting of her physician, her nephew and herself, the Pullman exclusively. The cost for the use of the car would be three hundred dollars. This having been made known to her she protested the seeming extravagance whereupon a friend, after having been refused such tender by the Pullman office in New York, himself made the tender of the car, without cost to her. Characteristic of her, she declined to accept

the courtesy, but said she would have accepted such courtesy from the Pullman Company. She accepted, instead, a drawing room—to save the proposed expense, even by another. Early on the way to Glen Echo, she is reported to have said to those accompanying her: If he were here now I would not leave the car until I shall have reached California, where I would make my home with my friend as long as I live, thereby accepting his invitation to become his guest permanently—in his home nearby and overlooking the Pacific ocean.

She stood the journey so well, says her physician, that again she said to us just before reaching Washington that she would be glad to remain on the train and continue on to California, emphasizing "That's what I'd like to do." The physician further comments: "Her faith in her friend's loyalty would have been sufficient tonic to make the journey easy and a delight, and I feel sure now that had she taken the journey then, as she expressed the wish, the end of the journey would have found her in an *improved condition,* with constant-increasing physical strength."

In the author's diary for October 20, 1911, is found the following:

> At ten A.M. visited Calumet Place. Mrs. John A. Logan and I then went to Glen Echo on the street car. Visited Miss Clara Barton, who was in a chair awaiting our presence. Spent an hour or so with her. She was in good spirits, happy and much improved in health. Mrs. Logan and she talked over personal matters. She received me most cordially, and said she was most happy to see me; also said she would like to go to California with me. Mrs. Logan, Dr. Hubbell, Stephen E. Barton and I had a talk in the room downstairs on matters of personal interest to Miss Barton, formulating a plan for her vindication.

FORECASTING THE BIOGRAPHY

In April, 1912, her physician, Dr. Julian B. Hubbell, wrote from Glen Echo that a few hours before her passing Clara Barton expressed the wish that, if not exclusively so, in any event the author *must be* associated with her biographer. The protection of her "good name" by her biographer was more to her than a recital of her deeds of valor. She had in mind in selecting her biographer not what fame thereby might come to him, not kinship nor the family name, not what profit there might be in her biography. She had in mind her own "good name," and the cause such "good name" represents. These were to her vital; these to her were dearer than life itself. Respect for the wish of the dying, and the dead, is regarded sacred; such wish has been regarded sacred, and binding, throughout the centuries, alike by Christian and Pagan. To do violence to the sentiment and well known wish of Clara Barton, on the part of the author, similarly would do violence to the sentiment of the country which would protect her "good name," a name historic and beloved by the people—violence to the sentiment pervading all humanity.

As the financial executor had possession of, and control of, the historic data prerequisite, for all practical purposes he could name the biographer of the nation's heroine;—could dictate what data and sentiment must be, and must not be, included in the biography of his Aunt. As soon after her passing as it could be written and reach California there came from her nephew, Mr. Stephen E. Barton, of her nearest of kin and by her made the Executor of her Estate, the following letter:

ONE OF MY AUNT'S LAST REQUESTS

Boston, Mass.,
April 20, 1912.

Col. Charles Sumner Young,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My dear Col. Young:—

When the death of our beloved occurred at Glen Echo on the morning of the 12th inst. Doctor Hubbell thought you were at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and I immediately wired you there, but I was notified that you had left the city. I was exceedingly glad to receive your beautiful message of the 13th from Los Angeles.

I followed your wishes by placing some beautiful flowers in your name upon her bier at Oxford and I knew that the sympathy and tenderness of your great heart were with us that day. I am sending you Worcester newspapers, which will give an account of the last ceremonies, all of which were carried out just as she desired them, both at Glen Echo and Oxford. . . .

. . . . . .

I am sending you enclosed a copy of the tribute written by Mrs. Logan and read at the Glen Echo services by her daughter.

Has it not the ring of eloquence, of justice and of fearless friendship? I gave it to the Associated Press, but I believe it was used only in a garbled form. You are at liberty to use it in any form which you choose.

At this moment I have not time to say more, but I hope to hear from you and to see you again. There is much to do and to say in the future. I shall need the good advice and guidance of such friends as your good self and one of my Aunt's last requests was that I invite you with a few other such friends to compose a committee to advise with me in the future.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Stephen E. Barton.

EXCERPTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

Concerning the biography of my Aunt, she desired that I call to my assistance several of her good friends, including your dear self.

Stephen E. Barton.

From a letter to the author, and dated November 18, 1912.

I judge from your letter that you may not be aware that a preliminary biography of my Aunt has been written by Reverend Percy H. Epler, of Worcester, and published by the Macmillans.

I have organized a literary committee composed of Reverend William E. Barton of Oak Park, Illinois, Reverend Percy H. Epler of Worcester, Massachusetts, Honorable Francis Atwater of New Haven, Connecticut, Dr. Julian B. Hubbell of Glen Echo, Maryland, and myself. STEPHEN E. BARTON.

From a letter to the author, and dated February 29, 1916.

AUTHORIZED

Charles Sumner Young was authorized by Clara Barton to write the history of her life and so far as I know the only person so authorized.

JULIAN B. HUBBELL.

Clara Barton's General Field Agent for the twenty-three years she was President of the American Red Cross.

Glen Echo, Maryland,
July 8, 1922.

XCVIII

Last words of Clara Barton: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Let me go! Let me go!

PERCY H. EPLER, Author.

A diagnosis of Clara Barton's illness was made a few months before she passed. The report of the Doctors was that every organ in her body was perfect—heart, lungs, stomach—every organ functioning as in her youth. THE AUTHOR.

This morning's papers (Tuesday, April 23, 1912) are filled with startling stories to the effect that Miss Barton died of a broken heart, caused by a clique of Washington politicians and ambitious society people. That she died of a broken heart, so caused, is a fact. W. H. SEARS, Secretary to Clara Barton.

Considerable comment was caused at the funeral of Clara Barton by the absence of any representative of ————————, or of the American National Red Cross, the organization which Miss Barton founded; neither were there any flowers from either the organization nor the White House in evidence. Rockford (Ills.) *Register Gazette*.

Governments are but the voice of the people. CLARA BARTON.

The Government of my country *is* my country, and the people of my country are the government of my country as nearly as a representative system will allow. CLARA BARTON.

The Government which I thought I loved, and loyally tried to serve, has shut every door in my face, and stared at me insultingly through its windows. CLARA BARTON.

The humanity of peoples is beyond that of Governments.

CLARA BARTON.

Ingratitude! Thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou showest thee in a child than the sea monster.

SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the anguish our Heavenly Father calls us to endure—none pierces more keenly, nor wounds more deeply, than the sting of ingratitude. CLARA BARTON.

Dear Clara Barton! I hope that somewhere she is reaping a glorious reward of her life-long heroism and self-sacrifice. MRS. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

Clara Barton will still live as a potential force for good, and coming centuries will see her labors carried on even as they were carried on while she directed them in person.

Springfield (Illinois) *News*.

Sublime, O Life, when in Easter balms did cease,
When shadows of thy sunset hour bore thee "peace."

E. MAY GLENN TOON.

A RECORD HISTORY AT THE FUNERAL

The funeral exercises for Clara Barton, who had served for 23 years as President of the Red Cross, were held in her Red Cross home in Glen Echo, Maryland. Flowers in profusion were there; her personal and *real* friends, with moistened eyes and aching hearts, were there; hundreds of telegrams of sympathy from all over the country were there; millions of humanity-loving American men and women, in spirit, were there; her devoted friend and immediate successor as President of the Red Cross, Mrs. General John A. Logan, was there.

History will record that certain then acting officials of the Red Cross, either personally or in sympathy,

were *not* there; that not a flower, not a word of sympathy, from any Red Cross official was there; that not national honors, not even Red Cross honors, were then bestowed lovingly or at all upon the great and good Red Cross Mother, that made possible officially the very existence of the then Red Cross officers.

And history will record that no good reason could be given why these certain Red Cross officials were *not* there; and history will further record that the reason must be understood as that in the case of Another when, on a similar occasion, no Pontius Pilate and no politicians were there, but "many women were there beholding from afar." And finally history will again record that, centuries after the doer of "petty politics" shall have been forgotten, the doer of humane deeds will shine as a fixed star in humanity's firmament, diffusing her beneficent rays upon the millions, in generations as they successive come and go.

XCIX

Clara Barton saved too many lives to count.
Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram.*

The lives he had saved were enough to gain Heaven's chiefest diadem. CLARA BARTON.

God's plans are known only to Himself. He alone knows what plan He is working out. CLARA BARTON.

The grave is but a covered bridge, leading from light to light through a brief darkness. LONGFELLOW.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. GREY.

FROM LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

. . . . . .

WILLIAM COLLINS.

CLARA BARTON'S LAST RIDE

On her last ride from Glen Echo, Maryland, to Oxford, Massachusetts, Clara Barton went by the Federal Express. She was accompanied by her three friends, Stephen E. Barton, Doctor Julian B. Hubbell

and Doctor Eugene Underhill. Every consideration was shown her by her personal friends and the railway company. Because of the fog on New York Bay and certain formalities to be imposed by the New York City authorities, an embarrassing delay was menacing the party. To circumvent the delay the party ignored the advice of the railway authorities to take another route from Jersey City, and continued on to New York.

At New York, to make connections with the outgoing train, the party transferred themselves to a covered express wagon. It was nearly midnight. The streets were wet and slippery from the fog. The busy throng of human beings were in their slumbers. The streets were bereft of all things living, save now and then a belated traveler; and silent, except the tread of his footsteps on the sidewalk.

The party's destination, Oxford, must be reached at a certain hour. There must be no delay. The driver was urged to hurry. He became impatient and, turning to one member of the party, asked: "Whom have you got in this box anyway?" Then came the reply: "It's the body of Miss Clara Barton." "You don't mean the Civil War Nurse, the Red Cross woman!" "Yes, that's the one."

Then there followed a scene pathetic, and most dramatic. Dropping his lines and throwing up his hands the driver exclaimed: "My God! is it possible? My father was a Confederate soldier and, at the battle of Antietam, was wounded in the neck. Miss Barton found him on the battlefield and bound up his wounds in time to save his life. And just to think 'the likes o' me,' a poor driver, is hauling her body across the city tonight."

C

Clara Barton has to her credit 72 achievements, every one of which entitles her to a page in history.

W. H. Sears, Secretary to Miss Barton.

Clara Barton,—this woman's immortal work.

Boston Transcript.

Not all the noblest songs are worth one noble deed.

Alfred Austin.

Clara Barton,—her work and her achievements,—wonders wrought by that noble woman of New England.

Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune.*

Clara Barton,—no other whose achievements even approximate hers; her allegiance ran the whole race of mankind.

Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

Clara Barton,—measured by any scale you may choose, was the most useful woman of her day and generation.

Bangor (Me.) *News.*

By our deeds, and by our deeds alone—
God judges us—if righteous God there be,
Creeds are as thistle-down, wind-tossed and blown,
But deeds abide throughout eternity. George Barlow.

All who work beneath its glorious folds (Red Cross) are co-workers not only with the noblest spirits of all ages and all coun-

tries but, even reverently be it spoken, co-workers with the Divine beneficence whose blessed task we know will one day wipe every tear from every eye. CLARA BARTON.

ACHIEVEMENT—WORLD RECOGNITION

Clara Barton was the recipient of twenty-seven decorations, medals of honor, diplomas of honor, badges, jewels, flags, resolutions, votes of thanks, and commendations from rulers of nations, legislative bodies, Red Cross decorations, relief committees, and distinguished, or titled, personages,—as testimonials of her great work for humanity. THE AUTHOR.

Some day the full and complete history of Clara Barton and her unparalleled achievements will be given to the world, and no library on the face of the earth will be complete without a set of the volumes of that history.

W. H. SEARS,
J. B. HUBBELL,
Ex-Secretaries to Clara Barton.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LEADING ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE LIFE OF MISS CLARA BARTON

(Especially prepared for this volume by her ex-secretary, W. H. Sears)

ACHIEVEMENTS

1. Organized, conducted and popularized Free School System, Bordentown, N. J., at her own expense. Commenced her school with six pupils, all boys, and in one year had six hundred; secured five teachers to assist and had promises of a new building, if she would continue. It was built for her and is still in use. "Pauper Schools," that is, Public Schools at public expense, were ridiculed by the people. The six boys were renegades from private schools. Third week,

room filled and assistant required. Such was the success that the private schools were discontinued and a four thousand dollar school house, three stories of brick, was built and Miss Barton inaugurated the *Free Public School of Bordentown, N. J.* With six hundred pupils and eight teachers, impetus was given to the cause of free education over the State, 1852-4.

2. First Woman Clerk in Government Office, Washington, D. C. A place of trust at $1,400 per year, in charge of caveats, Patent Office, which position she gave up at the opening of the Civil War to work in the field. 1854-'61, under Mr. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents. Discharged when Buchanan came in; but recalled under Lincoln; resigned when war came on.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

3. Met and furnished relief at "Old Infirmary," where Judiciary Square Hospital now stands; first day and next day at Capitol, in Senate Chamber (Senate not in session) to wounded soldiers of the 6th Mass. Volunteers in Washington, on arrival from the Baltimore attack by mob, April 19, 1861. *First Civil War Field.*

4. Met and furnished relief to sick and wounded soldiers, brought from the front on trains and boats to Washington, D. C., May 1, 1861 to July, 1862.

Afterwards she was on the following fields of battle and relief:

5. James Island, battlefield, July 7, 1862.

6. Cedar Mountain, battlefield, August 9, 1862, 3,700 killed and wounded.

7. Second Bull Run, battlefield, August 30 to Sep-

tember 1, 1862. Found seven of her old pupils, Massachusetts schools, in this field and each had lost an arm or leg.

8. Chantilly, battlefield, August 31 to September 1, 1862.

9. Point of Rocks, Md., battlefield, September 4, 1862.

10. Point of Rocks, Md., battlefield, September, 1862.

11. Antietam, battlefield, September 16 and 17, 1862.

12. Falmouth battlefield, December 11 and 12, 1862.

13. Fredericksburg, battlefield, December 12 and 13, 1862. 18,000 killed and wounded.

14. Folly Island, battlefield, April 10, 1863.

15. Morris Island, battlefield, July 10 to September 7, 1863.

16. Fort Wagner, battlefield, September 7, 1863.

17. Charleston, S. C., battlefield, September 8, 1863.

18. The Wilderness, battlefield, May 6-7, 1864.

19. Spottsylvania, battlefield, May 8 to 21, 1864.

20. Petersburg, battlefield, June 15 to 18, 1864.

21. Petersburg Mine, battlefield, July 30 to August 5, 1864.

22. Deep Bottom, battlefield, August and September, 1864.

23. Richmond Campaign, battlefield, January 1 to April 3, 1865.

24. Annapolis Hospital, 1865, met starving, sick and wounded returning Federal prisoners and furnished relief.

25. Summer of 1865 at Andersonville identifying

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, the chairman of the ceremonies, with the first shovel of dirt.
(The Chairman of the National Advisory Board, National First Aid Association of America)

THE MEMORIAL TREE PLANTING TO THE MEMORY OF CLARA BARTON by the American Forestry Association at Glen Echo, Md., 3 P. M., Easter Sunday, April 16, 1922. The occasion—to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the passing of Clara Barton

Mrs. John A. Logan, with second shovel of dirt. Author of the Congressional measure creating May 30th a national holiday, known as Decoration Day; and sponsored in Congress by U. S. Senator John A. Logan.

He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE CLARA BARTON OAK

Registered in the Hall of Fame for Trees, Washington, D. C.

The American Flag
The Glen Echo Service Flag
The Red Cross Flag

The Clara Barton
Red Cross Home

Pin Oak (Quercus Palustris), 8½ feet high, 5½ inches in circumference at the base; 3½ inches in circumference, 4½ feet from the ground.

CLARA BARTON AND THE OAK

The Memorial Address

The tree is the longest lived of all the lives of earth. Trees are in existence whose birth antedates that of our Christian civilization. The Cedar of Lebanon of the Old World is a part of the religious sentiment of the human race. The General Sherman Sequoia of the New World had battled against the warring elements of Nature for thousands of years before existed the warring forces of the Anglo-Saxons, on this continent. If there "be tongues in trees" every historic tree might say: "What I have seen and known is identified with the human race."

Every country has its trees, historic, sacred through association with an individual or with some great national event. Of the tree, historic, the historian writes, the poet sings, and in delineating its beauties the painter exhausts his art. He who plants an historic tree transmits history and poetry and art to posterity. The tree becomes a part of a country's history.

England has her Parliament Oak, under whose branches King John held his parliament; her Pilgrim Oak, associated with Lord Byron, her Falstaff Tree, her Shakespeare Tree. The United States has her Penn Treaty Elm, under whose possible inspiration, for once at least, faith was kept with the North American Indian; her Charter Oak that became the guardian of the parchment that held the liberties of the Puritans; her Cambridge Elm within whose cooling shades George Washington took command of the Colonial forces in the struggle for human liberty; her Liberty Tree, whose very soil wherein it grew, said Lafayette, should be cherished forever by the American people.

At the nation's capital there are trees historic. On Capitol Hill there is the great elm, said to have been planted by George Washington in 1794. On the grounds of the Woman's National Foundation, near Dupont Circle, is the tree known as the Treaty Oak. Its history is of pathos, possibly in part of fiction, but whether of fact or of fiction like the wanderings of Ulysses the tree is of never-ceasing interest. In the Botanic Gardens is the Peace Oak, said to have been planted by a Southerner who tried desperately to prevent the Civil War, and died broken-hearted over his failure. And near by this historic tree is the picturesque oak that came from an acorn picked up by the grave of Confucius, in far away Shantung.

Of all the trees of ancient and modern times the oak is the most historic. The Ancient Greeks and Romans thought that the oak was Jupiter's own tree; the Ancient Britons, that it belonged to the God of Thunder—groves of oaks were their temples. Among the Celts the oak was an object of worship; the Yule log was invariably of oak.

We plant an oak to commemorate a career, sacred, sacred to one who loved the world—to one whom all the world loves. As in Japan a certain tree is sacred, in America every tree is sacred that is love-planted. Our act, and sentiment, is in consonance with hers whose almost last wish was that an oak sapling be planted at the shrine of her beloved horse; that it might be his monument, and with the hope that the children would love and protect it as Baba's Tree.

"Sing low, green oak, thy summer rune,
Sing valor, love, and truth."

In no other atmosphere of her native land as here is a place so appropriate to plant this historic tree. Through this atmosphere, into yonder edifice, came the cry "Come and Help Us";—from Cuba that cruelty, pestilence and starvation were the portions of thousands; from Galveston that still other thousands of men, women and children had become victims of disaster, on her storm-swept coast. In every instance to the cry for help was there response, and on wings of love the Angel of Mercy sped forth to minister with her own hands to suffering humanity.

It was here that she basked in the sunset rays, as they dipped gently towards the west. Yonder are the trees which she planted with her own hands; yonder the soil wherein grew her beautiful flowers; yonder humanity's centre from which flowed her charities to almost every part of the known world; yonder the chamber from whose bed of sorrow she cried: "Let me go; let me go"; yonder the window through whose casement on Easter Morn, in 1912, her spirit flew to the Great Unknown.

Nature that springs from the soil decays and dies; deeds that spring from the soul never die. Nature's foliage that ornaments is destroyed by the frosts of winter; the spiritual foliage that ornaments is perennial. The American Red Cross whose bud, in 1881, opened to the sunlight in the forests of Michigan is now the sheltering tree for the world's millions; the woman that planted the seed and nourished it with her tears, as later she planted that other tree known as THE NATIONAL FIRST AID, is now the spirit that stands sponsor for certain charities, charities the most widely known of all the charities of earth.

Neither marble nor canvas is so venerated as the tree, from out of GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES—a tree to commemorate the individual is the most venerated memorial in the world. The world will little care, or note not at all, what we say and do here and yet the spirit of these environments may become the inspiration of future ages. The mound that soon must shut out from view our mortality will be leveled and covered with earth's foliage, only to be forgotten or marked "UNKNOWN." But let us pray that the tree, whose sentiment is world-humanity, may take highest rank among the world's other historic trees; that through the centuries the children of successive generations will love and protect THE CLARA BARTON OAK, NATURE'S EASTER-TRIBUTE TO IMMORTALITY.

Planting the "Clara Barton Rose"—Miss Carrie Harrison, Chairman Clara Barton Centennial Committee of the National Woman's Party.

MEMORIAL TREE PLANTING TO THE MEMORY OF CLARA BARTON

Charles Sumner Young, while delivering the memorial address.

the dead, and laying out the first National Cemetery, by request of the Government. Raised the first United States flag over Andersonville.

26. 1865-67 Searching for the 80,000 missing men of the army. Found 19,920 of them at an expense to herself without pay of $17,000. The Government reimbursed $15,000 of this sum.

27. The Lecture Field. Delivered 300 at $100 per lecture on the battlefields of the Civil War, 1867-8.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

Was on the following battlefield and relief fields during this war:—

28. Hagenau, battlefield.

29. Metz, battlefield.

30. Strasburg, battlefield (8 months) siege, and relief after siege.

31. Belfort, relief.

32. Woerth, relief.

33. Baden Hospitals.

34. Sedan, battlefields.

35. Montbelard, relief.

36. Paris, Fall of the Commune; relief.

37. Organizing and managing relief for sick and wounded soldiers and sick and destitute people in France at close of war, 1871.

RED CROSS WORK

38. With the International Red Cross Committee in Europe, Switzerland, Germany and France. 1869-71. 1872-73, ill in London.

39. Seven years' effort to make Red Cross known to the United States and asking for the treaty; 1875-1882. Secured adhesion of the United States to the Treaty of

Geneva, March 1, 1882, having organized the American National Red Cross Association the year before, and was nominated to first presidency by President Garfield, 1882; was the President for twenty-three years; 1881-1904.

40. Author of American Amendment authorizing Red Cross to administer relief in time of great National disasters, which was adopted by all treaty nations.

41. Organized First Aid Department within the Red Cross; but when she resigned in 1904 as President, it was discontinued by her successors, 1903.

42. Organized The National First Aid Association of America, independent of the Red Cross, similar in its scope and object to the St. John Ambulance Association of England. Five hundred and twenty-two classes have been organized with ten thousand students and five thousand four hundred graduates—January 1, 1922.

43. Conceived idea of a Rest Cure and School where people should be taught to keep well.

(The cost of distributing the funds and other contributions entrusted to Clara Barton, as President of the American Red Cross during her twenty-three years of administration, did not exceed two per cent. of the amounts contributed for the twenty fields of relief in this country and the four fields in foreign countries. Signed: Julian B. Hubbell, General Field Agent of the Red Cross during the twenty-three years of Clara Barton's Presidency.)

RED CROSS FIELDS

44. Michigan Forest Fire, 1881, expended ..... $ 80,000.00

45.	Mississippi River Floods, 1882, expended	8,000.00
46.	Mississippi Cyclone, 1883, expended	1,000.00
47.	Mississippi River Floods, 1883, expended	18,000.00
48.	Balkan War; relief, 1883, expended	500.00
49.	Ohio and Miss. River Floods, 1884, expended	175,000.00
50.	Texas Famine, 1885, expended	100,000.00
51.	Charleston Earthquake, 1886, expended	85,500.00
52.	Mt. Vernon Illinois Cyclone, 1886, expended	85,000.00
53.	Florida Yellow Fever, 1888, expended	15,000.00
54.	Johnstown Flood, 1889, expended	250,000.00
55.	Russian Famine, 1892, expended	125,000.00
56.	Pomeroy, Iowa, Cyclone, 1893, expended	2,700.00
57.	S. C. Islands Hurricane and Tidal Waves, 1893, expended	65,000.00
58.	Armenian Massacres, Turkey, Asia Minor, 1896, expended	116,325.00
59.	Cuban Reconcentrado relief, Spring of 1898, expended	1,300,000.00
60.	Spanish-American War at San Juan, battlefield, 1898	
61.	Cuban Orphan Asylums, Summer and Fall of 1898	
62.	Galveston Storm, 1900, expended	130,000.00
63.	Typhoid Fever Epidemic, Butler, Pa., 1904	
	Total	$2,557,025.00

64. Superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory for Criminal Women. One year; appointed by General Butler, then governor of Massachusetts, 1884.
Represented United States Government at International Red Cross Conferences, as follows:—
65. At Geneva, Switzerland, in 1884.
66. At Carlsruhe, Germany, in 1887.
67. At Rome, Italy, in 1890.
68. At Vienna, Austria, in 1897.
69. At St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1902.
70. Author of books.
71. Author of lectures.
72. Author of poems.

CI

The press is the representative of the people.

GEN. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

The newspaper is the immediate recorder and interpreter of life.

HENRY IRVING.

Three Thousand newspapers voiced the public opinion of the nation; thousands no doubt escaped us.

EDITOR—*Clara Barton in Memoriam* (1912).

The press shapes the fortunes of the world and makes and unmakes with a breath. CLARA BARTON.

The American press has been to me, to my assistants, and our work, a band of faithful brotherhood. CLARA BARTON.

Human progress had evolved a "Press" whose lever moved the world. CLARA BARTON.

Among the dark hours that came to us in the hopeless waste of work and war on every side, the strong sustaining power has been the *Press* of the United States. CLARA BARTON.

I thank the press of my country for its unwavering and genuine kindness for all the years it has dealt with my name.

CLARA BARTON.

Through all of good report or ill; contradictory, perplexing, incomprehensible, the one thing that has not only sustained but astonished me has been the loyalty of the American press.

CLARA BARTON.

THE PRESS AND THE INDIVIDUAL

THE PRESS

Clara Barton is to America what Florence Nightingale is to us. The American Civil War created her, and determined the whole course of her life. There is

that which war, and nothing less, can do with a woman. It can make her, right away, what we may without irreverence call superwoman; and, having done that, it can set her to hard administrative work, to reform and organize great matters of national welfare; and it can keep her at that high level to the end of her days. Only, it must have her all to itself; she must give up everything that she was doing.

It was a wonderful life. She was inspired to save lives. Providence, very wisely, chose her for its purposes, not because she was an intellectual woman but because she was a pure flame of sympathy. Not peace, but war, made her what she was.

London (Eng.) Times,
January 27, 1916.

THE INDIVIDUAL

Among the countless thousands, in her lifetime, that Miss Barton numbered as her friends, the following have been culled; and Miss Barton had not only letters thanking her for her work from the following but also enjoyed their personal friendship:

Presidents of the United States

Abraham Lincoln	Rutherford B. Hayes	Grover Cleveland
Andrew Johnson	James A. Garfield	Benjamin Harrison
Ulysses S. Grant	Chester A. Arthur	William McKinley

Vice-Presidents of the United States

John C. Breckinridge	Schuyler Colfax	William A. Wheeler
Hannibal Hamlin	Henry Wilson	Garret A. Hobart

Secretaries of the Interior

Zachariah Chandler | Henry M. Teller | John W. Noble

Secretaries of the Navy

Benjamin F. Tracey | Hillary A. Herbert | John D. Long

Secretaries of the Treasury

Salmon P. Chase | George B. Boutwell | William Windom
Charles J. Folger

Secretaries of State

William H. Seward | James G. Blaine | Walter Q. Gresham
Elihu B. Washburn | T. F. Frelinghuysen | Richard Olney
Hamilton Fish | Thomas F. Bayard | John Sherman
William M. Evarts | John W. Foster | William B. Day
John Hay

Secretaries of War

Edwin M. Stanton | Robert T. Lincoln | Daniel S. Lamont
John M. Schofield | William C. Endicott | Russell A. Alger
William T. Sherman | Redfield Proctor

Secretaries of Agriculture

Norman J. Coleman | Jeremiah M. Rusk | J. Sterling Morton
James Wilson

Postmasters General

James N. Tyner | John Wanamaker | Wilson S. Bissell
William L. Wilson

Chief Justices U. S. Supreme Court

Salmon P. Chase | Morrison R. Waite | Stanley Matthews

The Army

Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles
Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt
Maj. Gen. John R. Brooke
Gen. Daniel E. Sickels
Brig. Gen. James F. Wade
Brig. Gen. M. I. Luddington
Brig. Gen. Adolphus W. Greely
Brig. Gen. John M. Wilson
Brig. Gen. Jos. C. Breckinridge
Brig. Gen. W. A. Hammond
Brig. Gen. H. D. Rucker
Lieut. Gen. John M. Schofield

General Officers U. S. Volunteers

Maj. Gen. William R. Shafter
Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood
Brig. Gen. James H. Wilson
Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee
Brig. Gen. William Ludlow
Brig. Gen. Fred D. Grant

The Navy

Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley
Rear Admiral William F. Sampson

Sovereigns of Europe

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria
Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden
Abdul-Hamid, Sultan of Turkey
William I., Emperor of Germany
Empress of Germany
Nathalie, Queen of Servia
Czar of Russia
Grand Duchess of Baden

Miscellaneous

Surg. Gen. Joseph K. Barnes, U.S.A.
Gen. Phil H. Sheridan
Gen. R. D. Mussey
Hon. George B. Loring
Hon. E. G. Lapham
Surg. Gen. George H. Crum, U.S.A.
Gen. Benjamin F. Butler
Sumner I. Kimball, General Superintendent
U. S. Life Saving Corps
Walter Weymann, Surgeon General,
Marine Hospital Service

CII

Time rolls rapidly—and the events we meet to revive are already history. CLARA BARTON.

Clara Barton—before the growing strength and power of her sweet spirit, the armies of the world shall some day halt and ground arms. Madison (Wis.) *Journal.*

Worcester has even a tenderer affection than all humanity for Clara Barton, the "Angel of the Battlefield." She was in her Oxford birth a Worcester County Contributor to the world's upward move. Worcester (Mass.) *Post.*

Her career as a nurse in the battlefields of the Civil War ranks high among the achievements of women in human history. In the roll of the centuries no other name will stand higher nor shine brighter than that of the modest, the loving, the loyal, the world-wide patriot. Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette.*

MILLIONS WILL REGARD THE SIMPLICITY OF THE END. Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram.*

She lives whom we call dead. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

To die is to begin to live. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Death borders on our birth and our cradle stands in the grave.
BISHOP HALL—*Epistles.*

Death but entombs the body; life, the soul;—death is the crown of life. YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
WILLIAM COLLINS.

Nor shall your story be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

THEODORE O'HARA.

Resolutions have been adopted by the army nurses to provide for perpetual decoration of Miss Barton's resting place with the flag she loved, and served under from 1861 to 1865, that its folds may wave, summer and winter, in loving remembrance of the glorious work for humanity accomplished during her long life. Boston (Mass.) *Transcript.* April 17th, 1912.

THE CLARA BARTON CENTENARY

THE SIMPLICITY OF THE END

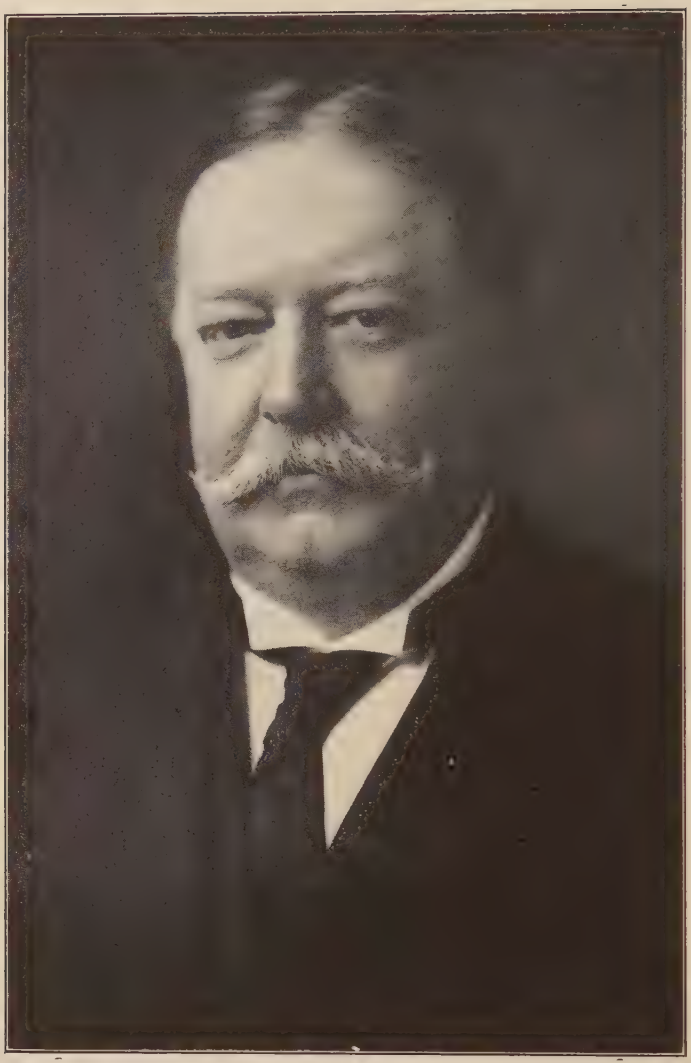
Memorial address delivered at the Annual Reunion of the Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment,—held at Worcester, Mass., August 23, 1921

By COMRADE CHARLES SUMNER YOUNG
(Honorary Member of the Regiment)

Comrades of the Twenty-first Massachusetts:

This year is the centenary of the birth of a Daughter of the Regiment. Three score years today that regiment left Worcester for fields of frightful carnage. Regiment and daughter shared in scenes tragic that the Union might live.

At the close of the war the war-service of the regiment ended, but not the public service of the daughter. Continuous thereafter she served the human race. She served in disaster;—in fire and flood and famine and



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

The President, March 4, 1909-March 4, 1913.
President American Red Cross Society, January 8, 1905-March 4, 1913.
Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, 1921——.

cyclone and earthquake and yellow-fever and massacre. She served in two succeeding wars. She served in the camp, in the hospital, and on the firing-line. She was on the firing-line in the Civil War, in the Franco-Prussian War, in the Spanish-American War;—she was on the "firing-line" for half a century in the War of Human Woes.

It was fifty years after his passing that the American people fully appreciated the heart and public services of Abraham Lincoln. Long before half a century shall have lapsed into history world-recognized will be the world-services of the Daughter of the Regiment. An oft recital of her deeds is the best tribute that mortal man can pay to her. But there are now of record tributes to her by powerful influences; tributes by eleven American presidents, including ex-President Wilson and President Harding; tributes to her by nine foreign rulers, by eleven foreign nations, by several American States, and Cities, and by more than fifteen hundred thousand American citizens. At the laying of the corner stone of the Red Cross Building, in March, 1915, at Washington, D. C., Acting Secretary of War Henry Breckinridge of her said: "Hers is an immortal American destiny, the greatest an American woman has yet produced." General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, in November, 1919, said, "The accomplishments of the Red Cross during the past four years constitute an historical monument to the memory of this noble woman."

Autocracy cannot take precedence over heart; wealth cannot compensate the loss of the spirit of love; wrong cannot win permanent victory over right; official man-

date cannot dim the glory of record achievements. The highest achievement is the highest ideal, realized. In a nation the highest ideal, realized, is not wealth, not the palace of wealth; it is the individual. Eliminate the individual and there would be no history. The history of the individual is the history of a nation. In Greece the highest realized ideal is Homer; in Italy, Dante; in England, Shakespeare; in American philanthropy it is the Founder of the American Red Cross, of the National First Aid, and author of the American Amendment.

As in the early sixties the Daughter of the Regiment lit the fires of hope on the field and in the hospital of the Southland, in later years through her "American Amendment" her service-system in alleviating human suffering has become the system of forty civilized nations, comprising four-fifths of the human race. Certain of fulfillment the prophecy of our illustrious statesman, the late George F. Hoar of this city, who said that countless millions and uncounted generations will profit through the Founder of our American systems of philanthropy.

The achievements of the Daughter of the Regiment are the heritage of the nation. But the fame of the daughter is indissolubly linked with that of the regiment; the fame of the regiment, with that of the daughter.

Regiment and daughter were comrades in adversity, comrades when bullets whizzed and death stalked. That comradeship was the most beautiful of the humanities in the Civil War. Said a gallant son of the Twenty-first Massachusetts: "We dearly loved her, and I do not think there was a man in the regiment who

would not have been willing to die for her." Said the Daughter of the Regiment: "If my life could have purchased the lives of the patriot martyrs who fell for their country and mine, how cheerfully and quickly would the exchange have been made." That sentiment reciprocal—willing to serve at the risk of life—is a sentiment chivalric, unsurpassed by the belted and spurred knights of the sword in Feudal Days.

The guns cease firing,—the battleground, a ghastly scene. Human ghouls are lurking, preying upon the helpless. The "lone woman" is in their midst, going in and coming out of houses where lay the dead and dying, walking through the streets and alley ways, on her mission. A knight-errant in his saddle, with hat in hand graciously bowing, gallops up to her, admonishing that she is in great danger and offering her the City's protection. Pointing to the thousands of boys wearing the blue, she answered: "No, Marshal, I think not; I am the best protected woman in the United States."

In the autumn of her life when war scenes were a misty memory, on a public occasion, she again comments: "In all the world none is so dear to me as the Old Guard who toiled by my side years ago." As she is not here to speak for herself, kindly permit me to echo her sentiments in the very words the late daughter expressed to you at a former annual reunion:

> Ye have met to remember, may ye ever thus meet,
> So long as two comrades can rise to their feet;
> May their withered hands join, and clear to the last
> May they live o'er again the great deeds of the past
> Till summoned in victory, honor and love,
> To stand in the ranks that are waiting above,

> And on their cleared vision God's glory shall burst,
> Re-united in Heaven, the old Twenty-first.

The meek brown-eyed little maiden who, in 1836, left the scenes of her childhood at the age of fifteen had returned crowned with laurel, in 1912, then seventy-six years a veteran in the service of humanity. Impressive in its simplicity is that home coming which occurred at Oxford. In Memorial Hall had assembled gray-haired men and women who had known her from her youth. In that hall were the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the playmates of her childhood. The hall had been decorated by loving hands; flowers of rare beauty gently had been placed near the temporary altar. By her request her beloved pastor was there to invoke Him who was highest in service to humanity; to speak words of cheer and to bespeak immortality. Songs were sung, prayers were said, eulogies of her real character pronounced, and the long line of personal friends accompanied her to the Silent Home of her ancestors. Still clad as from youth in her fair robes of charity, there she lives and sleeps and sleeps and lives.

> The Cradle and the Tomb
> Alas! so nigh.

No bugle sound reached the ear, no crack of the soldier's rifle rent the air, no war hero's honors were hers; hers were the honors of a gentle maiden that came to save life, not to destroy it. Into the open earth that received her, and on the grassy slope of the hill, lovingly were dropped flowers of sentiment; among these the red rose, the flower she loved best; the lily,

symbol of immortality. There Valor proudly sleeps,—there almost in sight of the birthplace; where her eyes greeted, first, the Christmas Morn; where she was rocked in her rude wooden cradle; where her baby fingers had pressed against the window pane and her eyes looked out upon innocent nature; where she had romped with other children in the wildwood, gathered wild flowers in the field, ridden untamed horses, skated upon the smooth surface of frozen waters, learned life's early lessons at home and in the school-room; where she had said "goodbye" to childhood, to enter public service. There, after more than four score years and ten, death was still almost amidst her baby playthings. Only a few steps from her cradle to the grave and yet, on that short journey, she had taken millions of steps for humanity. At the end of her journey is her memorial tribute to those she loved; waving appreciative is the flag she served; looming significant is the Memorial Red Cross, a memorial that gives expression to "a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears and a world of glories;" and, as was said of another great American at his passing, Clara Barton now belongs to the ages.

THE FINALE

After the ceremonies at the cemetery, concluding with the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the following conversation took place, at a christening:

The Mother: My little girl was born in Clara Barton's birthplace; in the very room.

Reverend Barton: Bring her to me and I will christen her at once, "Clara Barton."

CIII

Honorable Charles Sumner Young's address was an eulogy surpassing anything ever heard in Oxford on the woman whom the town delights to honor—Clara Barton. Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram,* May 31, 1917.

There is properly no history—only biography.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CLARA BARTON

(Delivered by Charles Sumner Young, at Oxford, Massachusetts, Memorial Day, 1917)

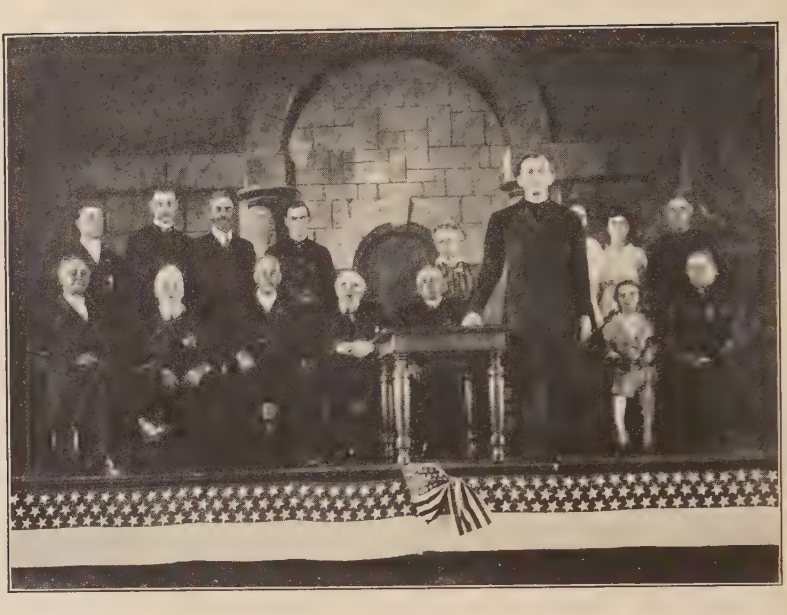
The inspiration of this historic day originated in the mind of woman. To the credit of womanhood there is a woman at the beginning of every great undertaking, sentimental and humanitarian. Today we pay the floral tribute to the late soldier-patriot. Equally befitting is it, amidst flowers of memory and at her birthplace, to pay tribute to the soldier's comrade, the greatest woman-patriot of the Civil War.

In ancient days woman was the cultivator of the soil, the guardian of the fire, the creator of the home, the oracle of the Temple, and not infrequently the leader of men. Countless women in closing their career could similarly say as, according to Greek legend, said Semiramis: "Nature gave me the form of a woman, my actions have raised me to the level of the most valiant of men." Artemisia was a heroine, wise in the

THE OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, MEMORIAL BUILDING

"A memorial to the defenders of the Union from Oxford, Mass."

The building in which were held the funeral ceremonies for Clara Barton April 15, 1912, and the Clara Barton Memorial Exercises, Memorial Day, 1917.



THE INSIDE OF MEMORIAL BUILDING, OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Scene on the stage, on the occasion of the Clara Barton Memorial Exercises, Memorial Day, 1917; also where were held the funeral exercises for Clara Barton, April 15, 1912.

councils of war, and had Xerxes not scoffed her advice he would not have gone down to eternal disgrace at Salamis. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who of her two sons said "These are my jewels," lives honored as the highest type of Roman motherhood.

To a woman Rome was indebted for her republic; to a woman, the legal right of plebeians to become office-holders in the Roman Commonwealth; to a woman, the inspiration of Dante in transmitting to the world the Divine Comedy; to a woman, who pawned her jewels that she might finance Columbus, must be accorded the discovery of America; to a woman, the saving of the colonists of Jamestown and the colony's future existence; to a woman America owes the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo; to a woman, the Sisters of Charity in the United States with its thousands of angels of mercy; to a woman, the foundation of Christian Science to which is anchored the hope of millions; to a woman, known as the "Grandmother of the Revolution," the revolt against tyranny by autocracy in Russia; to a woman, the American Red Cross with its millions of humanists.

So vital to the human race is labor that in the centuries of the classic past gods and goddesses supervised the various fields of human effort. Such was the dignity of labor that even a toiling ox was regarded sacred, and whoever killed this companion of toiling man was punishable with death.

> There is dignity in labor
> Truer than e'er pomp arrayed.

In the presence of more than a hundred suitors, Penelope was daily engaged in weaving while waiting

the return of her Ulysses. The celebrated Lucretia was not too proud to spin in the presence of her attendants. In the days of Homer princesses did themselves the honor to dip the water from the springs, and with their own hands to wash the linen of the household. Augustus, the world sovereign, wore with pride the clothes made by his wife and sister. The sisters of Alexander the Great made the clothes worn by their distinguished brother. To the request of her son to make Mt. Vernon her home during her declining years Mary, the mother of Washington, replied: "My wants are few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." Queen Victoria became world-beloved because she rendered personal service to her children, and to the children in families less fortunate than her own.

Hypatia, the philosopher and teacher at Alexandria, refused the advances of all would-be lovers that she might give instruction to her pupils. Elizabeth accepted maidenhood rather than motherhood that she might exclusively serve her subjects; Maria Theresa reproached herself for the time she spent in sleep, as so much robbed of her people; Clara Barton, with but a few hours of sleep daily, served not her people but strangers. Wherever locating, Clara Barton was the directing spirit of a swarm of workers where were permitted no drones, and among whom she was the queen. She adopted as her rule of conduct, "hard work and low fare," sacrificed health without complaint, risked life without hope of reward.

Nations are the rising and falling tides of humanity; women, the fixed beacon lights along the wave-borne highway of human progress. Fabiola, the Roman

Matron of the fourth century, who established the first hospital and herself cared for human wrecks, set a precedent existent through all succeeding centuries. All honor to Queen Isabella, the first to appoint military surgeons and to originate what was known as the "Queen's Hospital" for the sick and wounded. As a nurse in her home, in the plagues of her country and the wars of the fourteenth century, Catherine Benincasa rose to the exalted position of Saint Catherine, patron saint of Italy. As a nurse among the poor, sewing, cooking, keeping the house clean indoors, and working with her brothers in the harvest field—before she saw the vision of St. Michael—prepared Joan of Arc to become the deliverer of France from Britain in the fifteenth century, and in consequence the Maid of Orleans became a patron saint of that period.

Maria Theresa provided hospitals for the wounded soldiery in the country over which she ruled, until then a soldiery wholly neglected in their sufferings on the battlefield. Ever green in memory should be kept the name of Grace Darling, and that graphic picture of her as she hastens down from the lighthouse on Farne Island, and through the mists of that terrible night in 1838 goes to the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors. Born in Florence, Italy, reared in England, a little girl caring for the injured birds and animals in her improvised hospital at Lea Hurst, the student nurse in Germany, the superintendent of nurses in the Crimean War, Florence Nightingale became adored throughout Christendom, diffusing rays of glory on the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Of England's heroine, Longfellow sings:

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land;
A noble type of good,
Heroic Womanhood.

CLARA BARTON! The Babe of Oxford, a Christmas gift to humanity. In a little corner room of a little farmhouse, her tiny eyes greeted, first, the eyes of highly esteemed but not far-famed parents. From this Huguenot Colony, with no prestige of birth and no power of wealth, the meek, brown-eyed maiden went forth unheralded to carry her message of love and service. No Star of Destiny had cast its rays aslant the cradle, and no omen betokened her future as

Out of the quiet ways
Into the world's broad track

she ventured.

Timid as a fawn, "the sweet voiced retiring little woman" emerged from Youth's environs. She had dreams romantic, but her romance was wrecked. She had visions of a mission, but for her no mission materialized. Things came to her "as if by a world controlling power." In whatever her field of service, she stumbled over opportunities to be brave and good;—there seems to have been for her a decree of the Fates against "how circumscribed is woman's destiny."

Having a wide vision, she laid the foundation for the superstructure. She was a student of the best English writers; of the classics that gave prestige to Aspasia, the mentor of Socrates and Pericles. She studied sanitary methods at Jackson Sanitorium, and treatment of diseases with Doctor Carpenter at London and with her co-worker, Doctor Hubbell. In statesmanship she

learned at the feet of Webster, Calhoun, Sumner and Lincoln. In military tactics and military strategy, she studied Napoleon at Ajaccio, his birth-place, and at Paris made by him "Paris Beautiful," whence the leader of men promulgated the Napoleon Code of Laws;—"Paris Beautiful" and the Code, two services which of themselves entitle Napoleon to lasting fame.

Of great versatility, she had varied accomplishments. She conversed in French, and was a close student of Holy Writ. In crayon and painting, she produced work highly commended by artists. In letter writing, as evinced by letters which "excelled all others in literary merit that come to the White House," and by tens of thousands of other letters, she must ever rank in a class with Cornelia, the Roman matron; and Abigail Adams, the illustrious American. In poetry, as tokened in "Marmora," "A Christmas Carol," "The Women Who Went to the Field," and in many other published and unpublished poems, she at times received real inspiration from some gentle muse. In pedagogy, as through Pestalozzi in Switzerland so through Clara Barton in New Jersey, "pauper schools" were transmuted into public schools.

In oratory, through her six war lectures and many other public addresses, she established her reputation as a public speaker. Speaking from the same platform, receiving a like fee and being as great a "drawing card" as John B. Gough, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher, she must rank for all time as one of the greatest orators of a half century ago. Mr. W. J. Kehoe, having reported thousands of speeches and for twenty-five years official reporter of Congress, says: "Clara Barton evinced qualities of

diction and oratory hardly excelled by any other American."

Separate and distinct from that of man is the inner machinery of woman's mind; distinctive also are the outward manifestations. Whether as the ruler of a nation or the ruler of a cottage, a woman's mind rules in its own inimitable way. In the realm of heart, woman is the queen and in that realm there can rule no king. Of our many great American heroes and statesmen, only one has been honored in having had accorded to him the heart of woman—all Americans worship at his shrine. Of a woman's mind, the inner workings and outward manifestations, no man has made portrayal, none save perchance the Bard of Avon through his fifty heroines. Having "the brain of a statesman, the command of a general and the heart and hand of a woman" no man, as indicated by Lincoln, could have become world-adored through services such as were rendered by Clara Barton.

Equipped a leader among women, she became no Zenobia with thirst for fame; no Cleopatra, with Cæsars and Anthonys at her beck and call; no Catherine the Great, with political and military support; no Joan of Arc, with a frenzied and despairing soldiery at her heels; no Elizabeth nor Victoria, with an Empire to acclaim her reign; Clara Barton became the self-termed "lonesomest - lone - woman - in - the - world";—a woman "majestic in simplicity," who went about merely doing good and, in enduring influence for good, surpassed them all.

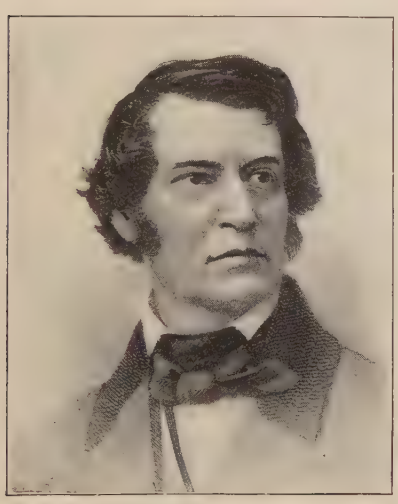
She came not from a line of ancestors reliant mainly on social prestige. Her inheritance from environments was a spirit intensely practical—the puritan spirit.

HENRY WILSON

To President Lincoln: Clara Barton is worthy of entire confidence.—HENRY WILSON. U. S. Senate, 1855-1873; Chairman Committee on Military Affairs, Civil War; Vice-President, 1873-1875.

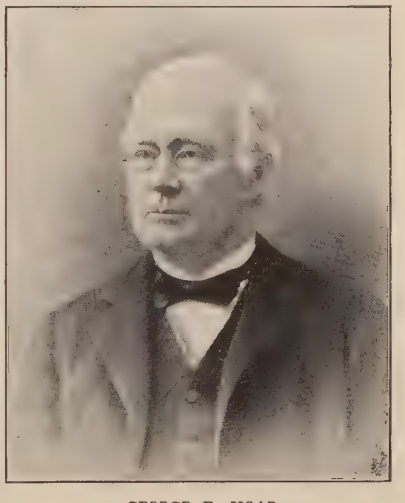
Senator Henry Wilson was my always good friend.—CLARA BARTON. See page 48.

REPRESENTATIVE MASSACHUSETTS STATESMEN



CHARLES SUMNER

Clara Barton has the brain of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman.—CHARLES SUMNER, U. S. Senate, 1851-1857; 1863-1869.



GEORGE F. HOAR

Clara Barton is the greatest "man" in America. Where will you find a man to equal her?—GEORGE F. HOAR, U. S. Senate, 1877-1901.

She achieved through nature's endowments—a head to think, a heart to feel and hands to work. From her hard-working Barton forbears she inherited the sentiment in the Roman adage—"There is no easy way to the stars from the earth";—all things are conquered by labor. For her to labor was to worship; to her the dignity of labor was greater than queenly dignity; labor, "wide as earth," became her passport from the farm, the field of war, fire, flood, drouth, famine and pestilence, into every country of earth; her "labor of love,"—the open sesame to the White House, to the palaces of kings and emperors.

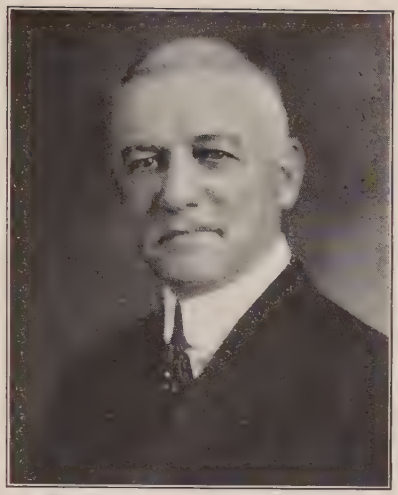
The illustrious author of "The True Grandeur of Nations," a personal friend of Clara Barton, says: "No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind." Clara Barton learned lessons in manual training before manual training became a science; she learned to use her hands in the kitchen, in the garden, in the factory, in the sick room. She not only knew how to sew and spin and weave and cook and care for the sick, but she organized women for such work throughout two continents. Labor organized by her among the poor, the sick and wounded in Germany, France, Russia, Sea Islands, Turkey, Armenia, Cuba and other countries, attesting her appreciation Luise, the Grand Duchess of Baden, writes: "Clara Barton possesses the ever powerful mind and ready love for suffering mankind; —faithful gratitude follows her for ever."

In person she was not a Queen of Sheba arrayed for kings to admire; not a Cleopatra bejeweled in richest splendour to beguile military heroes; not an Elizabeth with a new dress for every day in the year to impress

millions of subjects—she was a "working-woman." Her raiment was homespun or commonplace, by her 'made over,' raiment which would put to shame for economy the average rural housewife, and yet she could but be envied for her artistic taste by the heiress to millions. Simple in dress she lived close to Nature, a Nature-child of perennial growth;—"a passion for service," she developed through the years an identity all her own. Her identity thus developed, she became a landmark in her own country for humanity, as in Switzerland became Dunant who first caught the spirit of the Red Cross work on the bloody fields of Solferino.

Most unusual were Clara Barton's physical and mental powers. If her powers were portrayed by the imaginative mind of a Homer, Clara Barton would be a composite being possessed of attributes as to the head, of a Jupiter; as to the heart, of a Venus; as to the shoulders, of an Atlas; as to the hands, of a Vulcan. But she was human, intensely human, a "frail woman,"—in her own words, a "Poor little me." Her weakness was her strength; her courage, a woman's heart.

She dwelt not on a Mount Olympus, not in a palace; —when on the "firing-line," "rolled in her blankets" she camped under the wagon, or on the ground within a canvas tent. In the days of *rest* through her closing years, she "camped" in a warehouse of thirty-eight rooms, with seventy-six closets; in her "house of rough hemlock boards," a house stored with food and clothing and she ready "to set in motion the wheels of relief at a moment's warning over the whole land." She lived on the banks of the quiet Potomac, in the midst of Nature's foliage, in the presence of the oak, the elm, the cedar, the poplar,—within "God's first temples,"



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CHARLES E. TOWNSEND

Michigan people have special reason to venerate the memory of Clara Barton.—CHARLES E. TOWNSEND, of Michigan. Senate, 1911——.

UNITED STATES SENATORS WHO SAW THE WORK OF CLARA BARTON

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JACOB H. GALLINGER

In my investigations (in Cuba) I visited the orphanage under the care of that sainted woman, Clara Barton. I wish I could command language eloquent enough to pay just tribute to her,—a very angel of mercy, and of human love and sympathy. God bless Clara Barton.—JACOB H. GALLINGER, of New Hampshire. Senate 1891-1915.

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H. D. MONEY

Everybody knows Clara Barton's work, and when I mention the name of that lady, it is not only with respect but reverence, for I have seen her work in foreign lands, in hospitals, and amid scenes of suffering and distress.—H. D. MONEY, of Mississippi. Senate 1897-1911.

where birds sang to her beautiful songs, and where flourished sweetest scented flowers.

Within that house on the Potomac, Clara Barton received from President McKinley the command: "Go to the starving Cubans with your relief ship, and distribute as only you know how." In haste to carry out that command, when nearing the point of service, she begged that she might have the right of way. "Not so," said the Admiral of the Navy; "I am here to keep the supplies out of Cuba; I go first." Clara Barton replied: "I know my place is not to precede you. When you make an opening, I will go in. You will go and do the horrible deed; I will follow you, and out of the human wreckage restore what I can." Having herself achieved a place in unusual fields of public service, in this war timely the advice of Clara Barton: "Woman, there is a place for thee, my hitherto timid, shrinking child; go forth and fill it, that in thee mankind may be doubly blessed."

Following the precedent of him who was "first in war, first in peace," in war and in peace at her own expense and without salary, Clara Barton served her country. Hers was the patriotism of a Washington, "What is money without a country." In the early days of the Civil War, as to the probable capture of the City of Washington by the Confederates, she exclaimed: "If it must be, let it come, and when there is no longer a soldier's arm to raise the Stars and Stripes above the Capitol, may God give strength to mine." In defiance of sentiment as to the propriety for a "lone-woman" to go with the soldiers on the battlefield, she conformed to her father's patriot-sentiment, "Go, if it is your duty to go."

Through the thousands of years of Pagan and Christian history there had existed the sentiment "Humanity in war must stand aside." Among men, war-trained and war-sacrificed, rare the word of pity that reached the Most High for the wounded soldier. On the battlefield there had been seen no angel of mercy until was seen the angel nurse, with the candles of her charity lighting up the gloom of suffering and death.

At the second Bull Run, in August, 1862, with a tallow candle in her hand through the darkness, in tears the ministering angel moved gently among the suffering thousands, putting socks and slippers on the wounded, feeding the hungry, giving water to the thirsty. Her own life then in peril, while on that field of carnage there came from her lips the heroic words: "I should never leave a wounded man, if I were taken prisoner forty times." Was hers patriotism to country? Greater than patriotism. Was hers woman's love—woman's love for her friend? It was love divine, a woman's love for all mankind.

> On, on to Chantilly, mid darkness and gloom,
> Fire, thunder and lightning, guns boom upon boom.

At Chantilly the rain came down in torrents, the darkness impenetrable save when lit up by the lightning or the fitful flash of the guns. There up the hill to her tent she goes, falling again and again from exhaustion, —only to find a few moments' rest on her bed of earth soaked with water. From her tent at midnight, the dead grass and leaves clinging to her, her hair and clothes dripping wet, she comes back to heartrending scenes. Forgetful of self, she carries army crackers mixed with wine, brandy and water for her compa-

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NELSON A. MILES

Clara Barton is the greatest humanitarian the world has ever known.—Nelson A. Miles, Major-General Civil War, Commander American Army, 1895-1903; made Lieutenant General, 1900.

triots, such work continuing for more than one hundred consecutive hours, save two hours of dreamful sleep.

It was on Sunday morning, September 14th, 1862, in plumed hats, costly jewels, silken dresses and French-made shoes, that the ladies with their equally well-attired escorts were on their way to church. Adown Pennsylvania Avenue at the same time at our national capital, on an army wagon, the wagon loaded with well filled boxes, bags and parcels for the suffering—and seated with the driver—again there goes to the scene of war-carnage a woman, the woman self-styled as to theoretical religion a "well-disposed pagan." For more than half a century past she has been, and for centuries to come the woman who went to the front on that Sunday morning—as to practical religion—will be known as the purest Christian womanhood.

"Chaste and immaculate in very thought," chosen from above "by inspiration of celestial grace, to work exceeding miracles on earth!" "Inspiration of celestial grace!" That inspiration carried Clara Barton on an army wagon, through the night, past the sleeping artillery to the front of the battlefield of Antietam. There with her own hands she bandaged the wounds of the boys that were falling, falling and bleeding to death, herself escaping with a bullet through her clothes; carried her to another point on that battlefield, and there while supporting on her arm and knee a soldier his head by a cannon ball was severed from the body. That inspiration carried her with the soldiers under fire over the pontoon bridge at Fredericksburg, amidst the hissing of bullets and exploding of shells; across the Rappahannock where a cannon ball tore away a part of the skirt of her dress and where a few moments later

the officer, who had assisted her off the bridge, was brought to her shot to death.

It was that inspiration which gave her the strength with an axe to chop the ice from around the wounded "boys in gray"; to carry them to a negro cabin; to feed them gruel and to bind up their wounds; that nerved her with a pocket knife on the field of battle to cut the bullet from the face of a wounded soldier. It was that inspiration which gave her the courage to assist in a hospital where amputated human limbs were stacked in piles like cordwood. It was this scene to which General Butler referred, and of her in her presence at a public reception in Boston, to say, "I have seen those beautiful arms red with human blood to her shoulders." Inspiration! "Inspired to save lives," says of her the *London Times.*

"A great mind is an appreciative mind"; Clara Barton was appreciative. Of a simple New Year's greeting she says: " 'Twere worth the passing of the year to be so remembered." At various periods in her life, from those she served and whose minds could appreciate, upon her honors fell thick and fast as fall the autumn leaves in your maple groves. As the daughter of the twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment stood on the banks at Aquia Creek by no divine command did the waters part that she might cross on dry land; but by command of a chivalric officer, in an instant and proud of the honor, on the left knees of that line of boys in blue with the soldiers' helping hand Clara Barton crosses over. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she relates this incident and says "This is the most beautiful tribute of love and devotion ever offered me in my life." On the three cheers given her

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JOHN J. PERSHING

It gives me sincere pleasure to add an expression of appreciation for the inestimable services which Miss Clara Barton rendered to her country and to mankind in founding and fostering the American Red Cross, of which she was the President for twenty-three years, as well as for her unselfish interest and splendid achievements during a life devoted to public welfare work. The accomplishments of the Red Cross during the past few years constitute an historical monument to the memory of this noble woman.—JOHN J. PERSHING, (1919) Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe; made General of the Armies of the United States, September 4, 1919.

as she entered Lincoln Hospital by the seventy soldier boys, boys she had served on the battlefield of Fredericksburg, she says "I would not exchange their memory for the wildest applause that ever greeted conqueror or king."

From the days of Benjamin Franklin honors in Europe have been showered upon the dignity of the American office, on two ex-Presidents in private life, but high and above office-holders and ex-Presidents in the list of royal honors received stands Clara Barton. Her royal receptions, her royal decorations in all history have not been equaled. Czar and Czarina, Emperor and Empress, King and Queen, Prince and Princess, Duke and Duchess, all royalty so poor as to do honor to the richest in world-service. Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Geneva, Carlsruhe, Vienna, Baden-Baden, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Santiago,—no city too great, no city too unchristian, to open her gates to welcome Clara Barton.

At the great international sittings of the Red Cross in Geneva, in Carlsruhe, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg,—Clara Barton, the only woman officially representing any government among the representatives of forty nations. As the unpretentious woman of five feet three comes into the hall, the great men of the earth rise to their feet,—eyes eager, handkerchiefs in air, then huzzas that echo the heart throbs of a world humanity greet the ear and touch the heart of the "lonesomest-lone-woman" as she walks down the aisle of the auditorium to take her seat among the great world-humanitarians. Small in stature but great in deeds, a galaxy of deeds!

Peasants, — Russians, German, Austrian, Turk,

Greek, Swiss, Cuban, Spaniard, Armenian, American soldier,—all so rich in gratitude as to "God bless her," the angel of the world's battlefields. Was it mere pastime that moved the famous generals of Europe to kneel in front of her and kiss her hand, accompanied by greetings of the highest praise? Did the Czar of all the Russians honor himself most or her when he declined to permit her to kiss his hand, as is the custom in the presence of royalty? Of Puritan origin, in *peasant* attire, she was recognized as royalty itself, American royalty, the highest type of royalty.

As "fame comes only when deserved," would you know Clara Barton? Follow her into countless permanent and improvised hospitals, over nineteen battlefields of the Civil War,—from Cedar Mountain in '62 through the Richmond Campaign in '65; and I beg of you not to forget that twenty-mile ride on one night in June, '64, as on to Petersburg astride her black horse in the darkness, in a rain storm amidst thunder and lightning that "lonesomest-lone-woman" goes on her mission to the relief of the thousands of victims of an explosion. Follow her into the malarial climate through the "Campaign before Charleston," water deadly in character, on the barren sands under a tropic sun, sand granules transforming brown eyes to eyes swollen and bloodshot, feet calloused and blistered, where again she is seen under the fire of death-dealing guns, serving the whites and blacks alike. Follow her through nineteen national disasters,—from the Michigan forest fires in '81 to the typhoid fever epidemic in Butler, Pa., in 1904. Follow her as she accepts the commission at the hands of President Lincoln and through the long, mournful months, searches the

records, and walks the cemetery in the southland to identify the graves of the missing soldiers. Follow her over four of the great battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War; and then on the public highway as she walks into the city of stricken Paris.

Follow her again through numerous hospitals and on American relief fields. Follow her as on the relief ship State of Texas, to the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" she leads the American navy into the torpedo-mined Bay of Santiago, and from Santiago into the war-stricken fields and the yellow fever camps of Cuba. Follow her as President of the American Red Cross through a score of national calamities and as President of the First Aid Association in untiring service. Follow her into an American audience where she receives the official greetings of Japan for her services in securing adhesion of the Japanese government to the Red Cross International Treaty. Follow her, as the official representative of our American nation, on four trips across the Atlantic, thence into the halls of world conference where not hate but love rules. Follow through half a century the woman whose deeds of love are as lighted candles for vestal virgins to keep burning on the altar in the Temple of Fame.

Of America's heroine, Will Carleton sings:

> A million thanks to one
> Who hath a million plaudits won
> For deeds of love to many millions done.

In having the fullest confidence of our Presidents, Clara Barton expressed herself in 1909 as follows: "I never before have so fully realized what a pleasure that privilege has been to me through half a century."

That confidence, by the record, existed between her and Lincoln, and Johnson, and Grant, and Hayes, and Garfield, and Arthur, and Cleveland, and Harrison, and McKinley, a record with presidents unequaled by any other American in public life. McKinley expressed the sentiments of nine presidents when he said: "What Clara Barton says and does is always honest and right."

> Nor might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape; back wounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes.

All streams reach the ocean and calumny in the limpid streams of truth is lost in the grand ocean of human thought. Whenever "back wounding calumny" the nation's heroine strikes, paraphrasing the words of President Garfield to Secretary of State Blaine and relating to Clara Barton, "Will the American people please hear the truth from the truly great and good of America on the subject herein referred to?" General Nelson A. Miles says: "Clara Barton is the greatest humanitarian the world has ever known." "Clara Barton rendered her country and her kind great and noble service," says Speaker Champ Clark. "The greatest of American women, the whole world knew and loved her," says Congressman Joseph Taggart. Says Carrie Chapman Catt: "Clara Barton has won the hearts of the women of the world." Speaking of her, no less a scholar and statesman than Senator George F. Hoar said: "Clara Barton is the most illustrious citizen of Massachusetts, the greatest *man* in America."

General W. R. Shafter says: "She was absolutely fearless. Miss Barton is a wonder; the greatest, grandest woman I have ever known." Mrs. General John A.

Logan, says of her: "One of the noblest, if not the noblest, woman of her time—the greatest woman of the nineteenth century." Says Senator Charles E. Townsend: "The modest, unselfish and yet undaunted Clara Barton did as much for the highest good of the world as any single individual since the birth of civilization." Says General Joe Wheeler: "The good work done by Clara Barton will live forever and her memory will be cherished wherever the Red Cross is known." Mrs. General George E. Pickett says of her: "A veteran of the '60's, with all the years since filled with noble deeds, she is a marvel to the world; with all of our executive women, social figures and ambitious Zenobias, we shall never produce her like."

Living at the same time, and serving in the same great struggle for humanity, the two names alike adored and which for all time will be associated in American history are ABRAHAM LINCOLN and CLARA BARTON. Lincoln was born in obscurity, reared on the farm; so was Clara Barton. Lincoln was inured to poverty, self-educated in mature years; similarly, Clara Barton. Lincoln stands alone,—no type, no famed ancestors, no successors; true of Clara Barton. Lincoln, in the opinion of Robert G. Ingersoll, had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a mother; likewise Clara Barton. Lincoln was gracious to social aristocracy, but did not court it; far from it, Clara Barton.

As was true of Lincoln, Vice-President Henry Wilson said of Clara Barton: "She has the brain of a statesman, the heart of a woman." Lincoln was a many-sided man; Clara Barton a many-sided woman. Lincoln had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride and religion without cant; so had Clara

Barton. Lincoln stood the test of power, the supremest test of mortal; so did Clara Barton. Lincoln worked seventeen years, paying in instalments a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure; Clara Barton, while serving humanity, disbursed hundreds of thousands of dollars without the appropriation of a penny to her personal use.

Oblivious of titles, epaulettes, clothes, rank and race, Lincoln saw only the weak mortal; not less so Clara Barton. Lincoln was an orator, — clear, sincere, natural, convincing. In her hundreds of lecture engagements, made through the same literary bureau, speaking from the same platform, Clara Barton was classed with Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, and Henry Ward Beecher, the greatest orators of half a century ago.

Lincoln broke the shackles of the blacks in bondage; Clara Barton broke the shackles of education in America, as Pestalozzi in Europe, and transformed "pauper schools" into public schools. She broke the shackles of her sex, and her name was placed on the payroll as the first woman in the government's service at the nation's capital. She broke the shackles of war-ethics, and was the first woman "angel" on the battlefield.

She broke the shackles as to national lines, and was the first woman to traverse the ocean to minister to the war stricken of another continent. She broke the shackles as to national disasters, and was the first human being to organize a system to relieve human distress in times of peace, this now the system of every Red Cross organization in the world. She broke the shackles of women in educational life, in military life, in social life, in humanitarian life. Through the centuries

Clara Barton, as Abraham Lincoln, will stand as the sentinel on the parapet between the warring forces of humanity and inhumanity.

Lincoln advocated the admitting of "all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding females." Clara Barton advocated "the admission of women of whatever race to all the rights and privileges—social, religious and political—which as an intelligent being belongs to her." Lincoln directed the greatest political organization of his time; Clara Barton, the greatest humanitarian organization. Lincoln bore malice toward none,—charity for all; equally so Clara Barton. Lincoln is the strongest tie that binds together all classes of Americans; Clara Barton is the strongest, tenderest tie that binds together humanitarians. Lincoln was the grandest man in the Civil War, is now receiving the highest homage; Clara Barton, the grandest woman, and now the most beloved.

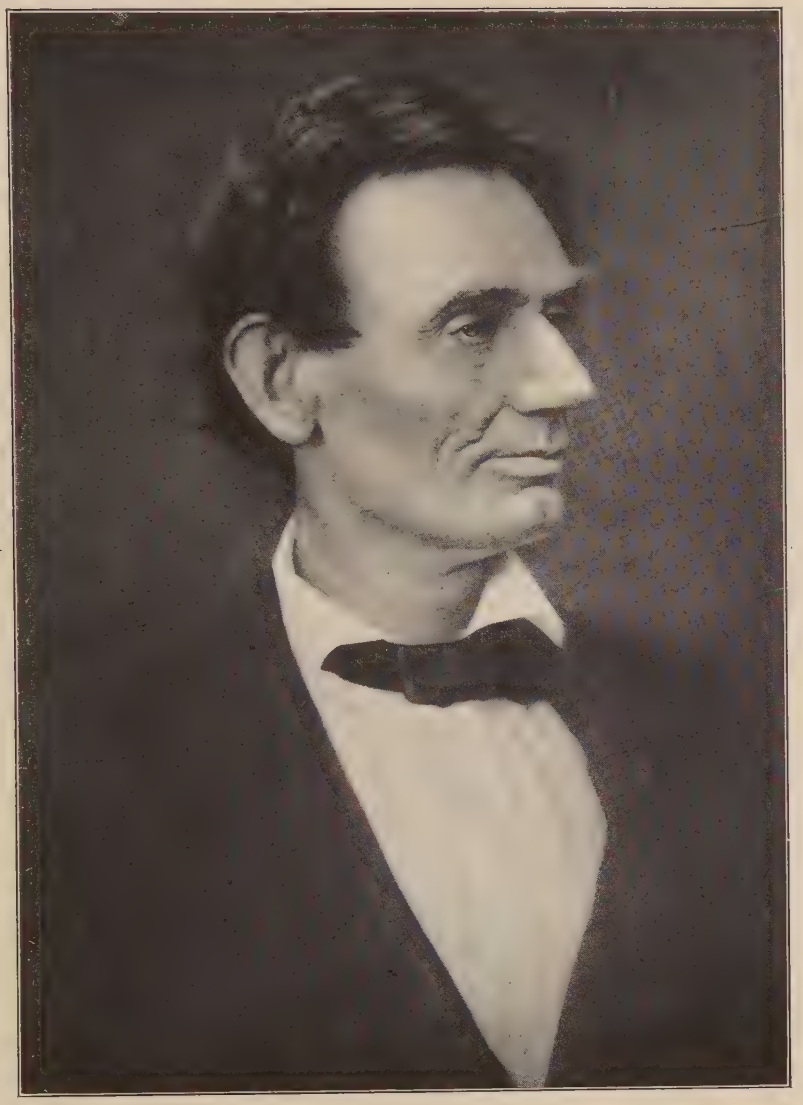
Lincoln was denounced a failure, inefficient as an executive and disloyal to the Union. Clara Barton was accused of "inharmony, unbusinesslike methods and too many years." Lincoln passed without warning and could make no defense; in her own words Clara Barton says: "When it becomes necessary for *me* to defend *myself* before the *American people,* let me fall."

Fleeing the scene of his crime, and referring to Lincoln, there emitted from the lying tongue of the assassin: *"Sic semper tyrannis";* in answer from the regions of the dead to the woman with the serpent's tongue, Clara Barton replies: "Truth is eternal; evil conspiring and their kindred are doomed to die at last—my own shall come to me." If Lincoln dead may yet do more for America and Americans than Lincoln liv-

ing, so Clara Barton dead may yet do more for America and world humanity than Clara Barton living. Abraham Lincoln and Clara Barton, humanity's martyrs, the two immortals.

A score of "the Immortals" lost to memory in any nation and that nation might well exclaim: "I have lost my reputation, I have lost the immortal part of myself." Efface from memory the twenty, or fewer, immortals of Carthage, of Greece, of Rome, of Italy, of France, of Germany, of England, of America, then in the centuries hence over the tomb of every such nation only could be written "Nation Unknown." In all the world destroy a score of "the Immortals" respectively in religion, in literature, in science, in art, in the heroic, —a hundred names and their influence,—and wealth greater to the human race shall have been destroyed than if were destroyed every public structure possessed by one billion six hundred millions of people now living.

Whether real or imaginary, the heroes of Homer and Virgil are worth more to the literature of that ancient period than all the physical wealth of Greece and Rome. What legacy to a nation could be greater than to have inherited the name and influence of a Homer, a Socrates, a Michael Angelo, a Queen Victoria, a Washington, a Franklin, a Lincoln, a Florence Nightingale, a Clara Barton? In the long centuries ago, of fame it was decreed: "Fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live." Through the centuries, Church and State have fought for their respective heroes and heroines not unlike Peter the Hermit and his followers, in the cause of Him on whom depended their future happiness. Now, as in all the past, the chiefest of a nation's endur-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(Picture taken in June, 1860)
The President, March 4, 1861-April 15, 1865

Miss Barton, I will help you. A. LINCOLN (in 1865).

President Lincoln was good and kind to me in whatever I tried to do for the soldiers. CLARA BARTON.

ing wealth are the immortal names that were not born to die.

As an inspiration to the millions yet to be, the name of America's Angel of Mercy will live—live heroic in the deathless songs of peace and of war. There is Second Bull Run, and Chantilly, and Antietam, and Fredericksburg, and Petersburg, and Strassburg, and Sedan, and Paris, and Johnstown, and Santiago, and Galveston,—there on tablets of memory her heroism is inscribed, there to remain forever. Neither will the millions forget, nor cease to cherish, The American Red Cross and The American Amendment and The National First Aid,—forever theirs and their children's, through the constructive genius of the American philanthropist. If "gratitude is the fairest of flowers that springs from the soul," perennial must spring millions of fairest flowers over her whose services to the millions are unending, and world-wide.

At Glen Echo on the Potomac when the world-humanist received her final orders, sustained by an unfaltering trust, she exclaimed: "Let me go, let me go!" Thence, as if by imperial summons called, the spirit of Clara Barton arose triumphant and on Easter Morn winged its flight to that undiscovered bourne amid the Islands of the Blest.

> In yonder Silent City,
> Pointing heavenward,
> Stands a granite shaft;
> Above that shaft of gray,
> The granite Cross of Red,

and there a shrine for the human race till the end of time.

Born at Oxford, Massachusetts
Christmas Day, 1821
Died at Glen Echo, Maryland
CLARA Easter Morn, 1912
BARTON President of the American Red Cross Society
from
1881 to 1904
President of the National First Aid
Association of America
from
1905 to 1912; now, The President
In Memoriam.

Born at Hodgensville, Kentucky
February 12, 1809
ABRAHAM Died at Washington, D. C.
LINCOLN April 15, 1865
President of the United States
from
1861 to 1865

THE RED CROSS MONUMENT

Built by Stephen E. Barton, Executor of the Estate of Clara Barton in the Cemetery at North Oxford, Massachusetts.

How peaceful and powerful is the grave. LORD BYRON.

Her memory deserves a monument. Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner.*

Her monument is the sign of the Red Cross. Sioux Falls (S. D.) *Press.*

Clara Barton needs no monument, her fame is written on the world's battlefields. Albany *Press Knickerbocker.*

Congress should provide for the erection of a handsome monument to the woman who has served the nation in war and in peace. Baltimore *Sun.*

The Red Cross will serve as her monument and that is her work which, we trust, will keep alive her merciful spirit through the oncoming centuries.
Boston *Journal.*

Clara Barton needs no monument; her name will live in the hearts of the people. Jackson (Mich.) *Patriot.*

The whole civilized world owes Clara Barton more than it can ever pay in the form of tributes or material monuments.
Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram.*

Long after the funeral service, as we passed on the way home, pathways were full of people coming from a distance; and next day hundreds trod the worn by-path in the cemetery to the still-standing Red Cross—a path that the feet of the world will tread to the end of time.
Clara Barton In Memoriam.

"Clara Barton joined the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So has she joined the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

"From the days of earliest cravings for 'Fairy Stories' there have been recounted to young people the wonders wrought by that noble woman of New England."

Oakland (Cal.) Tribune

Colonel Charles Miles, The Principal, and Students of The Territorial Training College on the Campus,—the occasion, the planting and dedication of The Clara Barton Memorial Oak (Quercus Alba) on January 17, 1923, in New York City, New York.

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